THE JESUIT;

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE

EARLY PORTION OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

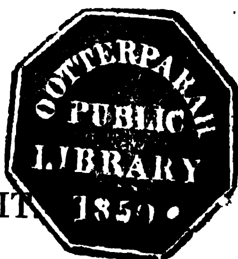
From the German

OF

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THE JESUIT

CHAPTER I.

The stately mansion occupied by the Senator Müssinger, about the year 1720, and situated in a leading mercantile town of the empire, presented one of those monuments too frequently dedicated to individual pride and ambition. A great capitalist, who, in the early part of the Spanish wars of the succession, had realised immense sums by his contracts with the allied forces, was the first to lay the ground-work of this almost imperial residence; but he never witnessed its completion. His grasping genius proved, at length, too strong for his discretion, and he only avoided the penalty of the law by prematurely terminating his existence. The princely edifice of the too daring contractor, with all its costly appurtenances, was left for the luckier senator to embellish, who, having arrived at the pinnacle of wealth and reputation, naturally stept into it—the envy of his fellow citizens, and the favourite of fortune. Tenacious of his honour, skilful, la-

borious and enterprising, the merchant-prince found he could no longer continue his extensive connections with the east and the west, within the narrower sphere of his father's transactions: and the fickle goddess, who had first taken her station behind the counter of the plodding tradesman, refused not to accompany her zealous votary into his more capacious and imposing establishment. The house of Müssinger now stood at the head of the commercial world; it maintained its character as high in foreign parts as at home; and year after year the fruits of industry, combined with talent, continued to accumulate, and to open new and wider fields of speculation.

But if admired and honoured in the public mart, the senator was no object of envy in the relations of domestic life. His consort, with whom he had, during eighteen years, dragged the matrimonial chain with its "slow length along," brought an increase of riches without affection, and time had done nothing to draw closer those bonds of union first entered into from motives of ambition, and in compliance with parental avarice and calculation. There was no declared hostility—no actual dissention; but the peace which adorns and sanctifies the connubial state;--which bears, forbears, and conciliates all within the sphere of a beloved home, found no resting place in that of the anxious minded Müssinger.

An active, warm-hearted man of nearly fifty, of a decidedly choleric temperament, which on the slightest occasion brought the heat into his face, and made his silk stock feel somewhat too tight; he exhibited the most marked contrast in every

way to his lady, whose offensive haughtiness, springing from a neglected education, added to a coldness and sluggishness of disposition, had no parallel except such as is to be met with in the extreme limits of the northern or southern regions, where much the same degree of apathy is found to prevail. Born in the lap of plenty, a stranger alike to care, to exertion, and the customary occupations of a domestic character, LADY Jacobina, as she insisted upon being entitled*, spent her days in a succession of vain and frivolous ceremonies. Day after day witnessed the same punctilious observances; not an imaginary want but was to be gratified at all costs,—the newest fashions, the costliest dresses, the daintiest repasts, and a regular round of female coteries, wherein elderly maids, intriguing matrons, and antique card-loving dowagers formed the grand elements of a society for whose entertainment every thing beautiful, good, or generous, afforded unceasing subjects of scandalous discussion.

Meantime, the senator was more eagerly and assiduously employed than the busiest drudge in his extensive establishments; the master-spirit on whom depended all the movements of his vast concern, from the centre of his office he directed the most trivial as well as the weightiest of its details, while the anxiety springing from the nature of his speculations scarcely permitted him to unbend his mind, or to give the usual hours so necessary to repose. Still fewer were those he enjoyed in the bosom of his family; there was little in the cold

* A sort of titular assumption, more frequent in Germany and parts of the Continent than it is in England.—T.

repulsive ceremony attendant upon the breakfast board, with its costly Chinese and other foreign rarities, where each and all sat looking as fixed and cheerless as the curiously-wrought figures upon their plate or cups, at all calculated to relax the over-strung nerves of the man of business. Nor were the dinners, in which an over-strained delicacy and profusion mingled with the love of a full and luxurious style of living, an affected state and indolence, at all more agreeable to his simple habits and studious, economical despatch. Sometimes irritated by the assumed airs and silly bickerings of the tedious and ill-tempered lady, and at others absorbed in anxious reveries as to the fate of his numerous, pending speculations, all social joy appeared to have been banished by silent compact from his heart and his dwelling. Abroad, his chief resource lay in his club; and there he loved to discourse of any thing preferably to matters of business; took his glass or his cigar, and seemed most happy when he could so far forget himself as to dream away the evening. At home he sought the relief afforded by his library, or his private cabinet, where he would read and write for hours.

Thus, neither the merchant nor his wife derived the slightest happiness, or even mitigation of their sufferings in an ill-assorted marriage, from a source which to other parents compensates for a variety of little evils and inequalities of temper—their mutual care and fondness for an only child. They had, indeed, a daughter, of whom they might justly have been proud; a lovely being who combined in her heart and intellect some of the most opposite, but at the same time, noblest

qualities of her sex, presenting one of those rare specimens of "the happiest mixture of earth's mould," which uniformly arrests the eye of the true painter, and fills his soul with delight. In her, the father's vehemence of temper, and ardour of pursuit, with his unwearied activity, were tempered with a gentleness, and a repose of character and demeanour favourable to greater evenness and equilibrium of mind. But, most of all, decision was its leading feature, she early exercised her own judgment, and knew her own mind and will. She had been little controlled by her parents, but such was the well-poised balance of her character and temper, that the usual little sallies and bursts of passion were speedily followed by a self-recollection and control, an expression of sympathy, regret, and instant conciliation, which only the more endeared her to those by whom she was surrounded. Indeed, such was the charm of her manner, the irresistible tenderness of her voice, and her caresses, on these occasions, that her nearest friends, and even her domestics willingly encountered these sudden impulses of her warm but affectionate nature, simply to enjoy the sweet recompense of her propitiatory smiles, and looks and words so full of womanly endearment. Her father, though possessing deep sensibility, restrained similar impulses from feelings of pride; her mother resembled her in nothing, she loved nobody—always presenting the same hard, impenetrable surface of pride, indifference, or aversion, calculated to estrange, not only the most interested and servile members of the coteries, but even the most resolute of toad-eaters.

Juliet was now in her seventeenth year, beautiful as the ideal of a poet's dream,—with a person as fully developed as her understanding. But, wholly unconscious as yet of her surpassing loveliness, a shade of sorrow too often stole over her fine countenance as she felt her disagreeable position between wealthy parents of unsympathizing, alienated hearts; left to her own thoughts, and her own resources, to direct her path aright in the midst of conflicting feelings and duties. But youth—that bright, clear morning light of life and hope, which, stretching its views afar, confidently welcomes the glory of coming day, and glancing over all painful or unpleasing objects which intervene, fashions its own world of love and beauty,—soon resumed its sway over her warm bounding heart, as with renewed zeal she would again mingle in the circle of the favourite companions of her own age. It was with them only that she appeared truly at home; and, how singular a contrast! more like a guest or a stranger under her parental roof.

Recently, however, since the period of her confirmation, a religious ceremony of more impressive importance than it is elsewhere considered, Juliet had experienced some change in her feelings. On no other occasion had she seen her father give expression to so much emotion, as when, on returning from the holy temple, she entered his cabinet, and bending before him, asked a parent's blessing on his daughter's head. It was given with a trembling voice; he folded her to his bosom, and had even added, in a tone of self-reproach— "Believe me, my dear child, I *do* love you from my heart, as a

Christian father ought to love his child: yet I must command these feelings, or assuredly I could not bear this life at home, were you to leave me, never more to return — leave me without a soul to feel for me, and none whom I know in this wide world to fill the void left in my heart. You are of an age, now, my Juliet, to know that marriage is the natural destination of young women; and consequently it is yours. You are already betrothed; your intended husband, the young merchant, Birsher, is now at New York; but, as I am just informed, in a letter from his father, he will be with us within half a year, to convey you to another land. It will be proper, therefore, you should acquire a knowledge of the English tongue, and I shall take care to provide you with a teacher without delay."

Juliet left her father with evident marks of emotion, but not of an unpleasing kind. To have been an object of selection among all her fair companions, to visit a new country, the young and fruitful land which European imagination clothed in the colours of paradise — inexhaustible in magnificence as in wealth — all rose before her vivid fancy. She stood, in woman's beauty, by the side of her young lord, adorned with wealth and power; the picture was flattering; it gave her all which the religious ceremony had just opened to her view; her mere childish visions disappeared. She beheld in herself, for the first time, the woman and the bride. She now gradually withdrew from the amusement and society of her younger friends, associating only with the few on the eve of entering into a similar engagement, occupying herself, in quiet, with her

own reflections, or in active labours, more extensive reading and inquiries into the far foreign land. Disliking the usual class of servile governesses, teachers after teachers had been dismissed, and the whimsical pupil had soon exhausted the entire stock of female proficients in the language it was her father's intention she should so promptly acquire. She fared no better with tutors of the lordlier sex; one was too old to exert his due authority, and another too young and sentimental to discharge his task in a manner that would give satisfaction to her father, eagerly bent, as he was, upon her rapid accomplishment in the English tongue. But accident supplied what no deliberation could effect. The active-minded senator was one day directing his superintendents, in the shipping of a number of valuable cargoes, on the eve of being consigned to their respective destinations, and all the hands and heads connected with his extentive establishment were emulating their principal, whose example, like that of some able general, seemed to inspire a soul into the movements of the complicated body of subordinates, busied in their several departments. One of his clerks, named Berndt, was engaged in examining the custom-house certificates, bills of lading, &c.; while another, Nothaft, was busily making out the orders, and taking the numbers of the bills and cargoes. Throngs of clerks and porters were seen hastening towards the quay, and others as quickly coming from it, conveying the produce of the last arrivals; all, down to the little cabin-boy, appeared to have some interest or other in promoting that grand bustle and activity of the scene, which invariably set

their mark on the division of labour appropriated to the service of Mammon. Still, there was one exception—that of a solitary figure, who, with folded arms and listless look, leaned against the wall near the entrance by which the merchant passed. His eye rested for a moment on this marked contrast to the moiling ants of trade by whom he was surrounded. The active spirit of Müssinger paused for a moment; there was somewhat of the air of the gentleman about the stranger, (though his dress was of the shabby genteel, bespeaking either the apprentice or the clerk, yet a degree above both,) which called forth his observation.

"Well, my young fellow! why so idle here?" exclaimed the senator: "these sunbeams will feed nobody; better a good bowl of soup, which you know you have earned by the sweat of your brow. Indolence, in youth, is sure to make age an useless tenant for the workhouse or the hospital. If you have nothing further to do here, go, return to your desk, instead of idling away your time, and defrauding your master of the bread which he puts into your mouth."

At these words, a flush of indignant feeling crimsoned the cheek and brow of the stranger, who, on the impulse of the moment, delayed not, in the bitter tone of an injured man, to make reply:

"Consider, sir, with whom you speak; there breathes not the being who would more willingly labour than would he who called forth that ungenerous suspicion, if any person would find him work to do."

"Need you go farther then?" inquired Müssinger, in a tone of surprise: "is it not at hand? and

pardon me, if, in my haste, I have misinterpreted your character."

"It is already forgotten; but I thought it hard on a stranger," was the reply.

"A stranger! from what country?"

"I am an Englishman; my name is James White."

"And may I inquire your family, sir?"

"My father was a baronet, — loyal to the last, he embraced a losing cause. He took the field for the Pretender, was captured, and ended his days upon the scaffold. My poor mother sought refuge with me in Germany, where she died about a year ago, and, I have reason to thank God, before want visited our threshold. It is true, penury drove me into the Orphan-recruiting-house; but the compassion of an aged man snatched me from the common soldier's lot. I am, at this moment, a dependant upon his bounty — the sense of which often tinges my cheek with shame."

"That is right — I like that," was the merchant's reply; "it is yet better and nobler not to misapply his kindness, and not to require it. Do you know anything of business, sir?"

"No; I have studied theology, Latin, rhetoric, philosophy, a little Spanish, and my own language, of course, perfectly."

"Are you a clergyman, then? at least I should hope you are a protestant."

The young man simply bowed in silence.

"Can you give instructions in the English language?"

"I can, and would not be ashamed of the employment."

"Come with me, then — I will introduce you to my daughter. You shall have a reasonable salary, according to your qualifications; do you agree with me?"

"I would gladly do so; but must first consult my benefactor," was the reply.

"Right; and who is he?"

"A doctor of law, named Leupold, who lives upon his income, and is constantly absorbed in his studies."

"What! a book-worm and a lawyer to boot!" muttered the senator; "I am not anxious to make his acquaintance; but I do not think he will object to the plan proposed, when he hears that I am the senator Müssinger."

With these words the high-spirited merchant left the unfortunate young Englishman to his own reflections, and soon forgot there was any such being in the world, as the figure of his sententious and taciturn book-keeper, with heavy look and folded brow, now made *its* appearance, regular as a piece of clockwork, in the private cabinet. He held a packet of letters in his hand, which he methodically opened, and presented to his principal. The latter proceeded with his customary task, but had not perused many lines, before he evinced a degree of emotion very unusual on the like occasion. Words of impatience and anger more than once burst from his lips, insomuch as to attract attention from some of the clerks, who cast inquisitive side-looks at the window which commanded a view of the interior offices. At length, after running through the whole of his correspondence, he rose abruptly from his seat, shut down his desk, and as hastily

closing the door behind him, proceeded through the offices into the inner part of his mansion.

"Heaven protect us, and all good saints!" ejaculated Berndt, with pious look and folded hands, for he was member of a new conventicle; "what evil spirit is going to do business with *our* house today?"

His companion at his elbow, a loose young fellow, Nothaft, laughed in his sleeve, at the same time humming, with a roguish chuckle, the words of an old favourite song:

To the well may go the pail
Oft times safe enough;
Yet at last will come a blast,
And give it *quantum suff*.

"Hist there!" muttered the bookkeeper; "have done!" while Berndt also jogged his neighbour in the ribs; but the wilful Nothaft only went on tittering in a somewhat lower key:

Oh Lord! hold fast, for the protest
Comes hard and fast upon;
And then with shame; with mock and blame
The bankrupt's race is run.

"Will you not have done?" continued the bookkeeper rising; "what mean these low doggrel rhymes in a respectable counting-house, like this! Shame on the faithless servant who invites imputation upon the honour and solidity of the firm by which he exists. Another such attempt, and I will look to it that you shall not have an opportunity of repeating such conduct. If you value your situation, at least *assume* the character of deserving it. I have heard much of your way of life latterly

and depend upon it, it will not be tolerated by our worthy principal much longer. Your evenings are spent at play; no day is sacred from your mad pursuit; you know every thing connected with that to a hair; but when I ask you to hand over your accounts, you are all at sea."

"And so every merchant of spirit ought to be," retorted the wily clerk, laughing; "he must lay bets and wagers with the sea; and for that I too am well cut out, like our principal, who rose from his little paternal shop to rank as the first merchant upon our exchange. Give yourself no trouble about me, Mr. Bookholder; the senator knows me too well to think of dismissing a man so useful to him for merely humming over the snatches of an old song, or beguiling a heavy hour or two at the billiard table on a Sunday evening."

The book-keeper answered not a word, partly because he was too hopeless of the other's obduracy, and partly because the senator at that moment hastily re-entered his cabinet, making a sign for him to follow. The door was closed behind them; and this time the curtains were also drawn across, so as entirely to cut off all communication with the other parts of the office.

"Holding a privy council!" whispered Nothaft to his companion. "That prig of a perriwig book-keeper may moralize and grumble as he likes; I maintain that all is not well. *Our* affairs are bad; downright bad. I have taken a peep or two into our worthy principal's correspondence; and I know how it all is ——"

"Oh shocking!" interrupted Berndt, with an

affectation of pious horror, while Nothaft ran on in the same strain. "Poor, fated house! nothing about thee can escape a sharp-sighted fellow like myself. Thou wilt go on drawing and paying, and paying and drawing, till thou hast no more to pay. Our Indian affairs, too, are downright naught. We have lost lots of money by that cursed insurance business; while the under-writers of our own vessels seem to have all gone to the dogs, for we have never recovered from them. One mishap comes at the heels of another; and then the style of living in this establishment, it is truly extravagant and heathenish in every sense of the word."

"A scandal, a great scandal," murmured Berndt, casting up his eyes. "It is only 'Heart! what ask you?' and have: no sort of housewifery; no fear of the wrath of God before their eyes. We clerks must creep away from dinner table like mice, and then come all the delicacies and luxuries of the season. Yes, my good friend and colleague; the house begins to shake; I thank you for the hint; I shall have time, God be praised! to think of the future, and turn my attention towards obtaining another situation."

"Between ourselves, my good fellow," was the reply, "don't be in too great a hurry There are good pickings at times out of these grand break-ups, for shrewd heads at all connected with the concern."

"Of a truth," replied Berndt, "the house of the ungodly may serve me for a time, till another and a better, with the Lord's blessing, be provided for me."

"Well, as to that," returned Nothaft, "I am a

man of the world; I claim no reversion in the millenium; no compound interest in the capital of Kingdom-come; and nothing in the way of a mere salary should keep me here, for it is downright galley-slave work."

"Yes, work and pray, says the holy scripture;" rejoined Berndt; "and it is in part the ruling principle of our counting-house; yet I can remember the time when you looked on all with a very different face, and even scrupled not to raise your sinful eyes to the fair daughter of our honoured principal herself. But since he spoiled your sport in that quarter —"

"Pshaw! Berndt," interrupted the other; "why rake up these old grievances? the little haughty jade! to show her airs to me! me, whose father is a state counsellor as good as hers. Aye, and he has more money too than Master Müssinger could boast when he purchased the little shop, through which he stept into this grand mansion of his. Yet *I* would have married her; would have taken her for better or worse, and the ungrateful little minx presumed, forsooth, to turn up her nose at me! A curse light upon her pride! and let the thundering ruin fall on her house, and humble her haughty head!"

Berndt affected to hold both his ears, to escape the sound of this terrible malediction, while the other ran on in the same vindictive mood: — "Yes, God give her grace to mend her manners for pride like hers ever comes before a fall. Nay she took it into her head that she could not dine at the same end [illegible] table with me; I must sit as far off as p[illegible] and, forsooth! her whim must be com-

plied with. But, God willing, we shall change sides again very soon; the laugh will be mine; and I shall bring the scornful beauty to listen to easier terms."

Berndt here gave the slighted clerk another friendly jog; for the senator and his book-keeper were coming out of the private room. There was an expression of deep care and seriousness, not unmixed with decision in the countenances of both; and a person was instantly despatched to secure a relay of horses to travel express to Amsterdam. The principal handed his trust-worthy assistant a carefully sealed packet, and soon after taking leave of him, went, not accompanied as usual by his chief clerks, into the interior of his house to meet his family at dinner.

CHAPTER II.

The anxious merchant found the Lady Missinger already presiding at the head of the costly banquet, fully prepared to do justice to the delicacies that abounded, and casting a complacent eye upon the profusion of silver dishes, and richly ornamented plate. The rarest wines were placed upon the table, the fair Juliet was summoned from her studies, and the train of domestics, on receiving a wink from the senator, withdrew into the ante-room. In gloomy mood, the senator, instead of inviting to the ... st, tapped with his knife on the huge silver tureen before him; with his eye fixed on it in silence for some seconds, as if he were meditating how best to introduce some unpleasant topic.

"What would you both think," he began, in a tone of forced merriment, "were you to see all this splendid equipage — silver, gold, and porcelain — suddenly fly away through the roof, and a parcel of earthen and pewter dishes tumble in and spread thems... over the table in their place?"

T... of the house gave a contemptuous shrug of ... lders at the bare idea, and ridiculed so

far-fetched and misplaced a jest. Juliet exclaimed, laughing, that it would be as pretty a witch-feat as she could imagine, for papa must then put his hand a little deeper into Fortunatus's purse, and try the magic of gold again.

"But suppose I were to find it empty, and not the purse you dream of, Juliet,—what should you do then?"

"Idle talk!" muttered the lady mother, as she proceeded leisurely with her dinner; "how can you descend to such silly things!"

"That I may prepare you for the possibility of so very unpleasant an occurrence," was the senator's reply. "It is even on the balance at this moment whether we are to continue the wealthy people it is supposed we are, or to become beggars indeed."

"Is to-day, then, the first of April, that tempts the senator Müssinger to amuse himself with childish sallies like these?" enquired his lady; but Juliet remarked an unusual earnestness and impatience in her father's manner.

He went on in a warmer tone: "The folly is in your question, my dear; a man of business never jests unnecessarily with his reputation. Misfortune threatens me; a series of enormous losses no man can withstand. Firms with which I was intimately connected have failed; pirates have surprised my vessels; underwriters have proved unsound; the last storm has swept away a merchantman with an immense amount of specie, on which I had rested my final hopes. The last arrival brings me a hea[illegible] heavy bills from Holland. It is all over with [illegible]ase

I am a

my excellent and able assistant should not succeed in obtaining accommodation and a prolongation of credit from my chief creditor in that quarter. And the event is so near at hand, that it is better you were prepared for it now."

"My poor dear Father!" exclaimed Juliet, in a tone of deep sympathy; while the brow of her mother grew dark and frowning, as she muttered — "Rather say, imprudent, cruel father, thus to plunder his own wife and child. What! need you have placed your all on the hazard of the die — adventured every thing in a couple of crazy vessels? Out on it! you are a spendthrift merchant, a man of no capacity, and were a fit subject, methinks, to fill the walls of a lunatic asylum, did I not yet believe you were trying your hand at a bad joke. If it be possible you are in earnest, please to recollect that my fortune must forthwith be made good, and paid into the trustees' hands, with interest. I am not one of those who would consent to receive a stipend, like some vile parish pauper, or be provided for by the bounty of others. I am accustomed to an easy style of life; and might have selected a husband from a hundred noble gentlemen — all wealthier, too, than yourself."

The senator became pale with rage as he listened to this heartless vituperation, and he bent his head over the cloth to disguise his excessive emotion, as he replied in a tone of forced indifference: "It is well, *Lady* Jacobina; this is an additional proof of your tried affection for me. But I am sorry I cannot so [illegible] gratify you, by opening some process aga[illegible] in a court of law; for I was only de-

sirous of giving you an opportunity of expressing your opinion on an assumed conjuncture, not, it may be, a real case."

"Shame on you, then, senator; I believed it to be only a mere whim. But why try to spoil my appetite? I am in a perfect fever — I declare the idea is enough to rouse one's bile; I must have the elegancies and comforts of life about me; I was born a lady — you know I was — and you should never insinuate a doubt of my continuing to be one; — and now Juliet, my dear, give me the cordial."

Juliet, already accustomed to similar scenes, as quick as thought presented the desired *liqueur*, to revive the spirits of the vulgar fine lady. The senator rose hastily from his seat, hummed the Marlborough march, and loosened his cravat a little. He was just meditating a retreat, when the door was suddenly opened, and the young Englishman whom he had engaged for a teacher presented himself at the entrance. This was a lucky diversion in the actual state of domestic parties; the senator, of all men, had an extreme reluctance to evince any symptons of passion before strangers; and the sight of the young man had a wonderfully good effect upon him. — "So, here you are, my good friend, just in the nick of time. Your benefactor, then, has given you permission to attend."

"He has permitted me," was the reply, "to accept the offer you made me." This was said in a calm and modest manner; it seemed to attract the attention of Juliet, who looked at him [illegible] surprise mingled with curiosity; and ev[illegible] lady of the house [illegible]d as if she had f[illegible] he

fainting fit which she had just commenced. Both were not a little astonished to see the youthful figure of the stranger, in his simple and almost thread-bare dress standing erect and fearless before the senator, in a way they had never before witnessed in the objects of his favour or his bounty.

"A young Englishman," continued Müssinger, presenting him to his wife, "who has engaged to instruct Juliet in the language of his country. I recommend to him the utmost assiduity in his task; and to his pupil no less zeal in the pursuit.—There, pay your compliments to my lady and your young pupil; and you may then commence your lessons, and show us how good a master you are."

Young White, with an easy air, shook the Lady Jacobina cordially by both hands; then approaching Juliet, he would have saluted her cheek, according to the then prevailing etiquette of the English court, had not the fair girl drawn back, and blushing deeply, declined the offered salute. Her mother turned contemptuously from him, and her father, not a little amused, laughed out aloud as he observed, "You see, young sir, we manage these things in a different way here; you are no longer in English society, and at an English court. Here it is honour enough to kiss the lady hostess's hand, and the tips of my young lady's little fingers."

Excusing himself for his omission of due ceremony, with the free grace of a true gentleman, White acquitted himself of the German fashion in so li[illegible] good-natured a manner as to conciliate [illegible] of the ladies; but there was something in [illegible] demeanour of [illegible] tutor, which,

though she could not account for it, produced an unpleasing impression upon Juliet. It was, therefore, not without some reluctance that she led the way to her work-table, pointed out to him the books she had been accustomed to peruse, and by means of which she observed that she had acquired the slight knowledge of the language which she possessed. After asking her a few questions, he added, that he was led to think she was not quite so deficient as she represented herself; a compliment, however, which, instead of pleasing, threw a cloud over the fair Juliet's brow. She sat down in silence, her father having repeated his request, to receive a lesson from her new instructor. The senator, after observing the method adopted, and giving it his hearty commendation, returned to his counting-house; while his lady, wholly uninterested in her daughter's progress, sat by in a reclining posture, and soon began to enjoy her siesta as usual.

Juliet, it must be confessed, had paid but little attention to her tutor, her eye being chiefly directed towards her mother; and, the moment she saw her quietly folded in the arms of the drowsy god, she snatched the book out of the hands of her gravely discoursing tutor; closed it as quick as light, with a brief apostrophe of "Pray, sir, let us have done with it — enough, enough! — really I can do no more at present. In obedience to my papa's commands, and because it may be a matter of convenience to yourself, I will resume it as if I were in earnest; but I must intreat you [illegible] ive yourself any trouble about it; for I ass[illegible] am a[illegible] cannot fancy y[illegible] guage in the leas[illegible]

course, shall never learn to speak it. Adieu, my good sir — adieu till to-morrow!"

Young White gazed at his singular and frank-spoken pupil with a look of unfeigned surprise; and he bit his lip, as he replied — "Really, Miss Müssinger, your manner is a little startling, I will not say unkind. My father was of noble blood, and uniformly recommended to me, as a rule of conduct, never to hurt any one's feelings if I could be of no advantage to them. I would take my departure; but permit me to stay till your lady mother awake, in order that I may not again shew my inobservance of your national customs, or any want of courtesy. May I hope you will suffer my presence so long?"

"It was far from my intention, replied Juliet, in some confusion, "to hurt your feelings, sir; and I sincerely beg your pardon if I have so ill selected my words. I often say things, I believe, for which I am afterwards truly concerned. Indeed it is not yourself, it is not your person — it is that hissing, piping sound of your English, so hard and rough, which falls so very unpleasingly on my ear."

"Then I cannot but express my surprise," replied White, perfectly conciliated by the sudden contrast of her tone, that so kind a father should urge you to study a language which you so much dislike."

"Why," began Juliet, half laughing and half blushing, as she raised her brilliant eyes from her re[illegible] desk, "you may well be puzzled: the [illegible] papa tells me I am going to be married, [illegible] going to New Yo[illegible] he thinks ——"

"To New York — to North America!" exclaimed the young man, still more astonished. Juliet nodded her assent, and ran her pen over the blank paper before her, as if impatient of her self-imposed good behaviour. "To New York!" repeated White; and, with folded arms, he gazed on the lovely object before him: "at such a distance from home, you surely then cannot avoid learning English."

"It does not follow," replied Juliet, laughing — "for, perhaps, my intended may learn to speak German, and all my acquaintance *shall* talk French. English must be confined to the domestics, and such sort of people, you know, by whom it is generally spoken."

"There, young lady, permit me to say you are mistaken. At New York it would be considered a great impropriety to converse in any other language than the English, even in the best society. To be sure, Dutch is spoken in the interior — but ——"

"Bless me!" interrupted Juliet, "you speak as if you had actually been on the spot, and heard what you so warmly assert."

"Indeed, I have," continued White, in a still more animated tone — "I passed the greatest part of my childhood between New York and the interior."

"Really?" inquired Juliet, in a gentler and more interested tone; "then do tell me something encouraging respecting this my future home. I have heard so many fine things said of it, t[illegible] am dying to hear more. But come a littl[illegible] that we may sp[illegible]a somewhat lower

order not to wake poor mamma too soon. And lose no time — for I am all ear, I can assure you."

She here rested both her beautiful arms upon her work-table, and, with full inquiring looks, that seemed to read through the eyes into the very soul of her tutor, so that his actually fell before their brilliant expression, she paused till he had recovered his speech, and arranged the thread of his narrative.

"My father," he began, "once held a command in the citadel of New York, and my uncle one in a more remote station, bordering on the territories of the Indians. A boy of eight years, I had ample opportunities of becoming intimate with American life, as well in town as in the country. In the former I took little pleasure; its society was prim and monotonous — no vivacity, no heart, no soul — but one dull leaden colour of puritanical zeal and military discipline. Except on sabbaths, there was one eager, incessant competition in the race of lucre, varied only by the beat of the drum and the word of command. The Sunday is held more sacred than even in England itself; there the world's faults and follies walk arrayed in heavy sackcloth and ashes; and the deep dead sounds of the steeple-clocks fall on the ear of the weary and idle citizens, till they are glad to lay down the burden of affected peace and piety on an early pillow, to start again betimes."

"Oh, sad, sad!" exclaimed Juliet — "this is really a lamentable picture. Why, in our own dull [illegible] y city here, we live pleasanter than all th[illegible], perhaps, the country may make amends f[illegible] [illegible] surely Mr. Bir[illegible] [illegible]l have the po-

liteness to let me prefer the villa to the shop if I feel so inclined."

"Ah!" continued White, "were I to speak of America's wild free land, as I once felt it, a strange enthusiastic sorrow would overmaster all my faculties; for I loved it early and well; though a young lady like you can form no idea of, and, consequently, feel no sympathy with the kind of ties which bound me to that youngest, but most wonderful and aspiring of the earth's offspring — the future nursery and home of the brave and the free. But it is not near New York you must look for elegance or beauty; no stately and delightful villas; no palaces and gardens, affording shade or shelter; but rugged patches of ground, without a house or a tree, form a sort of suburbs, to supply the garrison and the shop. But this is merely local: cross the river, and penetrate far away into the interior; and, for the noble-hearted traveller, and lover of mighty nature in all her moods, there is pleasure in the pathless woods, and music in the flow of her everlasting falls and cataracts. The rivers brought within the social range and limits of man, are here few and far between; but, alas! the soil is cultivated by Colonists and by slaves, with whole regions of forest spreading round them — immemorial woods — lofty trees, hallowed shades of ages, (the very names of things strange to us), and amidst which the sound of the woodman's axe never broke on the far solitary haunts of time. Think what an inspiring delight, to open the first paths beneath those thick embowering [illegible] lows, through which the sun's beams have nev[illegible] d! Think of the [illegible] silence far arour[illegible] he

mighty solitude, filled only with deep, awe-inspiring thought; with a religious glory, how elevating, above every other impulse, to the soul! For hours long have I laid me down, listening to the first startling echo of the woodman's axe, mingled with the bay of the wild dog and the fox, with the voices of millions of rich-bespangled birds, from the deep recesses of majestic forests — the solitary monuments of nature in her prime. There, as twilight glooms, and the savage tenants of the wild start from their lone retreats, the weary wanderer turns from the immeasurable path, stretching far before him, and gladly seeks the shelter of the nearest hut. On reaching the utmost limits of the forest, behold! a new spectacle opens on the bewildered view. One of the giant-streams of this mighty land suddenly arrests his onward way; his eye scarce embraces its expanse, and proudly sweep the waves of the noble river, till they reach some grand and hoarse-resounding fall. Amidst the swell of the foaming waters is seen a small dark speck, at the sight of which the adventurous traveller utters an exclamation of joy — it is the light canoe, the fisher's boat, darting boldly through the waves, to bear him over that golden stream, red with the dying rays of sunset, reflecting from its surface a thousand brilliant hues. A blue undulating line in the distance, betokens other forests beyond forests in the mighty continent. Bold, dark rocks and precipices, which receive the hissing, thundering waters on their far career, break, at vast [illegible]als, upon the silent monotonous flow of riv[illegible]ough rich savannahs and flats, where ever[illegible] of vegetation, in [illegible]and stem, and

flower, seems to emulate the magnificent exhibition of power, displayed in all the features of this new and mightier world. Then contemplate it in its natural wonders; in its wilder moods of tempest, fire, and flood; in its native tenants, the painted, feathered chiefs, warriors, hunters, wild colonists, wandering over far-distant tracts, guided only by the stars, the line of their coast, rivers, and the pinnacles of rocky heights. With the speed of the Arab courser, the son of the desert bounds on his way, or glides, like a mist, which rises at night-fall, over the low, solitary spots—now glooming, now shining, as it oft beguiles the unfriended wayfarer from his track. No roof or steed, no bridge or boat, requires the free-born forester; for the world is his home—the heavens are his tent—vigilance, and bold inexhaustible address his faithful guards and messengers. He cleaves the stream with the ease of the finny tribe; he darts upon his prey from his secret ambush; he heeds not the lashing of the waves, nor the groaning of the forests, where the hurricane is up, and the fiercest voices of nature in her terrors have roused the lord of the desert in his lair. The bear and the wolf shun the fire of his eager eye; the loneliest haunt—deep night—the rolling thunder and vivid lightning's flash—all that have terrors for the feeble child of cities, are to him a source of exultation; privation even a triumph, and death from the hand of his enemy, a scene in which he glories to the last."

Here White, almost exhausted with the enthusiasm which he had thrown into his descr[illegible] of a country, the picturesque recollections of [illegible] had been indelibly [illegible]sed upon his mem[illegible]d en-

twined themselves with his thoughts and passions from earliest youth, paused, as if overcome with the emotions he had renewed; and, raising his eyes to those of Juliet, full of apprehension lest his description should have wearied her, seemed to solicit her forgiveness. What was his delight, however, to mark only the expression of the warmest sympathy in her dark, brilliant eyes, as, with a smile of approbation, she laid her hand upon his, and, in a more confidential tone, observed—

"Truly, sir, you are an admirable master of the picturesque, a faithful chronicler of the new world's wonders, its old hereditary woods and streams and wildernesses. It seems as if I actually saw what you so vividly describe. Your picture is complete, and satisfies me. The emotions which I would seek for in such a land, are not, believe me, those of ordinary people—not the mere life of social woman, her duties and her cares, without a soul to appreciate the beauties and the glories, which nature, in her supreme dominion, opens upon the mind and the eye. Yet, I confess, the idea of those interminable forests, streams, and plains, makes me almost tremble, while it delights me. But our American lesson is at an end, sir," added the fair speaker, smiling, and checking her enthusiasm; she then moved to him, as if for a signal of departure—"I shall expect you to-morrow morning; for I have now taken a great fancy to learn your language, and hope to derive great advantage from your kind instructions."

White, who had some difficulty in believing the evidence of his senses, after the scene which had

previously occurred, had no hesitation in giving his ready promise to return; he saluted the lady senator, now awake, with all due solemnity; bowed low and formally to the now laughing, heedless Juliet, and took his leave with the ease of a man of the world.

CHAPTER III.

"JULIET, my love," inquired her father when he rejoined his wife and daughter in the evening; "why did not poor White stop to take supper with us? I promised him his board, both on his account, and that he might bring you forward in your English conversation. I should also have liked to converse with him, for one hears nothing on the exchange but the same unvaried subject ringing in one's ears from morning till night—the history and vicissitudes of money, money, money, in all its processes, till my head is actually stunned with the sound. I can make nothing out of that saintly Berndt; and master Nothaft is usually engaged at play or at the tavern. My lady here is sufficiently occupied with her visitors; and you, Juliet, are either at your monkey tricks, or deeply immersed in your Arminius and Thusnelda. Now, I could have had a little reasonable chat to-night with the Englishman."

"Oh, I intreat you," interrupted his wife, rising abruptly from her seat; "do not bring that strange man here: I cannot endure [illegible] [illegible]ging continu-

ally about us. Think of his odd behaviour to day; I am sure I shall never forget it. No good comes of bringing poor decayed members of nobility into a respectable citizen's family. Depend upon it, those hungry cast-a-ways, without money or means, always give themselves airs; and what with their pride and their great name, there is nothing good enough for them; they are content with nobody about them."

"You forget, madam," replied the senator, "that in this very remark you display the most intolerable pride—worse than that which you condemn. I cannot permit any woman should be guilty of this preposterous folly, while I am willing to admit him with the deference and respect—to say nothing of humanity,—which are due to him. Be silent, therefore."

"When so it pleaseth me!" was the laconic and cool reply. After a pause she continued: "Your boorish arguments are nothing to me, nor shall I give up my pride at your bidding. Does it become *me* to do the honours of this house for the sake of every vagabond, because his father was a baronet, and was executed for supporting the Pretender? No; whoever eats at my table, and lives by my bounty is below me; and so far good!"

The senator finding his patience wholly exhausted, and passion getting the mastery, hurried quickly out of the room, slamming the door with violence behind him.

"The man is going distracted, I think," observed the lady, with perfect *sang froid*, as she pursued her work; "a very pretty thing, to take

the part of a man whom I shall turn out of the house to-morrow morning if I feel inclined."

"I will never learn English from any other teacher!" exclaimed Juliet in a short decided tone, and rising from the work-table, she turned away highly offended towards the window."

"Oh, oh! my pretty one," exclaimed her amiable mamma, following, and about to tap her on the cheek, as if in jest; but Juliet flung away, and retorted still more sharply:—

"I *will* have my tutor treated with respect, or I will do as I am done by. I will!"

The lady now knew with whom she had to deal, and as in numberless instances, rather than lose a good ally, who might, moreover, go over to the other side of the matrimonial question, she withdrew quietly into her own quarters, without adding another word, leaving the field open to White, out of meer expediency. She consoled herself, however, by shewing her extreme aversion to him in a thousand little ways; never opened her lips, and took care to be present during the whole of the lessons, even spiting herself by trying to keep awake. But this she soon gave up; and Juliet always gave the signal when White was to resume his narrative of the New World. At length she one day observed:—"There! we have heard enough—I know American life as well as my alphabet; and I must confess it does not please me. I must try to persuade Mr. Birsher to reside somewhere else—among a more lively and pleasant people,—in a more sunny climate, with plenty of soul and song. If I am not to free myself from a region of fog and frost and snow, I should ... much to remain

where I am, for I shall never prevail on myself to devote my time and youth to the mere drudgery of domestic cares. But, must I tell you what it is I am ambitious of?—an existence of excitement and delight. I am already a heiress; both my parents are rich; and in regard to my intended, he is considered, I hear, nothing less than a little king on the other side the Atlantic. Why should I not indulge my inclinations, when I find all the means within my power? Why not behold a fine radiant sky above my head; myrtles, laurels, and roses springing beneath my feet? Oh, would indeed that I could describe to you the sort of land—the glad, bright land of my dream in my youthful hours, in which only I could rejoice to live."

"The myrtle already beckons you," replied White, with a half stifled sigh; "the wished-for land of which you dreamed, and speak so fondly, really exists. Farther in the southern regions of the same strange world, it will beam upon you; there a new sunny home spreads before you,—the rich, glowing clime, on which the Creator has showered his favours with a lavish hand. The blue, bright heaven ever smiles on its plains and hills; mighty palms spread their parent arms over the land of the sun; exuberance of fruitful plants, and flowers, and glorious verdure, ever young, pour plenty over the untilled soil; and their fragrance for miles around, fills the glad, inspiring air. There, indeed, man is the lord of the creation; for it brings him a spontaneous supply of all his wants. There, the noble birds of the prolific woods dazzle the eye with the brilliancy of their wings; and stately herds of wild animals—armies, almost, of

fleet, free horses, beautiful as their native land, coursing over the vast prairies and breasting the river-floods, enliven the glorious landscape, which, arrayed in a thousand charms, bursts suddenly from the bosom of night: itself as grand, as lovely, and as bright as the sunniest days of other lands. It is a clime, too, peopled by a race full of the life and passion you sigh for, depicted in their every look. Can you resist the voice of those cymbals that call you to the dance,—the incense-breathing flowers and herbs seen by the glow-worm's light, mingled with the plaintive notes of the guitar, heard like the soft voice of a beloved spirit beneath the window of some beauty, to whose charms it appeals?"

"Really," cried Juliet, "you excel in the touching and picturesque; but tell me, does this beautiful region belong to the king of your country?"

"My king," replied the young man, in a mournful voice, "possesses no country, other than a heavenly one which no usurper can deprive him of; but these fertile plains do not even belong to the crown of England. Spain and the pope hold sway over their catholic domains."

"Good heaven deliver us!" exclaimed Juliet, emphatically; but, when she marked the serious inquiring glance of her companion, she was ashamed of the expression, and added—"am I not a very silly girl, and deserve that you should laugh at me, to think of being frightened at the pope!"

"I am well aware," replied White, in a calm tone, "that in England, as well as in parts of Germany, the nurses make use of the mere name of popery as synonymous with perdition, to terrify

their naughty children. It is no way surprising to find these absurd prejudices so prevalent; but how to think they should extend to a mind and intellect like yours! Leave to our English parliament its barbarous treatment of Ireland; let Calvin glory in his stake and gibbet; but may toleration ever find a friend in woman — a guardian angel in the most savage times."

The fair girl fixed her fine speaking eyes upon her tutor. "You speak the truth, sir — it is noble and good. At the same time I can here only judge as the blind do respecting colours. I was never acquainted with a catholic, nor did I ever see the celebration of their religion."

"Then you never saw the most beautiful sight under heaven!" exclaimed the youth with enthusiasm: "the worship of our Creator in a pomp and glory the most irresistibly appealing to the soul. It is at once the deepest of mysteries as regards the intellect, and the most attractive and impressive of spectacles to the senses and the heart. Who can form an idea of the true nature of prayer, and be ignorant of the catholic worship? It is the holy band which embraces all; which subjects all dispositions and frames of mind to its controlling power. For the sensitive and generous, who would make themselves wings of the spirit, and strive to unite themselves to the great, unknown, transcendant Source from which all spirit sprung, it is the pure service of God in his holy temple. It is the religion of the beauteous South in which the Lord of Hosts himself appeared, and made his glory visible to his creatures. But in this dull, mournful North, where man's heart is as cold and unfruitful

as the clime, where the low grovelling mass hold no faith, but in Mammon, all is hard and harsh, and, by the same icy process, the spirit itself becomes at length turned into very stone."

"Well!" cried Juliet, "I wonder to hear an English protestant speak in such eloquent terms — in such a lofty, impartial character — of a church so inimical to his own. Our clergyman describes the whole in quite another spirit: still there is something striking and true in your views and feelings; and, to tell the truth, on my side, the sermon of our worthy preacher interests me not as I should like to feel. I hear him, as wearily as I gaze on his wig and surplice, while the screaming and shouting voices, making the music of our choir, are truly astounding to the ears. But we have dwelt something too long on the subject of mighty Babylon, my good sir; and my mother seems as if she were about to open her eyes."

The conversation, which had taken so singular a turn, was here broken off, not without producing a disagreeable impression on Juliet's mind. She had heard much of the pomp and grandeur which threw an imposing air over the forms and ceremonies of the catholic church — the enchanting music — the clouds of incense — wreathes and chaplets, with richly sculptured and pictured decorations — but all these were objects of fear or detestation among the religious circles in which she moved. The glowing description of White brought the subject, with all its impressive characteristics of magnificence and beauty, all of which she had heard and read, fresh to her mind; and she involuntarily contrasted it with the plain

undecorated altar, the uniform Gothic chancel, and the yet more monotonous tone of the plain preacher in the church of St. John — a contrast far from flattering to the latter. Her warm, generous nature, allied to all that is exalted and impressive, could ill brook the cold, tasteless succession of forms and repetitions peculiar to the service of a church, the doctrines of which by no means won upon her fancy from the additional representations of it in the daily reiterated lessons, still more formally drawled out by the pious Lady Jacobina at home.

Meantime the affairs of the house continued to assume a more strange and threatening aspect. Men of the first respectability in the city held frequent interviews with the principal: many efforts were made to avert the expected blow, for Müssinger had a name second to none; yet, spite of all their apparent interest and exertions, it was soon evident that matters were becoming worse and worse. Visitors of less friendly aspect succeeded — some eagerly seeking security, others threatening to adopt immediate proceedings; and not a few, with words of friendship and sympathy on their lips, yet with heart and hand ready to avail themselves of the impending calamity to strengthen or extend their own resources. Contractors and Jews too, were of the number seen hastily entering or quitting the senator's doors. Large sums of money were called in, but still more required to be re-issued, to support his tottering credit. His reputation once shaken, envy and the public eye were fixed upon him, while the serpent tooth of the creditor prepared to spring upon its victim. Whis-

perings, hints, and sarcasms, first began to circulate; a smile or shaking of the head at his absence on change; and, at length, reports and murmurs from rival houses surrounded the unfortunate merchant with an atmosphere, as it were, of doubt, anxiety, and that nameless feeling of approaching misfortune, which, while it predicts, seems to paralyze all the energies necessary to encounter it. Silence, gloom, absence of mind, a heavy fixed brow battling with the agitation within; sudden movements; in short, all in words and actions foreign to the ordinary character, marked the demeanour of the high-spirited and yet independent merchant, as he anticipated the hour that should announce to him the loss of the treasured jewel of his soul — that for which he had devoted an existence full of care, extreme anxiety, and caution — the loss of his high credit in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. Even the small tradesman, and claimants of trivial sums — once proud to have his name on their books for *any* length of time — now began to gather round his house, with a boldness of look and language very unusual, not one of them hesitating to assure the others of its speedy fall; and then, on receiving payment, sneaking away in fear and trembling lest they had lost the good senator's future custom. It was the same with the greatest as with the least; after all the friendly meetings, and promises, not a single individual offered to come forward in a way to bear him through his immediate difficulties. Still, amidst all these unpromising circumstances, he endeavoured to preserve an unaltered countenance, awaiting with eagerness the return of his confidential envoy from Amsterdam, on whose pro-

ceedings now depended the future colour of his lot.

At midnight his faithful book-keeper made his appearance, having travelled express with a rapidity beyond his master's hopes. The senator was called up, and hurried to meet him in his private room. The interview continued until far in the morning, when, at the close of it, quitting the house, Müssinger took his way through the streets, already beginning to be thronged, towards the merchants' hall. There was an expression in his countenance no one had ever before observed in public; it was the same it had worn since the arrival of his envoy; his dress betrayed the disorder of his mind; his step was quick and uncertain, and his eye, shunning that of the passer-by, wandered from side to side, or seemed to embrace the distance before him. He hurried past the merchants' hall and the custom-house, until he reached the quay, and still pressing forward beyond the remotest buildings it contained, he reached the public walk, which stretches through a row of noble chestnuts half a mile along the borders of the river. Stone banks appeared raised here and there among the trees, and a somewhat lofty breast-work presented an iron rampart against the force of the stream, which flowed deep and rapid below the balustrade. It was a place much frequented during the heat of summer; chiefly in the evening, when persons of all ranks sought to refresh their spirits after the toils or anxieties of the day. It happened that there was only one other individual present at this hour, seated in such a position as to be completely screened from the merchant's view.

He had been reading, and a book lay upon his knees, but his eye caught the figure of the senator as he hastened towards the fatal goal of his madly excited wishes. When within a few yards of him, the senator, flinging aside his hat and stock, threw himself upon the wall, and was plunging into the river, when the stranger, seizing him powerfully by the shoulders, almost hurled him back upon the walk.

An attempt to commit the dastardly act of self-destruction can endure no witnesses. The man, who to attain some desired end throws away his own life, will, in his excited state, repel the arm stretched out for his preservation. The enthusiast, or the maniac, from aiming the dagger at his own breast, will turn with the rage of a wild-beast against all who would deprive him of it; the feeble-minded, or the worshipper of false honour, offers himself up a sacrifice to his pride, and loses all courage if detected in the evil deed. Heartless and fallen, he abandons his design, and a feeling of overwhelming shame succeeds that of a transitory and desperate impulse. The senator lay with closed eyes and high throbbing breast in the arms of his unknown deliverer, and permitted himself, without a struggle, to be conducted to the nearest seat. Here, supporting himself against a tree, the unhappy man covered his face with his hands: and, after a considerable pause, he was addressed in a mild but dignified tone of voice by the stranger:

"You would have done a rash deed, my good friend, but God has ordered it otherwise. It was not to be; therefore, try to compose yourself; try to forget that you have ever been so evil tempted.

Like an honest man, defy the devil and all his works, and resume your usual business and your duties."

The senator gazed wildly round him: — "Is it true," he exclaimed, "that we two are the only persons present? — Dared I confide in your silence — but do you know me?"

"I might deny it; but it would be to deceive you; and I detest all kind of deception. You are the senator Müssinger: and my profession protects you even from the possibility of my speaking indiscreetly."

"May I enquire," asked Müssinger, venturing to raise his eyes to the stranger's face —

"My name is Leupold; I am a doctor of laws, and for many years have acted as counsel in different suits of law. Surely, then, I know when to be silent; and the more so in this case, as it concerns the reputation of a man whose house has been hospitably opened to my adopted son."

"Ah! I understand you," replied the merchant, agreeably surprised to find there existed some bond of union and confidence between his deliverer and himself; "in other circumstances I should have rejoiced to make your acquaintance; but you will forgive me, doctor, if I am at a loss what to think, or how to act."

"These strange revolutions of mind," returned the doctor, "cannot be effected without pain. You are agitated; you want rest; you had better go home; — a composing draught will do you more good than any thing I can say. You will recover your presence of mind when at home."

"Home!" exclaimed the senator in a tone of bitterness; "how little do you know! — home!

where I can look only for shame and reproach. Sir, you prevented my finding the repose I sought in this river; at all events, do not oppose my flight; I am a ruined man. The scorn of enemies and rivals — the compassion of friends — and the reproaches of my relatives, will be more than I can bear. I must away, and seek a more propitious soil!"

He rose up in the act of one rousing up his faculties, and prepared for the pursuit of some far-off and long-desired good. It was with difficulty the doctor restrained his vehemence: — "A moment, sir! think what you are about. Though I know not your source of trouble, or the state of your affairs, I tell you, with the deepest conviction of the truth, that ruin, shame, and obloquy of every kind will follow thick and threefold upon your steps. I have had some experience of the world. Fate has brought us together in so strange a manner, that I may almost assert I have a right to count upon your confidence; therefore —"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Müssinger; "and it is of no use disguising from you that, which, within a few days, the whole city will be informed of. Sir, I am a broken, ruined man. It is all over with me; I can no longer pay my way. An unmerciful creditor, brooking no delay, will to-morrow strike a docket against me; he follows hard after my agent, who brought the tidings that extinguish my last hopes. I cannot meet a sixth part of his bills; my books show the desperate condition I am in. No bankrupt can sit in the senate, and my family will be consigned to penury and shame. Now I have told you all —

all which the merchant would conceal to the very last moment of his civil existence. Place yourself in my situation! Go and proclaim it on the exchange, or be silent; it amounts to the same thing; only let me seek fortune elsewhere."

"To hurry to your final destruction — to relinquish all a man ought to hold dear or sacred!" replied the doctor, in an indignant voice; "to fly from your God; your honour, and that very fortune which never frowns long upon the high-minded and the brave of soul. Away with you, then!" and he turned abruptly from the unhappy man, who stood, as if conscience-stricken, the picture of trouble and despair. The last words of his deliverer had worked their effect, however, and restored him to himself. In these fearful and excited moods, goaded by misfortune, we are like children, who, in proportion to the sympathy or pity expressed, redouble their cries and passion; while, if not regarded, or gently reproached, they summon their little courage, and speedily cease their lamentations.

The senator gazed with a look of surprise upon his new friend; he could not stir a step; he laid his hand upon the old man's shoulder; and after a long pause, during which there was evidently a struggle with his feelings, he observed —

"Sir, what have you said — in whom shall I confide? in God? I am not one of your fanatics; my religion is not of to-day. In fortune? why to her I trusted; and when one of her props fail you, the others stand not long at your side. In myself? what should I understand, sir, by that?"

"The power of manly will, which can achieve much," was the doctor's reply: "in that dwells the

power of the Highest; it governs fortune; life is only a struggle of opposite principles; this world, only a stage for the display of comparative powers, manifested in weaker or stronger wills. The man who rushes boldly into the strife, the more sure is he of reaching the object he has in view. False ideas of honour, and an ill-laid moral groundwork, may disarm the noblest and bravest, rendering him an object of scorn in the eyes of his enemy, instead of rising over his ruins."

"I am at a loss to understand you," replied the senator, as he took his seat beside the doctor; "I am now near forty; and though I may have felt at times something of what you say, I never heard any one attempt to explain such a doctrine."

"Your experience extended only to the commercial world," replied the doctor, shrugging up his shoulders; "but an example will better convince you. Here I have a description of the great naval battle of La Hogue, in which Admiral Russel annihilated the French fleet. It is one of the most extraordinary engagements upon record, and was fought and won under the most unpromising circumstances. Regarding neither wind nor storm, nor that heavier obstacle — the iron yoke of responsibility, he fell, with the tremendous vigour of *good-will* upon the enemy; and victory sprung, glad and glorious, to crown the faith, unto death, of her true disciple, even from the dark and fearfully inauspicious circumstances which surrounded him. Such is the power which resides in the human will; and mark this — in civil life, as well as in mortal action, the saying holds equally good — 'Help thyself, and God is with thee.' Like the great

admiral, cast overboard, with one vigorous effort, the enemy who aims at your own destruction, or yield, with craven spirit, to the deserved fate which awaits you."

"Your advice," replied the senator, "sounds strangely; but how shall I proceed in putting such a theory as yours into practice? I have only a confused idea of your meaning, and that has something in it dark and terrible, which almost makes me tremble."

The doctor laughed, as he replied, half-jestingly, "Pray do not be alarmed; there are no hidden spells or evil apparitions in my words, and you need fear nothing; I speak figuratively, and allude only to moral means. You are no soldier, and I do not therefore advise you to charge the enemy. Only thus much — do not weakly give up all for lost. From hour to hour fortune changes her dwelling-places, and pours her golden shower, where, a moment before, the gaunt forms of famine and despair stalked in all their terrors. Beware how you unmask; if misfortune stands written on your brow, you will never have a friend; while a high front, and confidence in word and look may alter the whole aspect of your life, even at the eleventh hour. Arm yourself with moral strength against the approaching enemy; with words of soothing power, persuasive eloquence; and let serenity of mind, and the promise of improving times, not unmingled with grateful and flattering pictures for the eye of him you would mould to your purpose, stamp your features, and give melody to your speech. Such friendliness of manner subdues the most resolute hostility, and mars its designs. Every

man has his weak point, and every man is vain. Aim at the heel of Achilles; follow up your first impression; seize the favourable moment — gain time for payment; with hope comes victory, and the day is won. Do not cease, therefore, to confide in fortune — and rest assured of my silence."

With a pressure of the hand, followed by a respectful salutation, the doctor took his leave, directing his steps towards the city, while the other stood with his eye fixed on his receding figure, and his thoughts bent upon mastering the tumult of his feelings within. He saw no means of extricating himself from his difficulties, but he felt more courage to encounter them — more determination and power of acting as circumstances might require. Composing his countenance and his dress, he retraced his steps, occasionally muttering to himself —" Well! the doctrine I have heard is, at least, worth a trial; and at the worst, the river will hardly have changed its course within the lapse of the next three days."

He pulled his hat over his eyes; and, from his whole air and manner, no one for a moment would have recognised him for the individual, who, some half hour before, had rushed with distraction in his eye and desperation in his soul, along the same pathway from the city.

CHAPTER IV.

"My good friend," observed the senator to his faithful agent, whom he had summoned into his cabinet; "it is of importance to me that my creditor from Amsterdam should not meet you here. On the other hand, it will be of service, if I can state that you are still on your route, exerting yourself for me in other quarters, assuming that I have heard nothing from you relative to the decision which you brought me. It will appear that you had merely given me notice of his intended arrival, with the view of settling our affairs in person. Do you understand me? I thus gain time, and by that, some new source of relief may spring up."

"God grant it may!" replied the honest book-keeper with a sigh; "and where, my worthy principal, would you wish me to direct my steps?"

"You can proceed to Steinstädt," was the reply, "and spur up that long-winded debtor of ours, the apothecary,—put him upon a little of the same hard regimen with which we are served . sharp threat of ulterior proceedings; I mean,

rate him roundly and well. In a few days matters must be decided; and meantime, in order to give a definite object to your journey, let it be reported that you are going in my name to make an offer for the collieries belonging to Count Steinstadt in that neighbourhood."

"In God's name! any thing to do you good," was the faithful agent's reply, as he hastened to make preparations. The senator, meantime, proceeded to join his family, and informed them, that in a very few days he expected his honoured friend, Herr Van den Höcken, who had written to say, he would accept the invitation to take up his quarters in his old correspondent's mansion. The best room, and the most elegant set out, with ample supplies, and revision of kitchen and cellar stores, must speedily occupy their attention; it was his anxious wish to receive his worthy friend in a style due to his station, his great wealth, and influence in his native city.

The lady of the house began to put herself in a fidget, muttering her fashionable anathemas, "not loud but deep;" mingled with frequent quotations from her favourite Jeremiah, directed against the approaching visitation. What a calamity! turning the house into an hotel—trenching upon the regular habits,—affecting the peace and comforts of its worthy hostess!—all her lamentations ending in delivering up the keys to Juliet, that she might in some degree lessen the burden of her own woes. Gazing for hours out of the window, sleeping, praying, singing psalms, spending whole evenings in gossiping with such as she could collect at all congenial with her feelings—Lady Jacobina was

only eager and active when assisting in the dissemination of malignant reports, scandalous anecdotes, groundless insinuations—in short, promoting evil in some shape or other. The senator, however, scorning to notice her silly ebullitions, had the wisdom to let the storm blow over, and to seek peace in his quiet little cabinet.

Meantime the report of his intended purchase of the Steinstadt concern, produced the happiest effects; and many of his former connections hastened to shake him by the hand when he appeared on change, in full persuasion, that by some lucky hit, *he was all right again.* Smiling faces met him every where, for the great Van deh Höcken, too, was about to become his guest. Whispered by the grandees of the head houses, it soon ran through all the lesser veins and arteries of the commercial body—" He is a lucky fellow, that Müssinger: he grows like a stout fir, all the better and hardier for a bit of a blast. What capital wind-fall has come in his way, that he is putting loads of money into the hands of that gambling lord of the Spa?" Such were among the speculations of Müssinger's old trading brethren of the day; and those who had tried to pick the largest holes in his reputation just before, were loudest in lauding him as a bold, brave man of the world. A few of the more cautious and solid, it is true, still shook their heads, and looked to the next settling day; but none more impatiently and earnestly than Müssinger himself, for the arrival of the man who was to decide his fate. During this harrowing interval, the words of his preserver still rung in his ears: " Help thyself, and God is

with thee. Cast the enemy overboard who would destroy thee."

"Let me try," he exclaimed, "if I cannot find some meaning in those startling words;" and retiring to his own chamber, he there sat absorbed in thought, often rising, pacing the room, and striking his forehead in the fearful excitement of his soul.

Meantime, Juliet was eagerly engaged in discharging her new duties as a hostess, directing the preparations, arranging matters of taste in various ways, and wholly forgetting her tutor and his English lessons. It was in vain poor White renewed his visits; the haughty mother invariably referred him to the door—"her daughter was engaged;" but it so happened, that one day in retiring, he saw the state-room door half open as he went by, and the fair Juliet standing upon a table, to enable her to view in what manner she could most tastefully arrange the drawing-room curtains. White stopped and bowed; a deep blush overspread Juliet's face and brow, and while she spoke, a flash of anger shot from her dark eye:

"I have been calling till I am hoarse, for those idle people; pray, my dear sir, will you assist me. I had just succeeded in getting the valance over this cornice when you startled me. How provoking! it all depends upon you now, to repair the mischief,—do you think you can?"

"With pleasure," replied White, entering; and having formally laid down his hat and sword, he began deliberately to mount the table. Juliet stamped with her pretty foot as she cried out: "Good heavens! how very tedious you are; *do* lay

aside a *little* of that old English coolness. Any other would have been at my side in a single jump."

"A little patience," replied White, as he took the valance from her hand, and in a moment fixed it just in the exact form she would have it; and then descending, he held out his arm to assist the perplexed beauty. For a moment Juliet was in doubt, whether she should go on in her sarcastic vein, putting his temper a little to the proof, or resign herself into his hands with perfect good humour; and luckily for the young Englishman, a sunny smile, and a glad laugh broke through the stormy mood which had begun to gather on her brow. Light as a sylph, she flew through his proffered arms, almost without a touch.

"You are a singular genius," she cried in her loveliest vein; "for, whenever I just venture to tell you the truth, you give yourself airs, and look as grave as a judge. Pray think better of it; and consider that the light-winged arrows shot at you by a wilful girl, are not tipped with poison. Why should they disturb a reasonable man like you?"

"I neither fear, nor care," replied White, "for persons who are indifferent to me—whose esteem I value not; but it is not so with regard to those of whom I had formed the highest opinion;" for he had not yet recovered his usually good temper.

"Well," replied Juliet, "but how can you look with that horrid, unamiable expression, on the beautiful workmanship of my hands," at the same time clapping her hands, and saluting her own image in the mirror, as she gazed around; "think

you Queen Ulrica herself can lay claim to a fairer residence?"

"The delight you take in your own works," returned White, catching something of her happy spirit, "leads me to conjecture that you have been decorating these apartments to receive the next New York arrival. Ah, yes; I see that I am right."

"Oh, heavens! what have you said! — never, never!" exclaimed the playing creature, wringing her hands in apparent trouble; — "Mr. Birsher has not settled down in a corner of the world where he can so easily undertake to pay us a flying visit. Alas! there is only a staid, starched, sterling old Dutchman — the far renowned and fast sailing ship, I should say — the good Van den Höcken, preparing to put into port here. He is an ancient friend of my father — I mean in mercantile phraseology — for they are entire strangers to each other's persons. But we shall soon have a nearer view of this fine specimen of a Dutch merchantman; and can you compliment me on the manner in which I have prepared for him — the exquisite tact and taste, &c.? — look at it well; for you will never see the place in this fairy condition again."

"Why so?"

"Herr Von den Höcken will set all my admirable efforts at nought. Oh, these white satin curtains, how will they bear the horrid fumes of his tobacco-pipe? and these delicate flower-stands, and all these pretty nick-nacks, the rude touches of his sacrilegious fingers? Ah, it seems to be a

favourite object, with you men, always to detract in some way from the most exquisite performances of the less lordly sex!"

"What induces you to make that observation now?"

"The medallion, to be sure, which you just fastened up by the curtain," replied Juliet—"it looks as if it were falling—all awry."

"Why not order me to put it right, then?" inquired White, as he sprang upon the table, and adjusted it according to rule.

Juliet, making him a formal acknowledgement, observed, "I am satisfied, sir; but how is it you are grown more animated than you were?"

"I was anxious to make peace with you, fair lady," replied the youth, in rather a more familiar tone.

"That pleaseth me well," returned Juliet, with the voice and air of a queen; "but I must inform you that I am not to be easily satisfied in the fulfilment of my demands."

"And yet, lady, I would cheerfully undertake to execute all you ask," was White's reply, in a mingled tone of enthusiasm and sincerity.

"All!" repeated Juliet, with still more earnestness;—"consider, sir, that if you promise I will not permit you or any one to trifle with my feelings on this subject."

"Nor was I jesting in the least!" was the warm exclamation of the young Englishman.

"Then," observed Juliet, in an under-tone, "you will not refuse to catch me yon silly eavesdropper, whose huge ears I can perceive through

the mirror here; or at least to fling the mean scoundrel down the stairs!"

White cast a rapid glance around, and plainly saw Master Nothaft's head — with the genuine vulpine features, belonging to it, half advanced through the door, while a voice, quivering with conscious falsehood and detection, stammered out, "With permission, Miss Müssinger — I — I was come in search of your honoured father ——"

"*With permission*," repeated Juliet, in a tone of marked contempt — "You are a very despicable fellow, of whose hypocritical meanness my honoured father would do well to take note. Away with you, and seek him elsewhere! — I saw your stealthy steps, sir."

With low muttered curses, the enraged yet trembling coward fled. Juliet laughed out with all her heart, partly at the dismayed clerk, and partly at poor White, who stood as if he had just fallen from the moon, perfectly astounded at so singular a contrast, and so rapid a change in the lady's moods.

"Most miraculous fairy!" he exclaimed, "or what shall I call you — more brilliant, and more varying in all colours, than the diamond itself. The moment I believed myself selected for the honour of doing you some great service — of winning your approbation — suddenly the whole is turned into a jest."

"Now, confess the truth, sir," was Juliet's reply; "you are vain — I am no less so! You might be a Frenchman, really — but my seriousness is not always mere matter of jest."

The good feeling which breathed in every word

from the lips of the charming but eccentric girl, inspired White with courage to ask an explanation of what she last said; but his eager curiosity was doomed to disappointment by the entrance of the master of the mansion himself.

"Is every thing in readiness, Juliet, my dear?" inquired the senator, in a quick, anxious mannner; "is all in the order it should be?" He looked around, and continued — "Good — very good — beautiful; really Juliet, and just in time — for he is arrived. I have received tidings from the inn that Van den Höcken is in the city, quite in a plain style — without a servant. There he must not stay — I go to bring him; — how do I look — am I dressed well?" He went on without even observing that White was present — "How is my sword? how sits my hair?"

"Oh, just all as I could wish to see you, papa," was the lively girl's reply, stifling an inclination to laugh as she spoke; "but you seem to me rather more flurried than you usually are — as if you might be going to receive some emperor, instead of an old correspondent neither greater nor less than a man of business — a merchant like yourself, papa."

"Alas, yes!" replied Müssinger, drawing his breath quickly — "I know he is — but you know there is a propriety — a manner — in short it is my duty — whatever comes of it — and, my sweet Juliet — do for your father's sake — do, my child, put up one warm, pure prayer, for me in my absence — your mother is all ice — but you, my darling, will be a blessing — if you beseech heaven

for my success — I cannot — must not say more — but — do as I have said. — Adieu."

The senator was gone; but the heartfelt anguish of his voice, the strangeness and mystery of his words and manner, threw Juliet into one of her most thoughtful and abstracted moods. Not a ray of the sunny beams that had played round her just before; not a word or thought for her poor tutor, who stood quite subdued, and melancholy by her side. She rose, and, hastening to the window, gazed sad and wistfully into the street. After a long pause, she was retiring from the room with a sigh and shaking her head, when her eyes again fell on White.

"Is that you?" she cried, with unfeigned surprise. "I believed you were gone," she added, as he regarded her; his arms folded, with an expression of the warmest sympathy and admiration. "I wish, then, as you were here, that you could explain the meaning of what has just passed — what it betokens," she added, trying, but in vain, to force a smile.

"The powers which direct our path often, I believe, warn the happy and prosperous, that they may prepare for the evil day to come," replied the young Englishman, in a diffident but serious and marked tone; "I have known instances of the kind."

"Ah!" exclaimed Juliet, with one of those glances that shot to his soul — "say no more. It would ill become you, sir, to speak in the language of a prophet of ill here. What can have excited in you a feeling of the kind? it could assuredly only

be that brief reverie I fell into; and this you have made free to take advantage of, to presume to enter into a sort of confidence, which distresses while it offends me. And, sir, except during my hours of English study, I beg you will consider that I am not at home to Mr. White."

The Englishman was deeply agitated, and in a voice scarcely articulate he gasped out the words, "This after you *bade* me speak! Good God! had I imagined that you wished only a mute sign, a shrug of the shoulders; and not a friendly, frank, free expression of my thoughts — I had then spared myself the infliction of an insult, and you, lady, a feeling of remorse."

He was gone — gone with the arrow barbed by her own hand rankling in his breast. Now, at least, it was evident he was a man of lofty and gentlemanly feeling — yes, he was gentle, high-born, a martyr to his king and his religion; yet she had coldly and barbarously insulted the fallen, and given an additional pang to the soul of one whose fate made his life almost one continued series of humiliations, such as can only be felt by the decayed gentleman. All these reflections rushed through Juliet's mind with the rapidity of some starching poison through the frame; remorse was already at work; and how willingly would she, on the very instant, have called him back. But voice and action both hung spell-bound by a feeling of injured pride and dignity, and she sought to justify her conduct in her own eyes. — "But was it not intolerable," she exclaimed, "to think of assuming such a tone — almost that of a father instructing his child? Yes, he must have thought me a child

—one whose duty it was merely to listen and to submit." A glance, however, at the mirror, told her that he was unjust, at least in his judgment on this point; for there stood the lovely woman in all the bloom and fulness of her charms. She could not but feel that she excited the envy of one sex, as much as the admiration of the other; and she almost sighed for the arrival of Mr. Birsher when she thought of the cold, unfeeling, captious disposition of her mother, and the hourly increasing anxiety and strangeness of her father's manner. Another such scene as the last, and she should begin to tremble for the state of his mind, harassed, as she saw he had recently been, by incessant application to his affairs.

CHAPTER V.

Juliet was not long permitted to indulge either her speculations or her regrets. Voices were heard nearer and nearer; and soon heavy footsteps upon the threshold announced the arrival of a stranger. The agitated girl flew, half terrified, to her own chamber; and on again making her appearance, she saw a short, thick-set, good-humoured looking man, rather elderly, in his travelling dress, seated near her father, and evidently an object of curiosity to the whole household.

"My excellent and worthy friend, Van den Höcken, of Amsterdam," observed the senator to his daughter; "and this, sir, is Juliet Müssinger,"—prompting her at the same time to make one of her most gracious obeisances. The Dutchman, on his side, endeavoured to bring his corpulent little person into the form of a bow; but it hardly went beyond a nod; still it was a friendly one, and he blinked curiously at her from under his sharp, small eyebrows.

"Yea, a portly maiden, and a fair, by my troth!

the young lady of the house! How fortunate, how charming to leave behind one all the discomforts of a tavern, to quit the Roman Emperor in order to be received into the arms of a beautiful Grecian Helen!" and he playfully held out his hands, as if to welcome an embrace.

"Heaven in its mercy defend me!" cried Juliet, in the same tone, as she ran, with well-affected alarm, out of the room; "I must go to my mother;" and she ran to take refuge in her mother's chamber.

Van den Höcken rubbed his hand, and laughed out with infinite glee, at the same time laying his hands on her father, to prevent him from hastening after the fair Juliet to induce her to return.

"By and bye, my good friend, but let her have her wilful way now. We'll soon have another turn with her, for I love these wild sports of youth from my very soul. New wine will work, and fresh ale foam, but it drinks with all the better flavour at last. We old bachelors, I assure you, understand something of the art of taming the shrew; and we can make ourselves agreeable to boot. But now, my good sir, show me to my chamber, and excuse me till tea, with your good lady. Till then my poor travel-stricken bones must court a little repose."

The Senator, with marked deference led the way, and his guest surveyed his new quarters with an air of great satisfaction. — "Sir, you have provided for me in the style of a state minister, rather than what is due to an old merchant. Our personal acquaintance, my good sir, opens pleasantly enough,

only have an eye to other matters, which I trust you have so contrived as to run as smoothly as the rest; eh, eh? Yes, yes."

The senator prepared to avail himself of the moment, and addressing himself at once to his guest, who had thrown himself into an arm-chair, he explained the absence of his bookkeeper; how his bills had fallen overdue; the extreme pressure of the times, the hazards necessarily incurred in all speculations; and the delight he felt in an opportunity of seeing so old and valued a correspondent, to whom he appealed with confidence for support at so trying a crisis; ending with an allusion to the immense wealth and resources of his guest, and the ultimate good that would accrue even to himself—to say nothing of worthy and Christian motives, were he now to stand forward in an old friend's behalf. As he went on, however, the brow of his guest assumed deeper and darker frowns; he shook his head, and replied in a measured and harsh tone: "Worthy Mr. Senator, considerations like these are little adapted to the first hour of my arrival; but plainly, as regards your ideas of speculation and the Christian doctrine—the former must proceed no farther than the case will warrant, and the latter can never require that a man shall sit down and see himself quietly ruined, just to indulge another's grand projects, conducted, perhaps, without due caution and foresight. You understand me; and we will leave the details till to-morrow. Business after breakfast—always after breakfast for me. Refresh yourself first, and then for labour! My bills are all in order; only be prepared on your part."

A cold shudder ran through the senator's frame at these words.

"But recollect — I mean consider, sir," he exclaimed," that my book-keeper is now absent!"

"That signifies nothing," continued the Dutchman, laughing; "I mean to a well-informed merchant, like you. You can tell over your sums in hand, I'll be bound for you, without his assistance. You know I have given days of grace without number; and verily two more, at farthest, will be all I can put up with. Have the goodness, then, not to keep me in suspense. I know how hard it is, to a man of business, to see vast sums going out of his coffers; — but what must be, must — you are a man of honour — I say no more."

Müssinger left his plain-spoken guest, in a tumult of mingled alarm and indignation he could ill repress. He paced the gallery of his house with restless step until the evening, striving to regain sufficient fortitude to take advantage of any favourable circumstance, should it occur in their future interviews at this trying crisis.

"Am I not," he exclaimed, "a dastardly wretch, thus to hope and hope, yet fail in skill and courage to carry my purpose through! What can this empty, unsubstantial delay avail me? why not have told the keen, hard, relentless exactor of his due the true state of the case, like a man? It is clear he thinks that I am only unwilling to part with my cash; and looks on all the exertions of my agent as mere clap-traps, devised to benefit me at his expense. To-morrow he will know all; I must humble myself before him like a vassal before

his chief, appealing to his compassion, as the last chance of escape from ruin. My God! this is a bitter cup — aye, the bitterest of my life; and yet, yet it must be done—and I must quaff it to the dregs; — but, as I hope for Heaven's mercy, if fall I must, I will fall by my own hand, before the merciless Dutchman's eyes."

With deeply-excited feelings, but calm exterior, he now sought his cabinet, loaded his pistols, and placed them within reach, near the seat on which he usually sat. He then locked the door, and going into his office, informed the clerks that he should not require their services during any part of the next day (being Sunday) and then hastening into the drawing-room, he found his amiable consort, already roused from her afternoon's siesta, and Juliet presiding at the tea-board, engaged in a keen encounter of the wits, with his formidable guest, Van den Höcken. With the assumed privilege of city gentlemen of his age, he talked, laughed, and joked, without any idea of restraint; and more than once called up the beautiful colour into Juliet's cheeks, without the least symptom of remorse.

"Ah, sir," he exclaimed, as the senator entered, "here's a girl that would enliven the fireside for one: was I lucky enough to have a son who could take her in hand, or in default of whom, if she would have no objection, to take me for better or worse. Our young fashionables of Amsterdam must then doff their caps before my fair and sprightly Lady Van den Höcken. Verily, my worthy sir, when I look at this fine-spirited and

laughter-loving specimen of womankind, I can well imagine her to be your own daughter; but not so exactly, when I cast my eye on your good lady there, seated so calm and stately on the sofa. How comes she to be her mamma, eh?"

"Hem!" uttered the senator's lady, with peculiar emphasis; "I do think, my worthy sir, that so excellent, good-humoured a man as you seem, and my humble self, might have cut a more suitable figure together;" aiming at the same time no very complimentary glance at her husband.

"Oh to be sure!" laughed out Van den Höcken, highly entertained; "you are right, my excellent hostess, had it not pleased our cruel fates to dispose of us otherwise. As it is, we must endeavour to bring our alliance about in another way, and I must direct all my efforts to win the smiles of your charming daughter."

"You must work hard, then," was Juliet's snappish reply, as she withdrew her hand rather abruptly from that of Van den Höcken; while her mother observed "pray don't trouble your head about her, sir — she is already betrothed to one Mr. Birsher, of New York."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I will settle accounts with Mr. Birsher — I know the party. Though I am not so young and comely as the son, I think I am a little richer than the father; besides, I should not transport her to such a horrible distance as that outlandish world."

"Very much obliged!" observed Juliet, in an ironical tone; while the mother nodded her approbation; and the senator took a seat by the side of

his guest, with rather a more assured and easy air, "I had no idea, excellent sir, that you possessed this inimitable turn for badinage. An indifferent observer would be led to infer that you really entertained some views of the kind you mention."

"Upon my word, I do!" was Van den Höcken's marked reply: "I have a tender regard for this young lady; I like her from the bottom of my soul; and I could wish to take her home with me, and spend all the remainder of my life in her society."

"Ha!" exclaimed the senator, almost thrown off his guard, as a new vision of hopes and plans opened upon his mind; "we have hitherto, then," he added in a lower tone, "not quite understood each other, my excellent friend."

He paused; his eye met that of his singular guest, who now sat smoking his pipe as coolly as possible; and finding that the senator went no farther, as coolly inquired —

"Well? go on! finish your sentence — well?"

"I only thought," resumed the perplexed senator, with ill-affected ease, "that, in such a case, nothing which depended upon me should be wanting — to — to promote the object which you declare you have in view."

"Do I understand you rightly?" inquired Van den Höcken, aside; "do you mean that I might look for your support, in addressing your daughter?"

"Your penetration, my dear sir," began the senator —

"Nay, no compliment," interrupted the Dutchman — "but Birsher stands in the way—how would you contrive to dispose of HIM?"

"Oh," replied Müssinger, in a low tone, "we could find some way—we could take advantage of some occasion or other to break with him."

"What! an honourable man to break his word!" was the earnest and reproachful answer; "a merchant's promise, sir, is as sacred as his oath. It ought to be held good, sir, even though an *opportunity should occur*, my good sir;—though a suitor ten-fold wealthier than Van den Höcken, should step forward, who can now only prevail on himself to pass over so base a trait of mind as you have exhibited, from regard for your lovely child."

"Good God! my worthy sir!" began the senator; but his guest stopt him, whispering in his ear; "For heaven's sake! don't go to expose yourself before your family and a stranger, thus openly. Hide your shame in secret, and never be surprized if you find honourable men slow to give you credit, when, by your own account, your solemn promises are held at nought."

Had a thousand daggers penetrated the unhappy senator's heart, he could not have suffered an equal pang. With quick and angry gesture he turned from his strange guest, at once forgetting all the courtesies and the duties of a host. Van den Höcken took no notice of him, entering again into a lively discussion with the ladies, displaying at once a rich fund of humour, combined with so much natural good feeling and *bonhommie*, as to call forth some of Juliet's happiest sallies, and almost awaken the approbation of the staid and drowsy lady of the house. Glimmerings of hope, mingled with vain regrets, filled the wretched mind of the senator, until the hour of ten having struck, Van den

Höcken rose, and requested that he might be shewn to his chamber.

"It was his custom," he said, "to retire early;" and in wishing both the ladies a good night, he insisted in the same playful, laughing tone as before, that Juliet should allow him to salute her as his betrothed. The young lady, in a playful tone, however, declined the honour, but still he persisted, and observed—

"Well, if not as your intended and chosen helpmate, at all events permit me to salute you *quà papa;* for I think I might lay claim to the character, eh?"

"Good night, then, Mr. Papa," replied Juliet, as she laughingly presented her cheek for the eagerly required kiss; and Van den Höcken having seized the proffered favour, *quà papa*, left the room in high glee, declaring that there was not a happier man in the world.

The senator walked before in silence, he shewed his guest very ceremoniously into his apartment, where all was comfortable—even elegant and luxurious—and bade him a cool and formal good night.

"Are you going to leave me in anger, my worthy host?" inquired Van den Höcken; "let us at least part for the night in peace. I have told you my mind; you are sorry for what you said; and so far good! To be at enmity is a foolish thing. You have invited me to your house, and I have come in all good faith. Be the good host in a hospitable house: for I could take my oath that I am as friendly disposed to you in my turn."

The senator could not refuse his proffered hand, but his offended pride refused to be conciliated; and he bowed with a distant air as he replied:—

"Sir, you are in jest. I have forgotten it, and I beg the same favour on your part. At what hour in the morning would you wish to be called?"

"I need give no trouble," replied his guest, as if not pleased with the inquiry; "it is a habit with me to wake early. However, I should like to breakfast not later than eight, in order that we may be ready for business about nine o'clock."

"Very good," was the cold reply; "every thing shall be as you direct. Good night."

The Dutch merchant laid himself down very quietly to sleep. But not so with the unhappy senator; he found no repose. More than once he rose; he was on the point of calling his daughter, and confiding to her his extreme wretchedness and anxiety—his hand was already at her door, but he again retired.

"Why should I venture on this step? Her youth, her inadvertency—a single word may seal my ruin. It is unwise to trust all one's worldly prospects in the hands of children, and in what light should I appear in the eyes of this severe, relentless man? as if I were seeking, perhaps, to entrap him; and he might again cast it in my teeth, even as regarded my only child. Let me summon courage, wretch as I am; let me drain the bitter chalice to the dregs. Has he one touch of heart or feeling—a grain of mercy in his soul,—as from what last passed between us, I might hope that the exposition of my dreadful situation will make some impression—if it should not,—then—it is over!"

With a heavy sigh he put out his lamp, and at length wearied with incessant thought and watching, he fell into a sort of troubled rest, in which his wandering thoughts took a darker hue from the shadows of the past.

CHAPTER VI.

The newly arrived guest had more than once inquired for the senator, on the ensuing morning, ere the latter was awake. Like one condemned to go through some strange and fearful scene, hardly conscious of what is passing, he prepared, after being assisted to dress, to join the party already at breakfast. He found his lady — decked out in all her jewels and gaudy array, already risen from the table, and preparing, as the bell tolled, to issue forth to church, and receive the homage of the public eye. Juliet, simply attired, and decorated only with flowers to set off her native charms, was also in readiness to accompany her, bearing her prayer-book in her hand. Müssinger was welcomed by his wife, with a contemptuous allusion to his indolence and want of manners in coming down at such an hour; but Juliet's penetration led her to see there was something more than usually disturbed, and even painful in the expression of her father's features; and in her own gentle, affectionate manner she ran towards him, and kissing him, made him sit near her, and prepared every

thing for his comfort with her own hands. The senator felt more composed, and addressing his wife in an almost conciliatory tone:

"My dear Jeanette, I am sorry I cannot go with you to church: but to-day very particular business prevents me. Still you can remember me in your prayers, for we all need mercy!"

"Let every one pray for themselves," exclaimed the angry lady, addressing Juliet in a scornful tone, "and pray, methinks, that they may keep their right senses. If, however, I see the doctor in the church, I'll make a point of sending him; he had better open a vein for you; indeed, for some time past I have fancied that you are partly out of your mind."

The senator, deprived of all power to answer her, threw up his arms in an agony of impatience and despair, and rushed from his wife's presence. With the utmost coolness she observed to Juliet, "That hot temper of his will prove the man's ruin at last." But Juliet, turning from her, hastened after her father, and, taking both his hands in hers, she said, "Now, dear father, shall I stay at home with you this morning?—indeed I will, for you really do not appear well."

"No, no! go, my dear," replied the wretched father, "or you will only enrage her."

"I care not for her anger," replied Juliet, very calmly; and it was only when the senator explained that he remained at home to arrange some pressing business, that she consented to follow her mother to church.

With the desperation of one who rushes on the fate he sees he can no way avoid, the unhappy

man now sought his guest, whom he found not in the best humour, and, to the usual enquiries of his host, he coolly replied that he had passed a restless night. He seemed indisposed to enter upon business; and it was only at the earnest intercession of the senator that he was induced to attend him in his private room.

"Well, be it so; but why so eager now, and so dilatory before?" Throwing on his morning-gown, he took a bundle of papers from his desk, and, with measured step, followed his debtor through the spacious offices into his cabinet. "We could not take a better time," he observed, as he paced by the deserted desks, "for apparently all your people are at church. We shall have the coast clear; for, in matters of this sort, I like as much quiet and as few witnesses as possible."

"And I as well," rejoined Müssinger, between his teeth, and he pointed to a seat. Van den Höcken began to arrange his papers; and the senator, on his side, turned over the leaves of his ledger, but with a trembling hand.

After the Dutch merchant had amassed a pretty formidable pile of bills, and closed his portfolio with a sound of preparation, he fixed an inquiring eye upon his wretched debtor. The latter felt the cutting question in all its force, as his eye fell on the handwriting of his own acceptances, and, in a voice scarcely audible from agitation, "They will all be met — all taken up, my dear sir — a little time — and here, cast your eye over this column — these are my outstanding claims — and in this chest I offer you *all* my ready cash!"

With these words the senator threw open the

lid of his strong box — it was nearly empty. Van den Höcken's features grew sterner and darker as he gazed on the unwelcome sight. "What means this, sir?" he asked, in a sharp tone.

"It means that I am all but a beggar," groaned out the troubled debtor; "but have compassion on me — give me time — or the pillory must be my lot!"

"And your mad speculations have well deserved it," was the harsh, reproachful answer; — "your firm was never solvent — it was a mere bubble to impose upon respectable and responsible houses."

"Sir, sir!" exclaimed the senator, throwing aside his tone of humiliating intercession — "do not be unjust — common humanity — my unavoidable misfortunes ——"

"Pshaw! every spendthrift seeks to shelter himself under that plea, and to impose upon weak minds. A merchant ought to possess a heart of stone, if he would not have himself be ground into dust. And who will convince me that the whole of this scene is not got up — a mere premeditated farce — the upshot of which will be a fraudulent bankruptcy, when the fitting *opportunity* occurs?"

"Sir! I cast the slander back in your teeth! — you have no right — how dare you!" and indignation almost choked the senator's speech.

"I only repeat your own words," retorted Van den Höcken; "your last night's doctrine is practically displayed in these empty coffers to-day. They please me not; here are your own bills; examine them, and learn to know with whom you

deal. I am not come this long journey for nothing — I will not in vain ——"

"It is well!" interrupted the despairing debtor; "since nothing can rouse your feelings as a man, you shall have your own way. I acknowledge these bills; you shall not come so far for nothing, sir; — this is the method I take to settle the whole of your account!"

With one hand he thrust back the heap of bills presented by Van den Höcken, and, with the other, levelled the pistol, which he had seized close by him, at his head. The sudden terror which, at this sight, overpowered the faculties of the creditor, produced a fatal effect; with the words, "No! you would not, sir," he fell from his chair, and lay a lifeless corpse upon the ground.

It happened that Nothaft, who had been amusing himself during the morning-service at a gambling-house, returned soon afterwards to fetch his last dollar, in order to tempt his fortune once more. He had rung at the door thrice, each time louder than the last, yet no one answered. The maids were engaged in an interesting conversation with a neighbouring gossip over the walls of the back premises; and the footman had taken advantage of the senator's general permission of yesterday to pay a visit to one of his female friends. Again and again the impatient spendthrift thundered for admission, and his perseverance at length brought about the desired result. He heard approaching footsteps, and slowly and cautiously the door was opened.

"You stupid, idle fellow, are you deaf?" began

the clerk; but he started back in absolute terror as he beheld the countenance of his principal. Cursing his own precipitancy, and dreading the senator's displeasure, he bowed almost to the ground, and began a long apology, than which nothing could be more out of place. But nothing also could be a greater contrast to the usually impatient manner of the principal than his deportment on this occasion.

"Enough, enough, my good Nothaft, he said, in a low, faint voice — "you meant nothing wrong; and he closed the door gently, as he added, " Indeed I am glad you are come—is church over yet?" There was something in the tone of voice, and in the deadly paleness of the senator's features, which almost terrified his clerk, hard and hackneyed in the world as he was.

"It is not over, respected sir; but I—I felt unwell, and was obliged to leave the church. I therefore—"

As he spoke, the time-piece rung the hour, and the senator started as if from a dream, exclaiming, "Good God! can that be the hour?—I thought it had been past noon—how heavily the time has gone!"

"Shall I open the window-shutters?" inquired Nothaft as he went through the office: "it is dark here."

"Not yet," replied Müssinger hastily; "there is more light farther in. You are not afraid or superstitious, are you?"

"Neither one nor the other," was Nothaft's answer, as he turned round with an inquisitive look at his principal — "why should I be?"

"So much the better," observed the senator; "I can rely more surely upon your judgment. A strange thing has befallen me."

"What mean you, my worthy master? You do indeed look strangely."

"Do not speak so loud, and I will tell you. About half an hour since, or it may be an hour — I know not — a great calamity befell me in this house."

"A calamity! here — in this house?"

"It did indeed — but speak lower. There — in the cabinet;" and the senator turned away his face as he opened the door.

"In your private room!" inquired Nothaft; and a cold shudder ran through his frame as he spoke. "What is *there?*"

"The creditor," whispered the senator; "it was suddenly all over with him."

"With the Dutch merchant?"

"Yes; I believe he died — in my arms! But go in and see about it — whether it really is so, or whether, perhaps, he breathes."

"Good God!" exclaimed the clerk as he rushed into the room; and there lay the body stretched stiffening in death — the hands clenched and the features fixed, with his dress in a state of wild disorder, as if he had struggled much. Not a sign of life — not a breath! He listened — all was still. He felt the pulse — the heart, but not the feeblest answering throb; coldness alone met his touch; and no longer able to control his suspicions, he cast a lynx-eyed glance through the apartment, and came hastily back to the spot where his master stood. He had retired to a corner of the half-

darkened room, with his face buried in his hands, and with all the appearance of a man under the spell of some fearful dream.

"Well now," was his brief enquiry, "is what I told you true?"

Nothaft shrugged up his shoulders; "Done is done," was his answer; "he will never hear the voice of a debtor, or accept a bill in this world any more. But how happened it all so suddenly, my good sir?"

The unhappy merchant gave a deep sigh, as he answered in the same dream-like voice: "Well now, we were engaged in comparing our books, he and I alone together. Well, we had just closed the whole business, when something seemed quite to overwhelm him — down he sank; I caught him, and even while holding him on my knees, I think he expired."

"So!" replied Nothaft, in a singularly emphatic tone; "it was fortunate, however, that it occurred after your business was over!"

"What think you!" suddenly exclaimed the senator in a louder and more natural tone, as if he had just started out of his sleep — "what has happened? what, in heaven's name, would you advise me to do? The poor man died in a fit — I recollect it all now; for I feel as if I had only just come to myself; this is very shocking!"

"Indeed, my worthy principal, you look strangely affected," remarked Nothaft; "but of course an inquest will be held, and the commissioner's seal placed upon the unfortunate man's effects."

"An inquest! the commissioners!" repeated

Müssinger, shuddering as he spoke: "Ah! yes; it is true — every thing must be examined."

"My worthy sir," observed Nothaft, "you are yourself a member of the council; I am but a simple writer: decide for yourself on what is to be done."

"You are right, my good Nothaft; I had better do so; and when would be the proper time to hold it here?"

"Sooner the better," was the reply; "delay might give rise to unpleasant surmises, and —"

"Alas! alas!" groaned out the senator; "I see it all; therefore, my dear Nothaft, do you run and give notice; but be wise — be discreet — say not a word more than is absolutely necessary."

"Very good; rely on me;" and the clerk snatched up his hat; "but meantime excuse me if I give you a word of advice. You had better not leave that pistol in the way; there, see! lying on the ground by the body!"

The senator seemed to shrink into himself at these words: — "a pistol," he muttered; "it must have been by chance. Let us both go in and see."

"Holding by his clerk, he went into the cabinet; but turning away from the body, he held out his hand for the pistol, which the other hastily picked up and gave him.

"We will put it by the other," said the clerk; "it might produce an ill impression; and if you will allow me, sir, I will loosen the neck-band a little round the unfortunate man's throat, and put his apparel in better order. There is a mark here, you see, as if three fingers had pressed upon the neck and tightened the band."

While the clerk was engaged in doing this, the

senator stood with his back towards him, and made reply — " Yes, I remember now that I attempted all I could to unloose his cravat; but it is possible that, in my agitation, I may have drawn it closer."

" I dare say you did," replied Nothaft, as he rose from his painful task; " for the hand is frequently much less skilful in doing, than the head in dictating. — Good — now I will run; only if you have anything here which you would like to have removed before the commissioners arrive, you had as well take it, and then let the door be found closed."

The senator made no answer but began to turn over the papers with a haste and agitation which defeated the object he had in view. The keener eye of his clerk fell on a packet of bills of exchange, and presenting them to the bewildered merchant — " These, I think, with your own indorsement, must be what you want:" he observed, in a marked tone, " Six — seven — nine — all received in due course from Van den Höcken, and by him endorsed."

" Endorsed!" inquired the senator, snatching them from the speaker —

" Yes, endorsed it seems, by order of George Birsher of New York," continued Nothaft, as he handed them to his principal, " and apparently paid by him."

" Birsher!" repeated the senator, still more confused, while he turned them over one by one.

" Be satisfied, my worthy sir, in knowing that they are paid," said the clerk: " the acquittance is plain enough on the whole batch in your hands — though the ink, by the bye, seems hardly dry.

"Probably," he continued, "there may be some other document in the Dutchman's *portfeulle*, which I think I noticed here."

"What have I to do with Van den Höcken's own papers?" was the senator's somewhat indignant reply; and apologizing for his well-meant suggestions, the clerk hastened away to make the case known. The senator mechanically followed; closed the door, and with eyes fixed on the ground, and leaning on his clerk's arm, he retired, still agitated in every nerve, to his own chamber.

Juliet's return from church, and her appearance at the bed-side of her unhappy father, seemed to him like the visit of a good angel; and her gentleness and sympathy called forth corresponding expressions of grateful attachment, which had a soothing effect. Still he could not summon courage to unfold to her the dreadful occurrence of the morning; and his affectionate daughter was painfully reflecting on the probable cause of his illness, when a loud voice was heard in the passage; the door of the chamber flew open, and in rushed the silly lady of the house with a piteous cry; her features full of terror and as white as a sheet.

"What means all this?" she exclaimed, without the slightest consideration for the patient; "the emissaries of justice are in possession of the house. What calamity is this! A strange report is abroad, the Dutch merchant has destroyed himself; here, in this house. We are lost,—undone! Give up the keys, you wicked, impious man! it is you have thrown me into this horrible fright, by inviting dead guests into the house."

"Juliet will open the doors," replied the sena-

tor, putting the key into her hands; "and conceal these bills," he added, in a lower tone, "with especial care!"

Juliet, pale and trembling with terror, seized the proffered papers, and hastened to fulfil her father's wishes. Her mother, however, remained, bent on inflicting further pain. "Alas!" she continued, "what a revolting spectacle! I will no longer darken these doors,—depend upon that. I am not going to live in a haunted house; for his ghost—all in white—will be sure to go stalking and roaming through every room! Oh, Lord! do not quite consume us in thy wrath! Oh, that I should live to see this day! But I thought something was going to happen. The commissioner's wife assured me of that. There were thirteen of us sitting round the table; so that one was certain to die before the year is out. You see how it applied to me; the Dutch merchant is just dead!"

"And you will kill me!" was the senator's exclamation, "if you persist in talking such despicable nonsense; pray, have done."

"Not I, 'faith; you must bear to hear the truth, at least, till Juliet comes," was the cool reply; "for I don't intend to go about as usual, without somebody with me."

Here she was interrupted by Mr. Nothaft, who, approaching the bedside, addressed his master in a confidential tone: "All is in a right train, worthy sir; the commissioners are below; they have sent by me their condolences on this sad occasion, and are already conveying the body into the chamber you allotted him."

"God have mercy on us!" exclaimed the lady,

in a most lugubrious voice, "is it coming so near us?"—while the wretched Müssinger covered his face with the bed-clothes. "Why," she added, "could you not let him stay at the inn, since he did not think proper to die in his own house. It is horrible to think of there being a constable so near us."

"Do not be uneasy, my worthy lady," observed Nothaft, "the commissioners are as harmless a set of persons as you can conceive, they have only to make an inventory, and put their seal upon the effects of the deceased.—By the bye, my good sir, I have sent off a messenger to apprise your book-keeper at Steinstadt, of the event; as I am aware of the confidence you place in him; and in case of illness, he may be present to receive your directions how to proceed."

"No need of that," exclaimed the senator, rousing himself from his apparent torpor; "it is an unfortunate occurrence to be sure; but I am far from being bed-ridden yet. A composing draught, I have no doubt, will soon set all to rights."

"Oh, yes, yes!" exclaimed Juliet, re-entering the room, "I trust it will!" and she handed her father the key of his private room. "In the mean time, dear father, try to drink a little of this; it has done you good before; and I will then send for our friend the doctor, who will restore you quite."

"I am not ill, my dear," replied the senator: "I shall immediately, almost, resume my habits of business, if I could first be left in quiet a little."

"The postman has just brought these letters, honored sir," said the mild-spoken Berndt, as he

entered the room, and handing them to his principal, he again retired. The senator motioned the others to follow, and a smile of satisfaction passed across his features, when he found himself alone with his daughter.

He put the letters into her hand, observing, in a peculiarly gentle and affectionate tone; "Take them, my love; I cannot read, the letters seem to swim before my eyes. Read; I have no secrets with you; you are my only joy."

After pressing her father's hands repeatedly to her lips, Juliet prepared to obey him.

"It is dated Amsterdam!" she began: (the senator half rose up)—"Honoured sir! Notwithstanding what has occurred during the recent unpleasant correspondence between our houses, which, when I consider our long connection, I exceedingly regret, I trust that you will not refuse to continue our former good understanding, inasmuch as the excellent friend, who ere this must have become your guest, has given a guarantee, and entered into all due securities on your behalf. We merchants must count upon these occasional rubs; but happy, indeed, is the man who, like you, finds such a tower of strength in the day of need, as the excellent and honoured Mr. Birsher, of New York."

"What means that?" exclaimed the senator, in evident alarm, and Juliet paused: "I cannot unravel a word of all you have read—look at the signature, my love!"

Juliet examined it—stammered—rubbed her eyes—"I can hardly see—but, yes, it is—Van den Höcken is the name."

"Van den Höcken!" cried her father. Are we both mad?"

"It is dated four days ago;" she added, in a trembling voice.

"Oh my God! my head, my poor head! — I shall run frantic.—What is all this?" and snatching the letter from her, the senator examined it minutely:—"As God is my judge, it is,—it is Höcken's hand-writing! and my dear benefactor, my only friend, Mr. Birsher, is dead. Heaven have mercy, mercy on me, the most wretched of men!" and he smote his forehead, and writhed in the agony of his grief, embittered as it was by the stings of remorse.

"It is all clear now.—I see it all," he afterwards resumed; "the bills, the endorsement, the acquittance in Birsher's hand, hardly yet dry — my brain is maddened with the thought!"

"My father, my poor dear father!" exclaimed Juliet, in the utmost alarm, as she mingled her tears and sobs with his; "speak to me — what is it?"

The only reply he made was to snatch the other letter: — "Give it me; perhaps this will drive me utterly distracted;" and he ran his eye over it with the eager wildness of despair. A strange and frightful laugh followed its perusal; and with the expression — "this only was wanting! one day earlier, and I, most wretched of wretched men, had been saved:"— and he fell back, as if struck dead, upon his couch. Juliet snatched a hasty glance at the fatal lines; but they announced a piece of good fortune — the senator had obtained the highest prize in the Hamburgh lottery — he was once more a wealthy man.

CHAPTER VII.

It appeared, from the letter just received from Amsterdam, and which was immediately submitted to the commission of inquiry, that the stranger who had died in the senator's house was not Van den Höcken, but the elder Mr. Birsher, the wealthy merchant of New York. Among his effects was also found a rich collection of jewellery, and the most elegant apparel; while on one of the cases were read the words :—" To my well-beloved young friend, my future daughter-in law, Juliet Mussinger, as a bridal gift!"

The sight of these beautiful presents awakened an intense feeling of sorrow and regret in Juliet's mind, as she recalled the lively and good-natured sallies of the unfortunate old gentleman, and the last affectionate words which he had addressed to her. The tears started into her eyes, as she gazed on the exquisitely beautiful and valuable proofs of his affection, which lay spread out before her, in which he had vainly hoped to see her decorated as a bride; and for some moments, the poor girl, overcome by the sense of life's dread vicissitudes,

abandoned herself to the impulses of irresistible grief. But the idea of her father awoke her from the indulgence of all selfish feelings; she devoted herself wholly to him; and she had soon the delight of beholding his speedy and almost perfect recovery. From the day on which the funeral of their deceased guest took place, his vigorous mind and active disposition had thrown off the gathering symptoms of a violent fever; but the struggle was terrific; and the flying fiend left deep traces on his spirit of the fierceness of the attack. Within two days, a marked and wonderful change took place; he was no longer the same being; his whole demeanour, his features, his voice, his step, might have belonged to another person; his hair became white. Instead of the active-spirited, warm character he had been, there appeared a timid, retiring, and disappointed man; the marks of suffering apparent in the growing lines and wrinkles of his face, as he mechanically went through the details of his business, and then sought in silence and solitude the indulgence of his wayward moods.

This kind of life, which must naturally, ere long, have conducted him to that final rest he seemed to covet, failed not to excite remark. The suddenness of such an event as the death of his guest, under such peculiar circumstances, followed by his own brief but severe illness, with the judicial investigations, attracted public curiosity, and gave rise to all kind of reports. Even his public station in the senate did not escape evil tongues; and it was only to the feelings of jealous honour in his colleagues, who, from regard to themselves, exerted all their influence to clear his reputation, and repel the insinua-

tions and charges brought against him, that he was indebted for the general consideration which he yet enjoyed. Few visitors appeared at his house; and when, on the Sabbath, he attended his family at church, the public gaze was immediately directed towards his pew; and those who had been accustomed to seek his society, and shake him by the hand, seemed to avoid him when he approached. His wife, thanks to her impenetrable dulness and indifference, remarked not the change; and Juliet's frank, unsuspicious nature, was equally friendly to her; but to the senator, who read the meaning of it all but too well, it was a severe blow. He became still more reserved. The secret dislike existing between him and his lady increased; they saw each other as little as possible. Juliet was the sufferer; and as her young friends seemed to have deserted her, she had recourse, once more, to her old enemy, the English language, and her old tutor, White, to whom she had become reconciled, in less than three days after their last singular *fracas*. Not a word was breathed by White in allusion to it; Juliet, anxious to atone for her injustice, was only too irresistibly agreeable; and White was more enchanted than before. There was an almost confidential feeling between them; and often would she encourage him, ere half their intended lesson was concluded, to throw aside their books and resume their conversation.

"Yes, we must *talk*," she said, "I did injustice to your prophetic character, and must now acknowledge the wrong. Ah! that evening was the last that could lay claim to be called happy in our house. Cheerfulness, social feeling — every thing

that tends to relieve or to adorn life, seems to have deserted our hearth; and I almost feel as if other people knew, and wished to make us feel that they knew our real unhappiness."

"Yes," replied White, "I have had experience enough to know that the unfortunate are far more sure of meeting with insult than with consolation. However, you should consider that the flowers of joy may blossom again another season. The storm does not invariably destroy — new hopes, a new creation will spring up."

"In our family?" inquired Juliet, in a tone of doubt: "oh no, good Mr. White. My mother — but you know it all; and my poor father is so changed — more reserved and unhappy, I think, every day. You have heard, doubtless, that the sad tidings from Amsterdam respecting the death of Mr. Birsher in this house are but too true."

"What could have induced him to assume such a disguise?" was White's reply.

"The better, it is supposed, to study our real characters, he himself being unknown."

"Then it was an act of folly, however innocent — a jest which cost him his life! Truly he seems to have been one of those whom the ancients pronounce doomed to destruction by the gods; but enough of so unpleasant a subject. A happy mood still becomes you better than sorrow; and the fair bride has not lost him to whom she is betrothed."

"I fancy that is all over," replied Juliet, in an animated tone — "I dare say Mr. Birsher will no longer think of it; nor do I permit myself to consider of it in a serious light. Besides, my dear father will require all my care; he is so consi-

derate — so affectionately devoted to me amidst all his sufferings, that I would not leave him now; and I see no happier prospect before us."

"Do not imagine so," replied White, in a more sympathizing tone; — "I am sure you ought to keep up your spirits. Listen to me: — 'Misfortune, I would say, even at the flood, only calls for wisdom and skill to open a way and to direct its path, in order that, instead of overwhelming us, it may prove absolutely productive of good. Now in what nobler manner can we do this — what better course into which to divert its force — than the performance of good deeds? I will not so much detract from the sacred character of the subject as to offer a word of apology to you, when I allude to a particular channel into which you might direct a portion of your bounty; for I have heard of your charitable deeds, — and there is a case of extreme suffering and sorrow — that of an unfortunate widow lady — deserving sympathy and assistance like yours ——"

"Now, pray, not so much circumlocution — and no compliments," interrupted Juliet; "for neither argument nor eloquence often succeed in convincing me, when both head and heart are not predisposed to yield to them. I assist others when I can; I am not naturally harsh, or even wilful as some people say; and no species of happiness I ever felt, is equal to the consciousness of having done some kind or generous act — something on which one can reflect with satisfaction. But tell me, who is the poor lady?"

"The widow of a French officer who was killed at Denain. Villars recommended her to the royal

consideration — but she was forgotten. Such were the privations to which she was subjected, that she was glad to earn a precarious subsistence by the labour of her hands; at length her case became known to a Saxon family on their way from Baden to Aix, and they engaged her as a governess to their children. Unfortunately she was seized with severe illness, in passing through this city, so lingering and severe, as to compel her to relinquish the situation she had recently entered into; and here she has lingered during several months, assisted only by the voluntary contributions of the charitable, and the sum of money left her by her benefactors. She is still dependent upon the same charity, and yet possesses merit and accomplishments which would adorn any rank."

Ere White had uttered the last words, he found that Juliet's purse was in his hands. "Not a word," she observed, when he shewed his surprize — "but go — assist and save her. I may venture also to promise, that in my father also she will find a friend;" and she instantly quitted him, as well to avoid the expression of White's gratitude and admiration, as to urge him to seek out the object of her solicitude without delay. He gazed after her with feelings of admiration he could not repress; never, he thought, had he seen her look so exquisitely beautiful — never had she sympathized with him more earnestly, and made so indelible an impression upon his mind.

"What a lovely being!" he exclaimed; "every day I feel my unhappiness more keenly, and yet I have not courage to tear myself away." Then, concealing her gift within his bosom, with a sigh,

he slowly took his path homewards. As he passed through the door he was met by Nothaft, eagerly busied in directing the other clerks respecting some fresh arrivals, and, turning short upon the Englishman, he fixed on him a dark and threatening look. "You must make yourself more scarce here, sir: I will have you out of this house, though it cost me a thousand pounds."

"Do you speak to me?" inquired White. "What is the matter with you, friend?—you look as if you would poison me; and you are a lucky fellow to have thousands to venture in such a matter."

"Is that any wonder?" replied the other;—"money's the order of the day with us here now. We are going on swimmingly again, sir."

"You have a turn for irony, I see, sir," was White's reply, "which, I confess, I don't clearly understand. However, it seems you are a false prophet; for, instead of bankruptcy, it is clear from your own account, that your master's affairs are in a flourishing condition."

"A God-send—all unexpected good luck!" was the answer. "And who knows," continued Nothaft, in a lower tone, "to whom the house is indebted for it?—aye, sir, indebted for its surviving reputation at this very moment?"

"You are a villain! I despise you!" replied White, as he turned upon his heel.

"Why, you vain boaster," here observed the pious Berndt, "any one who did not know you, would imagine that you were the main staff and stay of the concern;—but I should not like to be called a villain. Truly, if you are a privy-coun-

cillor, pray take mein to your consideration, and recommend me to some promotion, my honoured sir!"

"Aye, scoff as you please, you pious unbeliever!" cried Nothaft, laughing in a contemptuous tone; "but we shall see who will sit in the saddle longest here. You are an ass, or you must have seen that my interest in the concern has increased at least two hundred per cent. I will make that upstart repent."

"Heaven make you wiser," was Berndt's reply, as he shook his head. "The Englishman heeds thee as little as our worthy principal himself; and I am sure the young lady looks more displeased with you than ever."

"She shall wear a more agreeable face soon;" replied Nothaft, in a haughty tone.

"So!" exclaimed Berndt in an envious yet mocking tone, "is it come to that, my masters? may so despicable an individual as myself be permitted to wish the noble bridegroom elect every joy?"

"Fools often stumble upon the truth," was Nothaft's insolent reply, as his official rival fired up, and laughed out aloud:

"Müssinger and Company, or Nothaft and Müssinger, son-in-law and father! ha! ha! ha! Charming! and now I see the reason of our pastor's visit to our worthy principal; he solicits the honour of officiating at your union. At the summit of your wishes, and rolling in wealth, pray sometimes cast a thought on your old colleague, and put in a good word for him at court."

"You miserable dog!" muttered the other;—but the arrival of the book-keeper interrupted their ele-

gant conversation. "Gentlemen," he observed, "shall I order chairs for you, in order to converse more at your leisure? Are you not ashamed thus to waste your master's time, you wrangling idlers?"

Berndt, true to his hypocritical text, sneaked back to his desk, while Nothaft doggedly stood his ground. Meanwhile, the pastor of St. John's entered the passage in his clerical dress, and in a haughty tone inquired if the senator was at home? Nothaft assured him in a friendly tone that he was, and then glided off with a self-complacent expression of *ha! ha!* at the idea of quizzing the parson in spite of his worthy colleague.

The senator received the ecclesiastic at the door of his room, in so kind a manner as to carry the appearance of wishing to conciliate him before entering into conversation. The ghostly counsellor immediately availed himself of it as an appeal to farther encouragement, if not as a claim upon his confidence.

"I am extremely curious, my noble senator, to learn the motive of my being summoned into your presence. Among all those who have had occasion to seek the resource of my spiritual consolations, I have perhaps made the least acquaintance with your excellent self. The nature of my vicarial office applies to all — not only to the dying, but to the good and to the sinner alike. To the first of these you do not belong — to the second, I would not like to pledge my oath on it. What then is your will?"

"All men are sinners in the sight of heaven," was the senator's reply. "Perfect goodness itself is but the gift of God. I have ventured to entreat

your company, worthy sir, to ask you to administer a charitable offering, to be devoted to those who are in need. Will you accept the charge of these sums, and lay them out in such channels of benefaction, and in such proportions, among the poorer orders of your flock, as you shall deem most meet and advantageous."

The gloomy minister shook the well-filled purse, and a ray of pleasure lit up his stern features for a moment, but they again assumed the same hard and stony cast, as he observed while he thrust it into his bosom, "In God's name let this mite be sacred to the poor! Your free gift, Mr. Senator, comes quite unexpected upon me."

"Providence has been pleased to shower the gifts of fortune lavishly at my feet," was the senator's reply, at the same time sighing deeply as he added, "I willingly devote a small share to my poorer brethren. Give it, with God's blessing, and pray for an unhappy man."

The minister fixed a keen, penetrating glance on the speaker — "Pray for a sinner?" he inquired; and on receiving no answer, continued in a slow, impressive tone: "Let not the unhappy, under the wrath of heaven, deceive himself. Money is good only so far as it feeds the Christian; it is mere dross in the eyes of the Judge of all; it cannot purchase absolution. There can be no atonement but the remorse of the inward heart; it is of no account though thousands be lavished in alms, or churches built, or hospitals endowed; it is the conscience must pay all."

The senator looked at the minister with pale cheek and quivering lip, as with downcast eyes he

replied, "I do not surely understand you, reverend sir; a man may be wretched, very wretched, without having committed a crime. Even the sinner flies for a refuge to remorse; he is not cut off, and he must so far be dealt leniently with, as to inspire him with confidence that after such expiation he will be forgiven — how much more, then, the unhappy!"

"Yes, but we are all sinners," was the reply; "you may be forgiven, for heaven's mercy is inexhaustible. Still it must remain for decision till the great day of wrath and judgment; and I hold it to be sound doctrine to maintain that no one, not even one ordained by our holy religion, can take on himself to absolve the sins of another. The Lord of Hosts alone can try the heart and the reins, and what is the value of remorse without a saving grace? It must influence the entire life, go down with the sinner into the grave, and at the great and terrible hour look for escape only from the infinite compassion and goodness of the Deity."

"You present a dark picture of the future, sir," replied the senator, as he sank into a seat. "Your colleagues, worthy sir —"

"Perhaps hold a more accommodating tone," interrupted the minister; "but I am ready to prove my doctrine before the most learned synod on earth. My fellow-labourers in God's vineyard are young; and their heads are half turned by the philosophic cant of the day. But old Lammer will never turn apostate, and desert the principles which have stood the test of time; he suffers none to wander from his flock while he is at the head; he is none of your lukewarm spirits that flatter those whom

they should threaten, and mince it when they should thunder forth the voice of God. Consolation is for the unhappy, but war to the sinner," fixing a scrutinizing look on the senator, "if we wish to save his soul alive. With merciful knife I boldly cut away the proud flesh from the wound, that I may say when he is presented still bleeding at the throne of the Most High, "See, Lord! thy unworthy servant has not failed in his duty; he has snatched the brand from the burning."

Müssinger betrayed deep emotion during this fanatic harangue; indignation, mingled with grief and terror, strove for mastery over his feelings, and flushed his pallid cheek.

"I am at a loss," he began, curbing his passion, "to understand, reverend sir, why you present so dark a side of your system to *my* view. I can only say that from my heart I compassionate those who are compelled to seek consolation or forgiveness at your hands. At the same time accept my good wishes, regretting, as I do, this our interview."

The minister made a formal bow as he replied in a severe tone, "It is all in God's hands, not in mine. When his hour comes, the aged Lammer will yield up his spirit without a sigh; — the Lord grant to others as easy a death! I retract not an iota of my words; for here I consider them peculiarly applicable. But our conversation has taken a turn which neither of us expected; I seek no one's confidence; my church is open for expiation to the repentant sinner. Let those whose conscience will permit them avail themselves of it: — 'Sapienti sat,' Herr Senator; and Heaven amend you, is all I have to say."

"What is that? what mean you, sir?" was the merchant's reply; but a loud clap of the door announced that the man of God was gone. He paced the room with hurried step, and wrung his hands in the mingled bitterness and indignation of his soul.—"What!" he exclaimed, "is the brand-mark upon my forehead? has the malignant eye of this sheep-clothed wolf read it there? True, true —and yet would he deal with me in this merciless spirit? And he calls himself a protestant!—the heartless, stiff-necked fanatic! Ice or tears alone can follow his touch. Had I duly nodded over his sermons, listened to his family addresses, made my house his conventicle, filled his poor-purse, and asked him to my table—dinner and supper—all this had been spared me.—It seems I am too late—I am not one of his elect, and must stand outside the pale of his church. Yet why complain? Alas! it is here! here!" striking his breast, "that I feel the heavy load. Is it not to be tolerated that I seek relief and consolation in the anguish of my spirit? But my heart is stricken down, and I fear—"

A low tap at the door interrupted his sad reflections. Half in terror he hastened to open it, and was agreeably surprised by the appearance of Dr. Leupold. He could scarcely account for the friendly expression on his countenance, and the pleasant feeling it produced, when he reflected on the circumstances attending their last meeting. He welcomed him with a warm shake of the hand, to which the doctor replied by excusing himself for intruding upon his time, and expressing some ap-

prehensions lest his visit might not be as acceptable as he could wish it.

"My dear doctor," said the senator, in the most kind and even confidential tone, "the visits of excellent friends ought never to be omitted, especially where obligations of such a kind exist as between you and me. You remind me of what I should long since have done. But you will forgive me; a continued pressure of affairs deprived me of the power of seeking you out."

"Say not a word — I thought not of such a thing. My object in waiting upon you is very different; but allow me also to express the pleasure I feel in finding that your forebodings have not been verified."

"An object! — what object?" enquired Müssinger; "pray explain, that I may hasten to meet your wishes."

"Your question puts me in a sort of dilemma," replied the doctor, hesitating; "yet I may speak without the imputation of vanity, having nothing in view of which I need to feel ashamed. I have here several bills of exchange from St. Sebastian's and the Brazils. The house of Minhao is solvent; the sums are not inconsiderable, and almost due. I was commissioned to put them into your hands to cover such as you might have outstanding, at your own time and discretion. But, from all I see, fortune seems to have turned her wheel, and thrown abundance into your hands; and my well-meant assistance is doubtless of no account."

The senator raised his eyes in astonishment; he took his friend and benefactor by both hands, and

pressing them to his bosom, replied, "My good sir, this is one of the most gratifying moments of my life. When almost on the brink of despair, you again stretch forth the hand of love, of hope, of healing. God be praised! I now require not your worldly help. Yet believe me, I feel that I am doubly indebted to you."

"Not a word more upon that point," was the doctor's mild and calm reply. "You over-rate my services. A society of well-intentioned men wished to show their sympathy for your situation; and as your affairs have taken so good a turn, they incur no sort of risk."

"You are right, my dear sir," replied the senator with a sigh; "I want no assistance: but my thanks are no less due to your excellent society, with which I could wish to become better acquainted."

"That at present—here at least — is not possible; but fortunately, as the matter so falls out; let us turn to some other topic. As regards yourself, my good sir, I regret to see that the change in your affairs seems so little to rejoice you."

"From a man who has laid me under such inestimable obligations I can keep nothing concealed. My newly acquired wealth is in fact a matter of indifference to me. I am a poor, a very poor man; I am ill at ease; I seem to take no interest in any thing."

"But religion, that best of all consolations?" inquired Leupold in a tone of sympathy.

"Oh! not a word of that!" exclaimed the senator, still smarting under his recent interview; "religion suffers at the hands of its ministers. We

became acquainted, my good sir, in a strange and hapless hour; but God knows I had then no stronger cause to rush upon destruction than impels me at this very moment."

"In that case," replied the doctor, in a cool yet earnest tone, "I should hardly think it worth while to restrain you. Both here and hereafter you would justly merit the severest punishment, did you dare to tempt Providence a second time."

"Ah! you know not, doctor," exclaimed the excited man, "that there are griefs yet more cutting than either penury or shame — the voice that inwardly accuses ——"

"Nay, speak it out at once," was Leupold's reply; — "an accusing conscience. Yes, it is a trying thing; but, while God is the source of love, and the church is open to communicate it, so long may the most wretched of sinners look up for grace and pardon. Shall he then, who contemplated a crime but for a moment, and repented of it perhaps the next, give himself up to despair; when his future career is all before him — to run with honour, goodness, usefulness. No, sir — his expiation, his perfect reconciliation, is comprehended in the sufferings he encounters; and a single pang of true remorse may avail him even as a whole life of innocence."

"You speak of the Deity — the fountain of all goodness, is it not?"

"It is! and of his holy church," added the doctor, "the medium of his mercy."

The senator sighed as he thought of the old mi-

nister's words, and how much more charitable and encouraging a doctrine was this.

"We belong to different creeds," observed the doctor, in a calm tone; "I am a catholic — I have been speaking of my church; and, of a truth, she discharges her maternal duties more earnestly than any other. Not one of her children appeal to her in vain; — the erring are led aright, the weary are refreshed. All her offices of love, in their mystic garb, fulfil the objects of their divine founder. They breathe of humanity and love; they delight in atonement and reconciliation. Yet to whom am I speaking, and to what end? You, my excellent sir, have never proved this apostolic doctrine; the laws of your free state forbid its exercise, and the strictest measures are adopted to prevent its dissemination; and to you it must be a matter of perfect indifference what a disciple of catholicism may think or feel."

"I received my religious instruction at Augsburgh," replied the senator; "and often, in the absence of my superiors, have I glided into the catholic churches to witness the striking grandeur of their ceremonies, and listen, with rapt ear, to the noble music which filled their aisles. I cannot even deny that ——"

The voice of Juliet here broke on the speaker; and, entering with a low obeisance to the doctor, she spoke to her father in a low tone respecting some little matter relating to the household.

Leupold, meanwhile, regarded both father and daughter with a fixed and earnest air; and, when Juliet withdrew, addressing the former in a voice

that trembled with emotion, "Truly, my dear sir, the sight of your daughter affects me strangely; I had heard her name from my adopted son, and, were it not Juliet, I could pledge my life, she must be called Clara."

The senator started, and fixed a keen, inquiring glance on the speaker. "Clara!" he cried; "how came you to mention that name?"

"Clara was — what Juliet now is."

"Heavens! to what Clara can you allude?"

"To Clara Muntzner."

"My God! you know ——"

"I know all, my friend!"

"How, sir? you awaken recollections which, at an hour like this, are doubly bitter to me."

"That ought not to be — an angel's memory is redolent of blessing."

"True, she *was* an angel — an angel of whom this world was unworthy."

"Yes; and in brief space did she return to her native home."

"Merciful father! do I hear you aright? Clara gone! and I here!"

"She loved you to the last! — no time, no distance, no harsh voice of friends — nothing made her less passionately—eternally yours. The inmate of another sphere — she there bends before the throne of the divine, eternal mind — beseeching a blessing on your head."

"Oh God! inscrutable are thy ways!" exclaimed the wretched Müssinger; "yet I bow my head in resignation to this last, severest trial:" and he covered his face with his hands in the agony of his grief. After a pause he shook off the weight that

seemed to master all his faculties. "Tell me, my strange, incomprehensible friend, how come you in possession of every thing connected with my destiny?"

"I am Clara's brother!" whispered the doctor—"I have met you before."

"Xavier!" exclaimed the senator, rubbing his forehead as if to recal some dim reviving recollections of the past.

"The same, my friend! but here is no place to dwell on those strange by-gone days. But, if not too painful to revive them — if you wish to renew our intercourse, come visit me in my humble abode." He described the spot, and added, as he took his leave, "Inquire for Doctor Leupold — on the second floor — you will be most welcome!"

With slow, measured step, and thoughtful eye, the doctor now threaded his way, in a circuitous direction, towards his own dwelling. Here and there, as he passed, a friendly nod, or a pressure of the hand from persons of various grades in life, showed his very general acquaintance, and the sort of estimation in which he was held. From the round-faced, well-clad citizen, he turned towards a pale, wretched-looking creature, half in rags, who, looking suspiciously around her, at length seized his hand, and pressed it respectfully to her lips. He put a small piece of money into her hands; and, as she wept out her gratitude, begged her not to forget to pray for the repose of a wretched man. He then turned through several alleys and windings till he reached the Rahmgasse, where the house was situated, and, with quicker step, took his way up into his own chambers. His young

protegé, White, was seen eagerly engaged in writing; but he rose on the doctor's entrance, and, greeting him home, assisted him to exchange his more formal attire for his less professional gown. The doctor took his station in an arm-chair opposite a window which looked upon a garden neatly arranged and studded with herbs and flowers. Through the whole apartment there reigned an air of taste, not less than of exact arrangement, quiet, and seclusion, captivating alike to the eye and to the mind. The floor shone smooth and bright as a mirror; the furniture, and the various little articles of their household were clean and polished. The linen, even, seemed more white — not a grain of dust upon the curtains — not even of learned or antiquarian dust upon the book-case and its shelves. A beautiful song-bird hung from the ceiling in his spacious cage; an antique wooden clock clicked against the wall, and a number of humming-bees were eagerly rifling the blooming flowers, whose fragrance through the lattice filled the room. For some time, the deep silence of this singular little spot was interrupted only by the voice of the bird, the regular motion of the clock, and the incessant skirring sound of the Englishman's pen, again earnestly engaged in his literary labours. The doctor sat with his hands folded, his head gently leaning back, and his eyes closed, as if in deep meditation. Occasionally, a smile — a ray of mingled enthusiasm and beatific vision played upon his lips — and an expression of elevated spiritual thought lighted up his features — sometimes mournful, sometimes of joyous mood — but always animated with confiding hope and faith; present-

ing, in the whole air and figure an exquisite picture of a day-dream, such as no painter could have gazed upon with indifference. As he thus sat absorbed, he felt a gentle breath stirring his grey locks, and he looked up into the twilight, as if the wing of some aerial being were fanning his aged temples to repose. It was his adopted son, who hung over him with an affectionate and inquiring look.

"I was wishing to ascertain, father, whether you were slumbering or awake," said the young man; "I have finished my work, and my leisure hours are come. But you do not seem so cheerful or conversible as usual; will you forgive your son, if he venture to inquire why you are less like yourself?"

The doctor pressed the youth's hand affectionately.

"My good James, I will not needlessly distress you; it is the recollection of other days, which at times comes dark over my spirit, at times mingled with holier and higher feelings, springing, like the fabled Arabian bird, from the ashes of our common lot — the ruins of human hope and love, and faith, —human, and therefore too brief and bright to last. My sweet sister's is too painful a story on which to dwell; imperious circumstances tore her from the being whom she loved—loved more dearly than the ruddy life-drops of her heart, which drooped and sickened, and died within her, when the light of his young beaming eye shone upon it no more. Ah, my James! beware, dear boy, of the alluring sophisms of the imagination — the susceptibility of the passions. Beware of love till you are your own perfect master, till you can preserve

as well as pledge your faith ; fulfil your vows, and guard the happiness of two beings, soul and heart-bound in each other. Rush not into a conflict of duties in which one or both must perish. No ; learn to respect, to hold sacred the peace of others, if not your own ; venture not idly to sport with the sweetest and dearest gifts conferred by God upon his creatures — the peace of a self-possessed heart — the joy of the clear, unruffled breast. Yes, always remember, you are no longer your own master, you no longer even depend upon me. The hapless story, of which the recollection now oppresses my mind, sprung from the indulgence of passionate feelings, in persons of opposite religious creeds. I have seen Juliet Müssinger, and I see that it is time to bring your visits at the senator's to a close ; another lesson, with your final leave, will terminate them. Perhaps you will say that you look forward to the conversion — the salvation of the lovely being whom, I dread to think, you already may love."

"And might I," exclaimed James, after a long pause, with pale and quivering lips, "might I in that case dare to hope, dear father?"

"Young man, your destiny, I repeat, is no longer in my hands ; even were this not so, am I to conclude that we have all been deceived in you — that you have amused us with hollow professions?"

"My God !" exclaimed White, "what a prospect opens before me ; how sad a lot, to be condemned to the perpetual struggle of subduing the best and noblest of our feelings — to divest oneself of all that renders humanity tolerable, or even dignified — to

be savagely forbidden to feel as a man — to turn renegade from all that Heaven in its bounty conferred ?"

" And must you, therefore," interrupted the doctor hastily, " give way to your passions, like a madman ? As a punishment, you will please to double your religious exercises and penances, until I shall regulate them anew." He then added, in a less severe and haughty tone, " What would have been your lot among the Danish dragoons, you infatuated boy ! You smite the hand which did you service ; you find that your duties are not pleasures—and even so do I. But I fulfil them without a murmur, because I know that the least as well as the greatest contributions of labour are all necessary in the construction of any noble work. Humble yourself lowly before the throne of grace, and strive to master these ebullitions of youthful temper, which spring from vanity and selfishness, and which, in future will not be tolerated."

This last argument of the doctor's was decisive. James knew what he himself felt ; but, on the other hand, he had no experience of the impression entertained of him by the being he most loved. He was silent, therefore ; stood, half angry, half submissive and condemned — but armed himself with coolness and courage, to renew his visit to the house of the senator on the following day.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Whom want you here?" was the impertinent Mr. Nothaft's inquiry, as young White, the next day, stood at the threshold of the senator's door.

"I am here to wait upon Miss Müssinger, if you are curious to know," replied White in a firm tone.

"You cannot see her; she has a head-ache; you can come again."

White shook his head, and while reflecting for a moment, whether to go in or to retire; the voice of Juliet met his ear: "I *am* at home—I have no head-ache to prevent me seeing *you*, Mr. White, however I may be indisposed to tolerate the presence of those whom I estimate far less highly?'

James gave a start of joy; flung the artful wretch aside: while, muttering curses, not loud but deep, the foiled clerk shrunk into his office.

"Take no notice, Mr. White, I entreat, of that mean, spiteful, low-minded fellow. You will oblige me by it; for I see you are angry. Despise him as I do, though he has the assurance to raise his thoughts higher than I can well brook. Rely on

me, sir; he cannot injure you with me or my father, and on your part resent nothing."

"I am already too much your slave," replied White, smiling; "on a repetition, otherwise, of similar conduct, I should feel strongly tempted to teach him the language of a gentleman."

"But the lady's must take precedence, you know," exclaimed Juliet, laughing. "Come, let us leave that worthless subject, and begin."

White prepared to obey; but it was clear that Juliet's thoughts were no way adapted to solve grammatical constructions, or trace the derivations of English verbs. She frequently looked with anxious eye at the time-piece above her head, till the finger rested upon the hour which was to free her from the tedious task.

"Now, my good sir," she began, "I may allow myself to inquire whether you have seen the poor French lady—has she got my present? Will it be of use?—what measures means she to take?"

"I am commissioned to return you her grateful thanks: your generosity has more than exceeded all her wants; there is only one it cannot remove; she longs to express to her benefactress, her gratitude with her own lips."

"She shall have her wish gratified," replied Juliet with an anxious look, "only do not bring her here, for my sake as well as that of others. It would but aggravate my father's unhappy temper; my mother is no patroness of alms, and I should have to encounter some vexatious remarks. But still I will see her—is it possible I could do so at her own residence, or not?"

"I think so—without difficulty," replied White

hesitatingly: "only confide in me; I will conduct you, and in a single hour we are there and here again."

Juliet fixed on him an inquiring and penetrating look: "Yes," she replied, "I consider you, Mr. White, a man of nice honour; I should not in the least fear to accompany you—but when? In the first place I must not be seen with you,—and again, I do not leave home in the evenings."

"The fresh breezy hours of the morning are preferable, in my opinion," replied James, and the proposal met with her full concurrence.

"It is agreed upon," was her reply; "my mamma is seldom awake before nine o'clock; my father does not make his appearance until eight, and does not trouble his head at first rising, about poor me. Say six o'clock; the streets are clear, and no Mr. or Mrs. Nothafts are then so likely to see, or give us the benefit of their charitable remarks. Be in readiness for me at the entrance to the new market. By doing it in this way, I shall enjoy the little adventure, I can assure you, extremely."

White expressed the pleasure he felt in her good opinion, and took his leave with a heavy heart, while Juliet, in the innocent freedom of her spirit, looked forward to the morrow with delight. The gratification she derived from rescuing a fellow creature from distress, was not all; it opened a new new object of laudable pursuit. She would no longer be condemned to the heartless, dull routine of family cares and bickerings, and acting the unwilling umpire between differences hourly and daily renewed. With much real sweetness and affectionateness of disposition, she was often frank

and decisive in tone and manner, to a degree of *brusquerie*. She prized wealth only as it enabled her to succour the wretched, and was now eager to become acquainted with the last object of her bounty, in order, by personal acquaintance, to render her gifts more permanently beneficial, opening new means and prospects to her *protegée*.

On the morning appointed for her visit, she rose even before the hour, at early dawn. There was the promise of a lovely day; and, in a simple morning robe, closely veiled, with a soft step she left her chamber just as the hand of the time-piece pointed to the sixth hour. But a noise at the opposite end of the passage made her draw back; the senator's door opened, and she saw him proceed down stairs, and, having taken his hat and coat, hastily leave the house. Juliet was struck with surprise: the day previously she had scarcely once seen her father; a protracted session of the senate had, according to his own account, detained him; and now this early and abrupt departure added to her anxiety and surprise. Still there had been so much of the strange and inexplicable in his proceedings of late, that she rallied her spirits, and, starting at the idea of making poor White wait her arrival in the open air, she merely stopt till her father had disappeared; and, drawing her veil and cloak more closely around her, eagerly sallied forth.

White had already reached the spot, and informed her that he had observed her father, apparently absorbed in thought, hasten by. Scarcely exchanging a word, Juliet urged him to set out, and, in considerable agitation, he conducted his

fair pupil through a variety of bye-streets and alleys, which brought them into a quarter of the city wholly unknown to her.

"Are not our wanderings in this strange region almost at a close, sir?" inquired the lady in a somewhat anxious tone; to which White replied with a smile, and, pointing to a small, low doorway, observed, "Here we are at the land's end."

Juliet fixed a sharp, piercing look upon the place. Every thing in the vicinity bespoke an air of penury and dilapidation;—the inhabitants were evidently children of wretchedness and privation, truly exemplifying the scriptural illustration of "being born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards." Each roused from their hard couch of brief repose to welcome their life's round of incessant labour at blush of dawn, returned only in the depth of night, till he assumes the action of a mere animal machine. The doors and windows were yet closed; here and there were heard the cry of a child or the baying of a dog. White raised his hand to knock for admittance; but, almost terrified with the aspect of the spot, and losing her self-command for a moment, Juliet arrested his hand, gasping out, in a scarcely audible voice, "Whither are you leading me, sir?—I shall not enter this place."

White fixed his eye on her with an inquiring and almost reproachful expression. "Shall we go back?" he said;—"if you indulge the least fears, we had better go back."

The sort of reproach here implied, answered its object; and he drew a few paces back at the same moment.

"It seems you think I am a child!" exclaimed Juliet, "but I am not so easily terrified at my own shadow. On, sir — I scorn to be afraid; at the same time, it becomes me — it is due to myself, respect to my family and to my sex — to see that I am not betrayed into any indiscretion."

"How! what mean you, Miss Müssinger?" exclaimed White, with eager breath and flashing eye. "Do you imagine me capable for a moment? — but turn back — I intreat — I insist, that you return."

Juliet put her finger upon her lip, and, taking his arm, pressed to go on. She heard a footstep near, and, from the opposite wall, saw the figure of a man wrapt in a cloak — his hat drawn across his face, and his eye eagerly bent upon them as they entered the lowly roof. The door was opened by a vulgar-looking man, who refixed bolt and lock the moment they had come within. Hence she looked out upon a court planted round with trees, and a small building in the centre.

"Do you know the man?" asked Juliet, hesitatingly, of her conductor. He answered in the negative; and she rejoined, with a smile, "Well! it has very little of the look of Polyphemus's den within here; at least we shall not be eaten alive; but pray lead on."

"Do you wish it?" replied White, with a look of exultation — "then, let us do so." He knocked at a second door; the porter, in opening it, made a low obeisance to White, and the same to his lady companion. They passed through the court, and approached the little edifice. Silence and solitude seemed to envelope its ancient and peaceful walls. There was a religious air about it, as if

it might formerly have boasted of holy pomps and ceremonies; more recently half desecrated, it wore the appearance of more worldly characteristics all around it, devoted to less sacred offices. The obscurely-seen, and half-decayed wooden steps, shook and creaked beneath the feet of the passenger. A new source of anxiety filled the soul of Juliet; — she heard White knock again at an entrance too obscure for her even to distinguish it; but again they were admitted, and the door closed behind them "Good God!" whispered James, to his trembling companion, "we are, I fear, in the wrong place." They were surrounded by the monuments and ruins of an ancient chapel; there were the falling windows, the half-choked mouldering aisle, the faded friezes, and the painted glass, strewed here and there; and, as she advanced, it was clear, from the dormitories, and the far-extending columns, that they were within the precincts of some antique monastery. Soon, to her yet greater astonishment, they beheld a throng of living figures — men enveloped in dark robes, with hood and cowl; and women, strangely attired, and hid from view by their deep-flowing veils.

"We are now in the once famous cathedral of St. John's," observed White, in a low voice to the wondering girl — "but you will forgive my unintentional error. Have the goodness not to speak aloud, whatever you may observe; and you need to fear nothing."

Juliet gave him a speaking look, but uttered not a syllable. Her whole attention was absorbed in the approaching ceremony; for she could now no longer conceal from herself, that she stood in a

Roman Catholic place—and a secret place of worship. The grand mass was preparing to be celebrated before her, in all its most imposing and dazzling ceremonies; and her bosom heaved, and her frame trembled, as the strange and awe-exciting vision passed before her eyes. She felt, as if she were rivetted to the spot, and curiosity alone would have urged her to remain. She saw the high priest in his spiritual office, sink lowly down before the altar, making confession of his sins, not only for himself, but in the name of his brethren in the faith; and their voices were heard in low and secret harmony, mingling in the Roman tongue, with his. She heard the gospels read in the same, and bowed her head at each response, partaking of the whole spirit of the scene, till the priest informing them, that the celebration of the mass was over, disappeared suddenly in the same strange manner, followed, at different intervals, by the singular groups that had gathered round him.

The doors were thrown open, and grasping the arm of her conductor, she intreated that she might instantly be taken into the open air, and rushed forward among the first to leave the spot.

"What mean you?" whispered White; "you will betray yourself by this hurried manner, we ought to have been away the last."

In a moment, Juliet stood fixed as a statue, and drawing her veil closer round her, remarked how quickly the other spectators passed by her, till they were left nearly alone.

"This way; here is the door," said the Englishman, as he drew Juliet towards the place; "we

are arrived at the spot we sought, and we are no longer a mark of observation to the curious throng."

He led her into a neatly furnished apartment, and Juliet was agreeably surprised to behold a lady, rather young, and extremely handsome, and attractive in voice and manner, accosting her as she entered with expressions full of gratitude and respect.

"May I inquire," asked Juliet, "who——."

"My name is Lainetz," replied the young lady; "but I cannot speak—I cannot thank you with words,—but think all I ——"

"You have met! this is the officer's widow," whispered White; "and it was only an accident prevented our calling at the right door."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Juliet, as she turned a suspicious, displeased look on the young Englishman; and then turning away from him, added—"You appear to reside in a singular and mysterious neighbourhood."

"I do not even know my next door neighbour," was the reply, as she looked with the most curious expression into Juliet's face; "in so far it is certainly mysterious, for there is only one poor aged creature who is engaged to supply me with water and firewood."

"I believe you," replied Juliet, "and she stretched forth her hand; "but Mr. White, I have no doubt, is much better acquainted with the singular personages whose company we have just left."

"Merely by accident, I assure you, Miss Müs-

singer; for I am not one of them; I am a stranger to the congregation, believe me."

Juliet's look told him that she suspected the truth of what he said, and the next moment she exclaimed in a tone of displeasure: "It is just, sir, as you would have me believe, I dare say; but you would do well to advise your friends not to be too bold in their proceedings, for there is such a thing as our senate yet in existence; and were my father in my place, it might be of more serious consequence to you all. As it is, who will engage that I shall not give publicity to what I know?"

"Your own heart," replied White, in a calm and confident tone of voice: "you have too much gentleness and sensibility; no, you would not willingly bring down ruin on the heads of those who, for conscience sake, peril all for their religion; a religion towards which your heart's best feelings naturally incline, although the harsh law of the state forbids its celebration."

"What is this?" observed Madame Lainetz: "what has happened? pray do gratify my curiosity."

"It need not disturb you," was Juliet's reply; "another word with Mr. White, and I have done. I thank you, sir, for your good opinion of me. It is clear you begin to study my motives, and interpret my feelings; what more is there that you would require?"

"To return home," was the Englishman's reply: "may I venture to offer you my arm, and apologize for any unintentional offence?"

"By no means, sir; I shall find my way home, extremely well, without your assistance. I should

be afraid of some other untoward occurrence in your company. My only wish is, not to trouble you; and so long as you remain here, I must continue this good lady's guest."

"An honour I dearly value," replied Madame Lainetz: "you could not flatter me more!"

"You are angry, then?" inquired White, in extreme emotion.

"You know," said Juliet hastily, "every body talks of my odd whims and humours. I am horribly capricious—strangely inclined to be prudent for the rest of the day; I fear too, I shall continue so to-morrow and the next day; and for this whim—I will not call it reason—I think we had better consider the present interview as our last."

"You drive me to distraction!" exclaimed White, losing all his self-command, and turning from her with a gesture of indignation; and then suddenly restraining his passion, he folded his hands in an attitude of deep sorrow, cast on her one appealing half-impassioned—half-reproachful look, and rushed from the spot.

Juliet was not prepared for so very sudden a compliance with her cruel mandate, and all her suspicions and her anger, gave way to better and kinder feelings. "Is it possible that I can have been unjust towards him?" she observed, as if appealing to the officer's widow, who gazed on her in absolute dismay: "but what, dear lady, should a young girl do, if he, in whom she confides, gives her just cause for entertaining suspicions of him. Have we not reason to suspect mankind of treachery? and I confess that I can view the Englishman's proceedings in no other light than as a

snare. But of yourself, dear lady, I feel only the more interested in your happiness since I saw you. How can I be of farther service? speak freely and frankly to me."

"How kind! how noble! but you have already done so much that it would be like imposture in me to think of requesting more. All you see around you is your work. Ah! yet if I dared venture to ask you one benefaction more — one good and generous deed, I am sure you would never repent:— it is, that you would forgive good Mr. White; for I could not bear to see his excessive grief, though indeed I am quite ignorant of what he could have done so to offend you."

Juliet shook her head, and looked rather impatiently: "Why speak of him more — I am angry very angry with him, but not with you."

"Nay, excellent young lady," said Madame Lainetz, "I live only in my benefactors. I have withdrawn from the world. I yet weep in secret over the fate of the best and bravest of men. His memory is still the shield of his family — a tower of strength for those he loved. Alas! we were not permitted to enjoy happiness like ours but a few brief months; he fell, covered with wounds and honour, at the head of his regiment. It was in my bitterest hours of trouble that Mr. White heard of my situation; and not only did he do all to support me under such a calamity, but interested the good Dr. Leupold in my behalf, and at last brought me an angel of goodness to pour balsam into my wounds."

"So, so," returned Juliet, in a manner approach-

ing to jealousy; but is it not painful to your feelings to be under obligations to a young man. Woman ought to be indebted to her own sex alone for the alleviation of misfortunes like yours; but what at present may be your views?—Are they not, as I can well believe, to return to your native place?"

Madame Lainetz shook her head sorrowfully: "The graves of once-beloved friends would meet my eyes. The edict of Nantes drove my relatives from home and country, and some of them now reside at Berlin. They are probably destitute, like myself, and more probably would not receive me."

"Your apprehensions may be well-grounded," replied Juliet, "but go on."

"Am I then to blame, if my father, consulting the interests of his family, became reconciled to the catholic faith? Exile — desolation had been our portion; and yet we are all children of one Father; and it is strange if the mere form of offering up our prayers should prevent them from being heard."

Juliet gazed on the speaker with emotion, and her features assumed a more friendly cast: "What you say, dear lady, is as far as I can judge, only the truth; and believe me, you have my warmest sympathy in all your sufferings. I will soon see you again; and we will talk over your future plans. You may confide in me; for though I am young, I am accustomed already to judge for myself. Better you should look to me, believe me, than to Mr. White. Indeed, you will oblige me not a little, if you will will decline any farther assistance from him, and allow me a more appropriate claim to your

regard. This morning I have seen and heard so much, that — good heavens! tell me frankly, are you not aware of what is carried on in your very residence, and above your head?"

"Truly, lady, I am not."

"Then I can only express my astonishment how a society such as I have witnessed, and to which you seem really to belong, can be established here without your knowledge. Either they dread to confide in you, for fear of discovery, or delay drawing you into their circle until they can reckon upon your silence."

"Really, my dear lady, I do not understand you."

Juliet put her hand to her forehead, and then exclaimed with an air of impatience, "All this is really very puzzling. Your utter unconsciousness — Mr. White's officious advice and confidential manner: — is the young gentleman a protestant or not — I wonder!"

"As far as I am acquainted, lady."

"And you, madame, I think you have observed, are a catholic."

"To be quite frank with one who is entitled to all my confidence. My father, although he so far recanted as to attend mass, continued, nevertheless, a protestant. His children, for the most part, followed his example, and my husband left me to consult my own inclinations. My relatives at Berlin would never give ear to the sincerity of my confession, were I to tell them that I contemplate a return to my former mode of faith; and yet it is no less the truth."

"Then you must instantly quit this house," cried Juliet in the most earnest tone; "yes, dear ma-

dam, quit it before you learn—for I have now your interest at heart more than ever."

"Pray, my dear young lady, explain. You surprise and alarm me."

"Not till to-morrow, or the next day — exactly at the same hour; only assure me that I shall not see the Englishman here.—That is enough — no — no protestations — no more thanks! adieu!"

Juliet hastened away in a tumult of emotions she had seldom experienced. On reaching the street, she redoubled her speed, but on turning the corner, she beheld White, who stood like a poor convicted felon awaiting his doom. He could not have thrown himself in her way at a more unpropitious moment.

"What do you want with me, sir?" she inquired hastily, at the same time hurrying onward.

"Miss Müssinger! Oh Juliet! do not hate me," he exclaimed; "I only longed to express all my trouble — regret — remorse; — will you not grant me a word?"

"Pray do not trouble yourself about me, sir," was her sharp reply; "leave my side, I insist upon it — back, sir! you know what my opinion of you is. Fare you well."

James stood like one struck with some sudden calamity — a picture of wretchedness and despair; and then darted away in another direction. At the same moment a well-known figure — that of Berndt, the clerk — hastened by him, and with his eye fixed on Juliet, followed her. But White paid no attention to the circumstance; for he writhed under all the tortures of being insulted and despised by the being he most loved on earth. With trembling frame, and a bosom struggling with fierce

and wild emotions, he reached his chamber, and threw himself in an agony of sorrow upon his couch. Tears came not to his relief, and he lay with closed eyes, and inwardly concentrated sensibility to pain — such as the high-minded and the noble, fallen from their natural sphere of influence and fortune, and bleeding at every pore from the reckless arrows of the world — can alone conceive or feel. Of the bitterness of death they can taste but once; but how many times must they encounter the aristocratic sneer, the affected compassion, or the implied taunt; with the thousand ingenious insinuations calculated to impress the immeasurable distance — the unapproachable line of demarcation supposed to exist between the unfortunate, and the pampered menials and minions of upstart fortune. Poor White was disturbed in his sad ruminations by the sound of a foot-fall in the adjoining chamber. A door opened; and he heard the voices of the doctor and the senator Müssinger apparently in earnest discourse.

"Cheer up, my good friend," said the former; "in all occurrences and disasters, there is nothing like confidence — a fixed resolution to be your own master. Why not, then, master our troubles as well as our fortunes? Merely recalling to mind the year 1690 seems to have overwhelmed you. Come, speak to me — for here no one can disturb us — there is none to witness the sorrows that we feel."

"Poor Clara!" sighed the senator; "it is there the spell hangs over me. After nine-and-twenty years, the memory of her is as fresh — as painful here — as was our separation — and for ever! Ah, my friend, in what a sad time — under what fearful

circumstances, like some hideous dream, it all passed over us; and left not one green spot — the least flower — or fragrance behind."

"Clara is in heaven, dear sir; she beholds us even now. — I feel it — and be persuaded that she beholds us with serene and blessed joy — all love. — all reconciliation and peace — the peace of Heaven, which may still be yours."

"What do I hear!" replied the wretched man; "what words of consolation, my dear, kind friend! dare I believe and hope as I ought? Yes, I will — I must indulge the blest illusion—whether it be illusion or real, if I mean to reconcile myself to life. But does not a curse pursue me? did I not break a pure and guiltless heart, as the consciousness of crime and remorse is now breaking mine?"

"The power of God's love and mercy who shall question?" was his friend's reply. "Throw yourself upon your Saviour for help. All which you require for the most perfect absolution is the will, the infinite wish, and longing after expiation, by the strength of your remorse, which hurls the sinner writhing in the dust, at the foot of the blood-stained cross of his Redeemer. You were almost terrified, when returning the confidence you reposed in me, I informed you that I was instructed in all the mysteries, and empowered to carry the holy symbols of our religion. Would, in the name of the holy mother! that you, also, were a partaker in her soul-alluring and most healing rites. You would then learn by what title I speak, and how far extends my repute; for the grace of the Almighty Father has abounded in my calling here below."

"Oh!" exclaimed the senator, in the bitterness of his heart, "how I wish that I, too, were one of you — that I might feel somewhat of the mild and forgiving spirit of which you so much assure me."

"The sun shines on the just and on the unjust. The erring have a claim, in the nature of their very faults, upon the grace of the Most High. How much more then, if we repent. Will not the Great Shepherd hear the cry of the lost one, seeking to retrace his steps to the heavenly fold? Pacify and arm your mind, for all will yet be well. I am commissioned, and I am prepared, at the proper moment, to pour the oil upon the waves, and the saving balm into the wounds of your soul. Be not then of little faith, but give all the strength and fervour of your love; commit your mourning spirit into the hands of your Creator, your Redeemer, and your friend."

They ceased to speak for some time; the doctor's appeal had evidently produced a powerful effect upon the senator's mind.

"What you say is full of hope and consolation to my troubled heart. Dare I only venture to believe that errors and faults like mine." ——

"You have heard," interrupted the doctor, "upon what terms the medium of salvation is offered you: with how much more love and charity our church opens her arms to receive her repentant children. Her character is truly typified in the beautiful parable of the Prodigal; you have simply like him to repent — to breathe the same language from the bottom of your soul — and with nobler and better thoughts seek your way back to your father's mansion."

"Your words," replied Müssinger, move me strangely — deeply — yet more joyfully than any I have this long time heard; and I know not how to thank you for the warm interest you take in my welfare. In my own church I never felt any elevation or enthusiasm of a religious character, much less any thing approaching to intolerance and fanaticism. So, in embracing the happy change you speak of, is it not proper that I should observe due caution; and —"

"Do I ask you not to do so?" was the doctor's reply. No one is enjoined to give up his free will. No, the true church is no step-mother to her children: she does not at once expect unlimited obedience; but she tries to beguile them from the paths of folly and wickedness. Doth it not give joy to the mother's heart, when she clasps her son to her bosom, even though he again leave her side, and wander in strange lands! And thus the Father's house is ever open; the table is continually spread; the weary, the broken-hearted, and the sorrowing sinner, are all and each most welcome."

"But is it your opinion, my good and excellent friend, that I can partake of the rich consolations to which you refer, without my nominal withdrawing from the pale of faith in which I have hitherto walked?"

"Nothing, my dear sir, more easy. What! shall I wish to bind you down by an oath which cannot bring you a degree nearer to salvation? shall I require you to subscribe a form of faith which must already have been prepared, signed, and vowed in your inmost spirit — actu-

ating your feelings and your will? It is the last and only prize you need to struggle for. Thus in your heart you have almost unconsciously become one of us; you have made ample confession of your sins, and in so doing, you are made deserving of absolution; in receiving it you enter the order of blessed penitents. I am in the place of your confessor; and in this way your bond with our holy church becomes intimately and indissolubly woven."

White, who had listened with suppressed breath to this singular dialogue, now heard the senator pace the room with quick and agitated step; then suddenly fall upon his knees; and with sighs, which seemed to break from an agonized spirit, murmured forth — "Alas, alas! in God's name be it — receive the confession of a wretched sinner!"

But White, recalled by these words to a sense of his situation, conceived it would be quite proper to be no longer even an unwilling auditor of an interview, which had become of a still more confidential character, and assumed the sacredness and privacy of the confessional. He sought, unheard, an inner recess of the chamber; and there, gazing from a window on the prospect around, he gave way to one of those strange, wild day-dreams, peculiar to an excited state of the imagination, but which partake more of illusion than of ideas, and present even absent objects to the eye, with all the vividness of reality. The form of Juliet swam before his sight, arrayed in all the charms which had first allured his fancy and his heart. She no longer turned from him in anger or disdain; a celestial mildness

rested on her features — there was sweetness in her voice as in her loveliest moods. She seemed to sympathize in all his sufferings; and when her eye met his, he thought she read the secret love which struggled in his breast, yet refused not to listen to the bold avowal which escaped his lips. "Harsh and terrible, my Juliet, is the fate which threatens to overwhelm us. I have felt all too feeble to combat with the perils of life — the difficulties which on all sides surround us, — and which compel me to wear a hateful mask even to yourself. It is your love alone can confer gigantic strength — irresistible impulses — to achieve all which is beautiful and noble?" A soft, low voice seemed to answer his; a look which penetrated his soul, told him that he was beloved; he felt her hand tremble in his; his heart beat high with love and triumph; he was about to snatch her to his arms, when an abyss appeared to rise up between them, the sky grew dark, and she was torn from his side. Images of grief and horror then rose before his imagination; he beheld her exposed to a thousand threatening forms of death, while he vainly struggled to rush to her assistance; a vast tower seemed to spring from the watery void which enveloped the face of nature; and still the same figure extending her arms to him from its summit, and crying in vain for help, fixed him to the spot, suffering all the horrors felt by one labouring under the spell of a morbid excitement, exceeding even those of a troubled dream.

He was relieved from the operation of this fearful vision by a loud noise in the adjoining chamber;

he heard retiring footsteps,—a door was opened; it was the senator leaving the place, and soon afterwards, pale and haggard,—trembling in every nerve and limb, the young Englishman entered the doctor's room, and fell senseless, without uttering a word, at his feet.

CHAPTER IX.

The natural delicacy and susceptibility of poor White's feelings, rendered more acute by his misfortunes, and the dependent position in which he stood, had given rise to the sudden attack under which he suffered, and from which he almost as suddenly recovered, and rallying his spirits, he answered the doctor's inquiries the ensuing morning, by declaring that he was perfectly well.

"That is good news; I am rejoiced at it, my son; and I have also some pleasant tidings for thee. By the grace of God, I have been permitted the heart-felt delight of restoring a wretched, erring spirit to our blessed fold, and the peace which only is to be found in the love of the holy mother of our Lord. And tell me how have you succeeded in *your* efforts, my dear son? Methinks that I caught a glimpse of you in the chapel!"

White gave an account of his adventures, not without frequently shaking his head, and struggling to subdue his feelings. The doctor lent an attentive ear, and at length replied—

"Well, my young friend, I see no cause for

regret or dissatisfaction. You say that the young lady stopped to hear mass, and shewed no small degree of curiosity. That is well; she has consequently *felt* — a good impression has already been made. The charm of holy mystery will complete the rest, and in time confirm her in the true faith. I have no fears of her giving information; she has a more decided will than most young maidens of her age and quality. The fair Lainetz shall strike the master-chord which responds to our call. She must do it; for, with the exception of young Pahlens, she has not brought us a single soul. Truly, she is too young, too vain, and too comely yet to discharge her duties with advantage. She casts her nets only to entangle the men, while she ought to make converts both of men and women. She has great skill in taking her measures, according as circumstances require; and she has wit enough to shew only the sign of Protestantism, the better to promote the good cause. I know her value; yet I could wish that our superior had selected another hand-maid for me, somewhat older, more manageable, not to say a little more patient. Such as I speak of, too, would have animated you in the cause, and roused your emulation, while you seem to turn with indifference from our Lainetz."

"Alas! my good father," replied James in a faltering tone; "it is a hard task; both the hypocritical creature and myself are playing a vile game, of which I, at least, have just reason to be ashamed."

"What, the old story again!" said the doctor, frowning; you will compel me, ere the close of my mission to hand you over to a stricter power. Be

silent, if you cannot speak to more purpose. There is plenty to do; there lie new bills of exchange; the last accounts and letters to answer from various quarters. Sit down to your desk, enter them, and then bring me my own register. Mind that you run over the numbers after me. The prices of the medical herbs, and the logwood forwarded by Father Thomas Cosedro, from Assumption, appear to me above the mark. Be careful to note it till the captain himself makes his appearance. He will be here forthwith; but I must take my breviary, and after negotiating the bills for the provincial account, kneel down in humble spirit to thank Heaven for having so wonderfully prospered our labours of late in this city, to the rapid growth of our order. We already include a number of influential names in our community, and the conversion of a very excellent and wealthy member of the senate must shortly, with our Lord's help, give more ample scope and impulse to our society. May the Lord enlighten you, my son; and have you in his holy keeping till my return!"

He then withdrew, and no sooner had he transacted the temporal affairs to which he alluded, than he hastened to refresh himself in the nearmost shades of the city fountain, where he could run over his beads, and celebrate his little *Te Deum* with glib and fearless tongue. This done, he returned, rejoicing in spirit, towards the city, for his devotions had passed undisturbed. Here and there he saluted the more respectable looking persons whom he met; and to others of the working classes he gave a friendly nod of recognition, as they cautiously took off their caps on hearing the

toll of the mid-day bell. The doctor's civility extended even to inanimate objects. In passing the sentry-box at the door of the chief burgermaster; the city arms placed above the senate-house; the city armoury, and the watch, he was equally attentive to take off his hat; and he regularly touched it as he went by any respectable mansion, although not a single sentinel or other inmate appeared to be looking from the windows.

The moment he got within his own narrow precincts, he assumed quite another demeanour; and indeed every object and incident that met his eye, were well calculated to direct his thoughts into another channel. In one narrow street he observed the inhabitants standing at their open doors, and a pretty large group gazing curiously at a house which bore every external mark of squalid penury. As he drew nigh to make inquiry, the door of the wretched dwelling opened, and the figure of the hard-featured minister of St. John's, in his clerical dress, stalked forth, with an expression more than usually stern and angry in his countenance. He was followed by the kind-hearted physician Hackel, known only to the people by the name of the *Poor's Doctor*; and many were the good-natured looks and words which he received on all sides. After them came the wretched, care-worn host himself, apparently engaged in humble solicitation to the minister. But the latter turned sharp round upon the man: "I want no company; — have no more to say; no, my worthy Dr. Hackel, not another word; and the man may as well hold his tongue. He has deceived me, and given scandal to our good city. Had I suspected at first what a rogue

he was, what a renegade to good manners, I would never have set foot even on his threshold."

"But, my worthy pastor," observed the man, "consider a dying fellow-creature; you will not, you cannot leave us in this last stage of misery."

"What is all that to me?" was the cruel answer; "as she has lived, so let her die; she belongs to him whom she has followed: let him help you who decoyed you to your own perdition."

Away went the holy preacher in high dudgeon, followed by a hooting and reviling crowd. The physician, however, put a piece of money into the man's hand, and, shrugging his shoulders as he cast a glance at the retreating minister, left the spot.

The doctor turned round to inquire of an elderly man, who stood by, the meaning of this strange scene.

"It is a sad case," was the reply; "I dare say the pastor is in the right; yet it is very hard, if we consider that the poor are of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. The man whom you saw running like one distracted into the house is a poor comedian. He belongs to a licensed company — some week or two on our boards — has a large family, and a wife at the point of death. The physician referred her case to the clergyman, and the latter, on learning that she was a comedian's wife, refused to administer to her the sacrament in her dying hour. How this will affect her subsequent interment God only knows."

The doctor heard no more, but approaching the house, saw through the window a scene enough to have touched the coldest and hardest of mankind. There, on her wretched couch of straw, lay the ex-

piring mother, wringing her hands as for the last time she had kissed her destitute children, and feebly murmured in broken words, " Adieu ! adieu ! my sweet ones ! — my dearest husband ! — but why, why were we ever born to leave them thus ? Oh ! what will become of these poor children ?"

The children mingled their cries and tears with hers, and the father stood covering his face with his hands ; his stifled groans, and the agitation of his whole frame, speaking stronger than any words the extent of his grief. But what was the doctor's surprise when, throwing up his arms in the agony of his despair, he beheld in those pale, worn features the face of one whom he already knew. He knocked at the window ; it was slowly opened.

" What is your name, my friend ?" inquired the doctor.

" My name is Wholgemuth, my good sir."

" No," said the doctor, shaking his head, " that is not your real name. The man started — looked earnestly at Leupold a moment ; and then uttering a cry, began to wring his hands.— No, wonder indeed, if I have forgotten my name ; would that I could forget all the rest !"

" Your right name is Joseph Litzach," said the doctor calmly, " and I should wish to speak with you more at leisure."

" It is useless to deny it ; that is my name ;" then casting a piteous glance towards his wife, he said, " It will soon be all over."

The tears came into the doctor's eyes : " Trust in God, my friend ; do not lose your confidence in his mercy. I will return and see you to-morrow."

" Beware ! you must not venture ; but appoin

some spot where I can meet you. You see how I am engaged to day, and to night is the comedy."

"What! and have *you* to play a part during this tragic hour?"

"Yes, my good sir; our manager takes no note of these matters. I am engaged by the week, and mine is the most comic character in the whole piece; but provided the public laugh, my heart may break unnoticed."

The doctor could not find words to reply, and the poor fellow continued: "When the play is over, however, I will slip out in one of my borrowed dresses, my own being unfit for any company, if you will be ready to meet me near the Mailbahn; but at present my poor wife is calling me to her, and I will not say a word of apology to you."

The doctor squeezed his hand, and retired; while the poor player closed the window, and returned to his last melancholy duty.

Not a single acquaintance did the doctor meet to whom he did not reveal the melancholy story he had just heard, and obtained something more substantial than mere compassion. To the poor the poor can always look, and to them only, with a certainty of being really pitied and relieved. It was a relief also to the doctor to meet a character of another description, well calculated to withdraw his thoughts from the painful reflections to which his recent adventure had given rise. A stout able-bodied seaman in a brown coat, loose yellow pantaloons of foreign pattern, tight well-rounded shoes with large silver buckles; his neck-band slovenly tied in true sailor's fashion, and with a stout Spanish cane in his hand, now advanced from the

threshold of his house, where he was gazing idly around him, and shook the doctor heartily by the hand. His huge embroidered hat, with its characteristic loop, and a parti-coloured stripe or two down his dress pointed him out no less than his language for a jovial specimen of the ancient mariner.

"Good cheer to your worship! all right and tight with you, good doctor? A happy hail; I'd a' spoke you afore, for I have just been to your hammock; and because they would none of 'em hoist sign which way you had steered, *donner and blitzen!* I have been giving them all to a thousand devils. Nay, don't preach now; for you must, God mend me! come and mess with me — a bit later than usual, to be sure, but heartily welcome as an old shipmate; and I am as hungry as a shark; for I lowered sail about eleven, stowed in my ballast at the Golden Lion, and there I have cast anchor, my old hearty, while lying a-port."

He took the doctor familiarly by the arm, and struck out in quite another direction: "You looked for me a-shore long before this, I venture to say," he ran on, "but I have run east and west, through storm and flood, before I could once fathom old father-land again. I have my ship as fresh and sound as a new launch at Havre. My worthy colleague has already touched the ready cash at Paris, and Father Lavajette, young as he is, is already over head and ears in some grand speculations, and talks, like a prince, of fresh trips across the old ocean. I have letters from Paris and Lisbon for your good superior; and I shall beg of you, after giving me a receipt for the accounts, and certificates of all moneys which I have got to deliver over,

just to give me a scroll of 'how be you, my hearty?' to that excellent and worthy old governor of your affairs."

The doctor, with a smile, expressed his readiness; and both these originals of their day took their seats "cheek by jowl," as the honest captain would have it, in the ordinary of the Golden Swan, to refresh their energies with such good fare as it was found to afford. The hostess, a still fresh, and comely-looking dame, had already become a convert to the forbidden faith, thanks to the arts set on foot by the good doctor's agents. The host, a heavy, good-natured-looking citizen, was still more easily made subservient to their designs than even his better half, of whose happy change, however, he had yet not the most remote idea. He had formed a lofty and almost reverential opinion of the doctor's diplomatic powers — not a little enhanced by the custom he brought the house; and his wife seized every moment she could spare to listen to his comfortable doctrine, and receive the peace-assuring absolutions of her good father-confessor, to which her ill-assorted union, and her continually reviving scruples gave sufficient employment, as well as to the tongues of her neighbours, who failed not to descant on her too sensitive feelings, which for so fair a dame they pronounced to be rather dangerously sympathetic, added to the flatteries of some young gentlemen who were observed to frequent her residence at their own discretion.

The company now assembled was not numerous; the captain and the doctor were chatting in one corner: in another part was the hostess, superin-

tending the progress of dinner; and in the tap-room was the host himself, bustling up and down with his fly-flapper, and discussing the taking of Belgrade, the imperial diet, and the badness of the times. At the window were two gamblers at their dice and cards—one an officer of the state militia, the other a puff-cheeked broker; both on the best terms with the lady of the house, and both conveniently left to themselves. The entertainment was but of an ordinary character, as is usually the case where there is only one voice, and that not of the host, in question. The captain eat like a trooper, drank like a sponge, and yet, at the same time, had an eye to business; the doctor kept a look-out on his neighbours, and the gamblers rattled away with perfect indifference: while the gentle hostess, kept up a running Parthian fight, with the light-winged arrows of her tongue. But a travelling carriage stopping suddenly at the door of the house, put all ears and eyes under requisition. Heads were instantly out at the window, the dinner guests being the only honourable exception; for there was something more engaging and steady in the nature of their occupation. The new arrival, in the shape of a young traveller of noble aspect, walked calmly into the room, at the same time giving orders for his luggage to be carried into the best chamber yet unoccupied in the house. Pleased with the exterior of the young man, the hostess invited him to a seat near the doctor, and ordered a reinforcement of the feast to be brought in. The stranger moved to the two friends, and seated himself very quietly at the table. The host placed himself opposite, and cast more than one inquisitive

glance at the stranger. Still, the dice and the voice of the gamblers rattled, at intervals, in their ears; but the captain was first to break the silence of the dinner-table.

"Had a pleasant journey, sir?"

"Very good!"

"Come a good way, I doubt not?"

"A good way!"

"Just travelling?"

"No."

"Some business in these parts then?" No answer.

"Are we countrymen, think you? I am a Frieselander."

"I am not!"

"May I venture to inquire, sir?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Where are you going next?"

"Waiter! a bottle of wine!"

Thus briefly did the stranger break line; and the captain, not a little mortified at the manœuvre, bit his thick lip, and drew in sail. The doctor laughed in his sleeve, and examined the laconic speaker a little more narrowly. He had nothing of the trivial or affected, much less of levity, in his air; his manner was that of an earnest, grave and prudent man. His well-regulated features wore an expression at once calm and resolute, his eyes were large, and looked out straight and firmly at the objects before him. Decision was stamped upon his brow — and the strength to obey an iron will lay in his strong-knit frame. But the deep mourning which he wore might perhaps account for the absence of lighter manners, and the cheerfulness

or vivacity peculiar to his time of life. He eat slowly and sparingly of what was set before him, and mixed the wine which he drank with a double portion of water. The doctor was much struck with the whole appearance and demeanour of the stranger — in particular, his measured and moderate tone; and unwilling longer to pursue his confidential conversation with the captain, he addressed a few complimentary words to the stranger, which were answered with the same remarkable brevity and coolness.

Meantime, the officer who had been engaged at play, having carried his points, jumped up, and approaching the window, threw up the sash: — "*Mort de ma vie!* Lensal! Wechsel," he cried, "quick! look out! here is the handsome Müssinger, along with her stately mamma! 'Pon honour! she is the loveliest creature in the whole city!"

"Well, now!" exclaimed the hostess, who could not bear to hear any woman praised but herself, "I wonder, Mr. Lieutenant, to hear you say so — for I am sure she is no such miracle, after all. She is an assuming little brazen-faced piece of goods. See how she goes, as finely plumed as any peacock; and then, if you were to see her marching in all her heroics to church! Can any man be in her company for an hour, without coming in for a slap of the face, or getting his knuckles rapped by her shocking pride. Still she is a good way yet behind her mighty and imperious mamma; though she has the knack of answering even her, so keen and comically, so sparring and spitefully, as to frighten every one in company. The light-headed little heiress, then, may well thank her stars, that

she has got some gold ballast, as a make-weight, to set off her less engaging qualities !— marry may she!"

"Ah, ah! my lady hostess!" cried the lieutenant, in a jocular tone, "you are envious, I am afraid."

"Hem!" rejoined the hostess; "little to envy, by my troth! I don't envy the poor Dutchman that got such hard measure among them, I'm sure. Let the devil pipe, and they'll dance. The idea of it makes one's blood run cold."

"Bah! you had better keep a quiet tongue, interrupted the host, "or you'll burn your fingers, my lady of the Swan. Has not our honourable senate enjoined as much to all us honest citizens. It is a point of order; rip me up no more of these old woman's stories — for order I must maintain, or we may go farther and fare worse, my lady!"

"Well spoken, by ——!" cried the lieutenant, "order is the foundation of every thing —subordination is the rule, and women, like other bodies, must learn how to obey. By Jove! I only wish I knew whither the ladies have betaken themselves; 'pon honour! I should like to find them out. If I thought they had taken their airing towards the gardens, or the Windmill-walk, I would soon saddle my Polander, and have a bit of a confab with the little charmer, face to face."

"Ridiculous puppy!" muttered the dark-visaged stranger, in an under-tone, as he rose up; and with the same firm and measured step took his departure. No one, if we except the doctor, seemed to notice his exit; but in a little while, the officer jumping up, began to flourish his sword, cocked his hat

with a military air, shook his spurs, and prepared to put his threatened pursuit of the ladies into immediate execution.

"Will you ride with me, Lensal?" was his bluff inquiry.

"'Sdeath! I have no horse that will keep pace with your Polander."

"*Mort de ma vie!* and now I think of it, my good Polack has got a spavin, and must keep his stall. Egad, I must go on foot. Will you go with me, Monsieur Pahlens?"

"That would hardly suit me. I have business; and it is now four o'clock," was the reply.

"Oh! I see how it is! you were a fine gallant young fellow once, eh! But pretty work you have made of it, with your dreams and visions,—all religion now! thanks to the doctor here! is not it true, gentlemen?—a'nt it, my good hostess? *à revoir! adieu!*"

The man of war took his leave amidst loud laughter. After a variety of sarcastic remarks upon his puppyism and his debts, the rest of the company began to follow his example. The captain went to look after his affairs; the hostess had to prepare for some evening guests; and the worthy host was enjoying his afternoon's nap. The doctor and Monsieur Pahlens, paired off together; the half-witted convert, addressing himself to the former, as his father confessor, on their way. "Ah! my good sir; you see into the inmost recesses of my poor heart, and I must confess my weakness. That fair maiden has cast her spell over my soul. Yet I have not ventured to breathe a word in her ear,

nor shall I ever do so, unless you will give me your fatherly permission."

That dare I not do," replied the doctor; "and to what purpose? You are poor, the lady rich. Her father is a senator, you a church warder. Again, you are a Catholic, and she a Protestant. The grace of God may, to be sure, bring about her regeneration; but we must not count without our host. I do not repress the longing of your heart after woman's love; it is like the vine to the elm; and virtuous love must always confer mutual strength, succour, and support. But then, you should remember to whom you owe your redemption from your old errors; you should give all your gratitude and devotion to Madame Lainetz; for I tell you frankly, that I believe the young lady is not for you."

Upon this brief explanation, Monsieur Pahlens made his bow with no very good grace, and turned short in another direction, leaving the doctor to pursue his way to the Mailbahn, as already agreed upon between him and the poor comedian. There, pacing backwards and forwards, he ruminated on the work of the day; and listened with disapproving ear, to the loud and varied turmoil which rose from the interior of the theatre, mingled with the shouts and revelry of the dashing parties coming and going,—all which he felt to be the mad uproar of the scene.

Soon the walk was entirely deserted; and at that moment, a lady, who had been watching her opportunity, accosted the solitary doctor, who, however, seemed at a loss to recognize her: "If it please your honor, I am the wife of the butler,

Schreiners; and I am your — I mean, you are my father confessor."

"And what would you, my child; I know you very well. To your story."

"If you please, I can no longer endure to live with my husband."

"Why not?"

"He behaves so very ill to me; just because I pretended to be ill, and refused to go to church, as you advised me; and if I did not obey you, I am sorely afraid of the sin."

"No occasion, child! I will absolve you. You may go to church in order to keep up appearances. Sing, and listen to the sermon; but beware of relapsing."

"But it appeared to me as if all that would be so hypocritical."

"Aye! woman! but it is to answer a good end. Be easy on that point. How are your elder children; do they promise to give any buddings of the true fruit of our church?"

"Oh! my God! — none at all! they are too wild and young; even my daughter has scarcely passed her confirmation."

"Well, well! let them alone. Do not be too hasty; beware of exciting suspicion; let our faith take root under ground, like the seed of the field. Let your children take their chance; God will provide, and claim his own wheresoever they may be. Let them alone."

"But it grieves me to think they will be consigned to perdition if left to themselves, as you have often told me. They are my children."

"Mark me, my good woman! it is the general

good — the increase of our church, we are to consult, not the salvation of particular individuals. You are a Catholic, your husband a Protestant; and it is a question whether even your marriage would be considered good; at all events no priest could give you his blessing."

"Oh doctor, my good doctor!" exclaimed the agitated woman; "what is it you say?"

"You have no need to fret yourself,—I will not have it. Leave the children to my direction, and expect every thing from time."

The poor creature, with a low obeisance, and pressing his hand to her lips, took her departure, while the doctor, seating himself on a bank, his head leaning against a linden-tree, gave himself up to reverie, with his eyes as usual, closed. But he had little time for reflection; this day seemed destined to occupy a remarkable station in the annals of *his* times; and a quick footstep, stopping close to him, caused him to open his eyes. It was Mr. Nothaft, the senator's clerk, returning from one of his customary revels, and being not a little elevated, he accosted the doctor with an affected air of reverence, and then offered him a pinch of snuff. The doctor, who knew the value of a pacific policy, accepted it with a gracious smile, and Nothaft directly added, in a more natural and friendly tone: "I rejoice to have made your acquaintance, sir; you are doubtless a stranger in this place; permit me to offer my services."

"Not wholly a stranger; and yet I believe you are partly in the right."

Nothaft fixing his eye on him, replied with a laugh: "Right well spoken — a stranger and no

stranger! extremely philosophical —*justissimè, optimè!*—all the Latin I know. What think you of that. But if you have gold in your pouch," ringing his purse; you have little need of pedantry; for it is itself the most eloquent language in the world; eh!"

The doctor nodded his head.

"But to return to our subject—I mean snuff. It is necessary to be extremely cautious in the use of it. For instance, a man happens to come by, and asks you to take a pinch. You take it;—you fall asleep; and lo! the next morning you awake, and find yourself in the hands of a recruiting serjeant, or a good part of a voyage in a Dutch transport, towards the back settlements, eh?"

"I know nothing of that."

"Know nothing! *parbleu!* then you deserve to be made a laughing stock. Then, if you know nothing, I conclude that you have as little to risk. You will find *young* souls, the best speculation. But how goes business with you now?"

"Business—what business?"

"*Sapperment!* your own to be sure. What is doing in the privateering way. We have had a pretty exploit lately, I understand. And what number of souls, do you think you have *netted* of late, free of all expense?—Come, do'nt make any mystery of your religion with me. I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Still less be afraid, man,—if you don't actually give him a knock on the pate, our good *magister senatus* will shut his eyes, or pretend to shut them,—so, come, my good father confessor, you may as well confess. However, to shew you my honest purpose, I am ready

to give you a substantial pledge of my trust-worthiness in this matter."

"My good sir! why will you detain me? I have business elsewhere."

"Why! my excellent fellow; I never set eyes on you before to-day; but when I saw you arm in arm, with Captain Tormerpick, in close divan, going to the Swan, (I was at the coffee-house opposite), I began to compare notes; and knowing that the captain was a dealer in souls as well as cargoes, I made up my mind according to the old proverb; 'birds of a feather,'—you know."

"You are very complimentary — you do me great honour, sir."

"Ay, and more, my most active, ingenious man of business! Now I will give you good credit; a capital, solid, immense; on the other hand I will draw interest on the deposit."

"I do not understand you."

"You will soon. One day after date I promise to pay over to you a converted soul — young, sound of core, warranted free of all faults and debts — somewhat stubborn and self-willed; but you have plenty of good schools in the colonies. May the devil fetch me if such a soul is not worth twelve hundred dollars at least! Now, will you accept? I will stand all the expense of the conveyance, &c."

"Speak a little less metaphorically, sir."

"Parbleu! I have spoken as plain as a pikestaff. Just as I saw you in that brown study, the idea struck me. There is a person, in short, whom his connections would willingly be rid of; I will be the agent in the business; the catching and transporting aboard-ship is my special business. Only

strike the bargain, and say when the bill will be taken up."

"There is some little consideration necessary here," replied the doctor, laughing; "but if you are inclined to resume the subject, you can meet me about the same hour to-morrow at the same spot. For the present, I must bid you good night; a friend with whom I have an appointment is now, I see, approaching us."

"Then I will meet you here," was Nothaft's reply, as he shook the doctor's hand.—The comedian made his appearance as the other left. The doctor could scarcely believe his eyes when he beheld the haggard wretch whom he had lately seen wringing his hands, tricked out in all the dashing paraphernalia of the theatre, presenting so strange a contrast to his situation and his feelings.

"Be seated," said the doctor, with an air of dignified compassion; "and, in the first place, how is it with you at home?"

"The poor thing is yet alive," was the reply; "it is indeed the doctor's opinion she may recover; people have also been very good to us; and I have received a handsome compliment from the manager for the admirable comic spirit which I succeeded in throwing into this night's performance. The house was almost convulsed with laughter, so luckily did I hit the right string."

"I am rejoiced to hear all this," was the doctor's reply. "Well, now, are you not the very person whom I once knew when studying at the Jesuit's college at Augsburgh?"

"I am indeed," replied Litzach with a sigh; "but who may you be, sir?"

"*My* name is Muntzner," was the doctor's reply.

"Muntzner!" repeated the player; "is that possible!" and he seized the doctor's hands in his with a cordial grasp. — "Well, now I look, these are indeed my Xavier's intelligent and noble features. How strange this is! but how gratifying that I should recall to mind those glad hours of youth and friendship, when we were accustomed to address each other by the most familiar names. May I yet call you brother? may we tread the same delicious fairy ground which once was ours, in the sweet delusion that we are still the same?"

"Speak out, my poor Litzach, freely as you will; I am all eagerness to learn your adventures since last we met."

"Three words, friend Xavier, will give you the whole history of misfortune so often told. But if I must explain the how and the why, listen to my strange chapter of accidents, which ended in the catastrophe you saw. I left college with a head full of the classics, and my purse full of money — thanks to my frugal parents; yet that was misfortune the first. I gave the sciences to the winds, dashed out in style, and from high life soon came to low. In the prime of life I found myself without a shilling, and knew not which way to turn. As I drew the last penny from my pocket, I heard the sound of music, and beheld a party of comedians entering the place to a lively air, while I recollected at the same moment the grand private theatricals we used to get up at school. Even then the great boys used to select me for my smooth cheek and soft eye to play the female characters; and they showed judgment, for the manager and his com-

mittee did exactly the same thing. Oh, how I have exulted in enacting the cruel exploits of Judith and Herodias! and drawn tears and sighs of love by my exquisite representation of your Daphnis, your Phillis, or the Lalagie in the pastoral strain. Why, thought I, if the father of the Society of Jesus consented to make use of comedy as an auxiliary for his young people, shall I not earn my bread like other unfortunate students, reduced soldiers, and *hoc genus omne*. No sooner thought than done. The comic muse smiled upon me from the first; I won golden opinions from all manner of persons, and some few golden pieces from the manager. Grand personages of heroic days revisited the world, and again played over their parts. I may say, the hero and the lover were each immortalised in me; and why had I any business to ask for more, and to carry the latter character beyond the legitimate precincts of the scene? Had I only kept my head clear of love when off the stage I had been wise. But I ran off with my wife, and I imagine that her father's curse must have followed us, for fortune turned her back, and after the death of her parents we sunk, and sunk, and sunk into the most abject poverty. To crown all, I quarrelled with the manager; I was taken ill, and that was the consummation of my ruin. My poor wife, with her little one in her arms, begged our way from door to door; and in this plight we existed, going from monastery to monastery, and from hospital to hospital, till at length we met with a princely-minded manager, who gave my wife a week's washing for the company, and me actually a trial upon the boards.

But my "Cambyses' vein" was at an end; I could not even reach the *amoroso*—my voice and step were both gone. It was all up; and ah! my friend, what were my feelings when hissed off the boards, and dismissed like a fool, a motley fool, by the manager. My child was lying dead at home, and my wife was on the eve of her second confinement; I could only shed the bitter tears of despair;" and at the bare recollection the poor comedian could no longer repress his emotion. "I next enacted the part of a buffoon; but the true spirit was not in me; the spectators thought me 'a melancholy fool,' and I received the last pittance I was ever to touch in that line. Little think the happy and the gay, when listening to the bursts of merriment from the poor comedians, how many pangs may rive the hearts of those who sport it so flauntingly beneath their vain disguise. Years flew; I grew hard and embittered; my mind accommodated itself to my lot; and after a long apprenticeship to misery, fortune suddenly veered about; we began to look up once more; and then my wife fell dangerously ill. It was thus only the sunshine of a wintry day; and from bad to worse we again fell into the wretched condition in which you found us. The only pleasure I have for long experienced was when I first recognized you; and now the mere hope that my poor Kate may recover, and your thus receiving me as an old friend, render me comparatively a happy man."

As he closed his painful narrative, he shook the doctor by the hand, who, on his part, expressed his warm sympathy; but at the same time, having

always an eye to business, he concluded his condolences by inquiring if he were really united by marriage to his present wife?

"Marriage in our fraternity," replied Litzach, "is by no means strictly observed in point of ceremony; and it has often been a source of annoyance both to Catherine and myself, that no priestly blessing has yet sanctified our union."

"I will do that for you," replied the doctor, "but only on one condition — that you keep my counsel, and consent to meet my wishes on a single point."

"Heavens! my worthy sir — I can be as silent as the grave — I understand you, but what is the point to which you allude?"

"Simply that your children shall become catholics. Most probably they have been baptized in the Lutheran church, as your wife is, I believe, of that persuasion."

"Truly, my dear sir, the poor little wretches have never been baptized at all. In short, the expence, you know — and the dislike of your ecclesiastics — to — but I shall willingly ——"

"Good!" replied the doctor, "it shall be done. I will let you know when to come to me; souls must be snatched from destruction, and your worldly sufferings also alleviated. But you must be discreet, and follow my directions to the letter."

"Depend upon me; all shall be as you would have it."

"And here," continued the doctor, "is a sum of money to begin with; and you may look forward to obtaining a situation much better worth your attention than the one which you now fill.

Secresy and obedience are the watchwords you must adopt, and all will go well with you in future."

The poor comedian gave a shout of exultation. "The Lord in Heaven and Doctor Leupold be for ever praised!—I'll soil my fingers no more with the manager's dirty copper — I will fling his gaudy rags at his feet, and await in hope the good fortune you are preparing for me. You have given me more than will suffice for a month's abundant supply; you have recalled me to life and joy; I can find no words sufficient to express my gratitude:" and so saying, the comedian set off in double quick time to make his best way to the theatre.

As the Mailbahn began to fill with visiters of all varieties and classes, the doctor found himself disturbed in his returning reveries, and took his way by the nearest path to his chambers, congratulating himself not a little on the result of his day's labours, in the full trust that he would ultimately find it placed to the credit side of his account.

White met him at the entrance, with the information that the senator had called in his absence, and appeared to be extremely earnest to see him; but, on finding his return uncertain, had sat down and written a letter with trembling hand. This, after cautiously directing and sealing, he had given, with an injunction to be delivered at the earliest moment it was possible. Hastily unsealed by the doctor's hand, the tenor of it ran as follows: —

"My excellent friend — I am in despair at not finding you in your chambers. But, the moment you receive this, come quickly to me in my private

room. We shall be quite undisturbed. I fear I am approaching a serious crisis — a crisis which is full of danger even as regards my soul. Your assistance is all I have left me to look for. I have just received information that young Mr. Birsher has arrived — and is now actually in this place."

CHAPTER X.

The morning after the event alluded to in the last chapter, Mr. Nothaft, the senator's clerk, having risen early, and arrayed himself in the most fashionable style, proceeded, with great self-complacency, to his principal's room. Having knocked several times, without effect, he reluctantly betook himself to the office, and, with a proud, commanding air, he paced to and fro, disdaining to seat himself at the desk as heretofore. His old colleague Berndt measured him with an inquisitive eye, as he rapped the lid of his snuff-box, and played off a variety of consequential airs; when the door, suddenly opening, in walked the senator with a deportment so wholly opposed to that of his vain servitor as to make the degree of contrast almost ludicrous. There was a humility in his look and manner, mingled with an apprehension and anxiety which seemed to affect even his voice. "Would you speak with me?" he said, in a low and feeble tone, addressing his fashionable clerk, and, at the same time beckoning him to follow into his cabinet. "I dare lay a wager," he observed, addressing

Nothaft, with a faint smile, as he eyed his gaudy dress, "that you are come to solicit a day or two's vacation from business. Thank your stars that I am not quite so particular as our excellent book-keeper, and am in no humour to disappoint any body to-day if I can help it. Sir, you shall have your request, providing only you continue to show the same skill and assiduity in the hours of business."

"There is nothing of the kind in question here, sir," was the vain fellow's reply: — "the occasion of my absence from the office will, I have reason to think, be as agreeable to you as to myself. Know then, my excellent sir, that I am become heir to a pretty considerable property; my father, late merchant and senator in his native city, is just deceased in his seventieth year; and I am agreeably flattered by my friends with the expectation that the senatorial chair, now vacant, might be conferred, with a little politic management, upon your humble servant. I see you are greatly surprised; but, if that rascally tailor had not disappointed me of my sables, I should have made my appearance before you in a dress more suitable to the occasion of which I speak."

The senator pointed to a chair, and, M. Nothaft, having taken his seat with a sort of obsequious consequence, he continued, with the same friendly air, "Yes, death will be busy with us; yet is it not a misfortune, but rather a tax which we must all of us, one time or other, pay. Be assured that you have my warm sympathy; and I shall not cease to feel an interest in your future career. You have acquired sufficient knowledge in my

office to commence business on your own account; let us continue upon the same friendly terms as principals, as under our former connection; and, to begin, do me the favour of taking supper with me, as old mercantile friends, on next Sunday evening."

"Accept my thanks, most worthy senator, "I am fully sensible of your friendship, as well as of the value of mine towards you. It is for such reasons that I venture, even on an occasion like the present, to suggest to you a plan by which we might not only continue upon the same pleasant and mutually advantageous footing, but give additional strength to the ties which already bind us. My father has left me immense property, and it would seem as if all that were wanting to my happiness, were an excellent, well-bred, and fashionable wife. You have a daughter, most noble senator, and nothing would gratify me more than to receive her from your hand, and to be called your son. Juliet, to be sure, is rather snappish and whimsical at times; but I have not a doubt that we should contrive to jog on together, and in a few months we should perfectly understand each other; and I don't mind her being a little spiteful, in jest."

The senator sat the picture of astonishment, and could not avoid laughing out, either from a feeling of the ridiculous, or the extreme vanity of the man. Yet he resumed the same friendly and easy tone: "My good friend, you do both my daughter and myself great honour; but is it possible that you should not know of Juliet's being already betrothed? Mr Birsher has her promise as well as my own."

"What!" exclaimed Nothaft, are you still harping upon the old story of the bridegroom at New York? Oh, pray, my dear sir, give it up. If he should ever think of coming into this country, it will be to take back the grand things brought by his poor father — such as the jewels and dresses — but he will never think more of Juliet as a bride."

"So, so!" observed Müssinger, a little nettled; "how come you to know that? is your intelligence official, think you?"

"Hem!" was Nothaft's emphatic reply; "I consider, only, that if I were the son, I could never bring my mind to marry into the family in whose house my father died."

"As to that!" interrupted the senator struggling to suppress his feelings, "it remains to be seen — he is coming."

"Coming," repeated Nothaft," are you then so blind to your own advantage? An alliance with me would be far preferable to one with the American: I have not so many millions in my chest, it is true — but I can be discreet, and can help you to silence blabbing tongues upon a certain subject."

"How so? I am at a loss to understand the drift of your argument."

Let me refer you, then, to the death-scene of your guest, in your private cabinet. Think of the shocking end he came to in your house!"

"What mean you, sir? what is it you would mean to insinuate?"

"I *insinuate* nothing; but the fact of the pistols — the acceptances, &c."

The senator's features assumed a deathly hue; —

he rose from his seat, drew his breath with difficulty; and then, in a smothered voice, replied —

"You are a bad man in whom to confide, and you have a way of describing these horrible incidents in a man's life, that almost makes one tremble."

"You are quite correct there, Mr. Senator; and the sooner, therefore, we come to an understanding about the marriage, the better will it be for all parties. Come, let us decide quickly; give me the hand of fellowship, and respect the honour of your house."

"That can be done, young man, without the honour of your alliance. You are wonderfully familiar and free—but your alliance is quite another consideration."

Nothaft fixed a bold penetrating eye on the senator, whose passion seemed on the point of breaking forth with terrific energy. He, however, restrained it; and, uttering a contemptuous "pshaw!" directed rather at himself than at his enemy, he answered —

"I have vowed to put a bridle upon my tongue; but, at times, it is hard to hold it in due obedience: — and now, suppose that I were ever so desirous of entering into a relationship with you, how can such a proposal be entertained, when Birsher himself is on the spot?"

Nothaft sprang from his seat in an attitude of alarm; looked earnestly at the senator, as if doubting his information; and then with audacious spirit made reply:

"And suppose he were now in our presence; your word once given to me is a tower of strength;

and Juliet's consent I will shortly find means of obtaining, so as to throw the stranger quite out of his reckoning; — eh, sir, eh?"

"Mr. Nothaft!" exclaimed the senator, and again his choler began to rise.

"Only I would intreat," my good sir, interrupted the daring wretch, "that you will instantly dismiss that idle young Englishman—always lurking about the premises—and, more than that, attempting to lead Miss Juliet into confidential conversations — aye, and clandestine meetings—of which I can bring indisputable witness. Such proceedings ought not to be tolerated; it is easier to prevent than to remedy."

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that, sir; if what you dare to allege be founded in fact, depend upon it, it shall be looked after."

"I shall, in that case, be satisfied to receive her from your hands as my bride;"—and, as if calculating fully upon the senator's assent, he proposed to take his leave; while the former, either from policy, or to exhibit that self-command, at which he had aimed during the entire interview, suffered the villain to depart, with more sanguine expectations than he would have indulged, had he known the real state of his master's feelings.

Instead of giving way to his indignation, however, the senator, happy in having curbed the natural violence of his passions, hastened to join his family at the breakfast-table. The book-keeper, with his letters and other papers, made his appearance; and having laid them respectfully upon the table, quietly took his station near, while his principal read and commented as he went along. The

latter then bade his worthy assistant go and wait for him in his private cabinet; then, turning towards M. Berndt, he told him to consider himself at liberty, till he joined him in the office; and, next addressing his wife —

"Well, how is this, my dear; and you, Juliet — is our table duly prepared for the reception of our expected guest?"

Juliet seemed inclined to leave the answer to her mother; but the latter had no inclination to avail herself of her daughter's silence. She filled the pause, however, with a brisk clatter of the tea equipage, then gave a kind of groan, and half turning her back upon the inquirer, looked out at the window.

"Come, my lady," exclaimed the senator, with a look of surprise, and at the same time, laying his hand upon the back of her chair in a kind and familiar manner—"come, favour me with your opinion, at least."

The sulky lady, however, disdaining to reply, hastily rose and flung from him, as if she had come in contact with a scorpion.—The door closed with a loud expression of her displeasure.

"What is the meaning of this?" inquired Müssinger, struggling to keep down his sudden indignation, while Juliet proceeded to state that she had observed this singular conduct on her mother's part, ever since their walk the day before; but that she could in no way account for it.

"What unhappy delusion can have got possession of her now?" rejoined the senator, shrugging up his shoulders, with a look more of sorrow than of anger.—"Surely, there is not a single head of a

family in the whole empire who can be compared, in point of wretchedness, with me—embittered, as my whole life is, by this worse than modern Xantippe."

Juliet, with tears in her eyes, threw her arms round her father's neck, and sought to console him.

"And are you angry too with me, dearest father —do I deserve your reproach?"

The senator eyed his daughter with a troubled look; and as he turned away, with a heavy sigh and clouded brow, "I had yet to learn," he replied, "that hypocrisy remained to be added to *your* list of failings. Yes, you can accost me with that innocent look, after betraying my confidence, and making assignations with a young man, who has also shown himself unworthy of the trust reposed in him. Why this?—and whither have you been, Juliet?"

Juliet grew a little pale, and faltered: but quickly recovered her perfect self-possession. "Berndt has calumniated me, dear father," was her reply; "he had the meanness to track my steps; but do not believe a word that he says. I will tell you all you can wish to know. It was only in one instance, I accompanied the person in question; and it was then to visit a poor unhappy woman. If this single explanation should not satisfy you, Mr. White will be able to give you all other particulars which you may require."

"This is a singular confession; and yet I will try to persuade myself that no bad motive could have actuated you. But where is all this to end? I trust in heaven that you have not got it into your head to wish to marry that deserving, but unfortunate broken-down baronet."

"Say no more, I beseech you, father," interrupted Juliet; "your anxiety is here wholly unfounded. As regards Mr. Birsher, I can no longer consider his visit here as at all applying to me;—that I imagine is given up. For Mr. White, I can only add, that you will gratify me by dismissing him from his situation as my English teacher, immediately. Then, in respect to M. Berndt —"

"Stop, that is my business," replied the senator, as he hastened into the inner-room, where the pious clerk awaited his appearance with the most humble demeanour: "You have permitted yourself, sir, to intermeddle in matters which no way concern you; you have cast the poisonous breath of defamation on the daughter of your principal; misinterpreting her most innocent and laudable actions,—yea, even attempting to influence the feelings of her own father against her. I suffer no such persons in my house. Take this to the bookkeeper, for a quarter's advance of your salary, and look out for another situation. Be more prudent in future,—and adieu."

The conscience-stricken clerk took himself off, muttering as he went: "All this comes of my acquaintance with Mr. Nothaft; I thank him not."

The spirit of discord, indeed, appeared to have spread its wings over the unlucky senator's roof: the whole of the inmates, with the exception of poor Juliet, were either estranged from, or embittered against each other. With undisturbed heart, and clear eye, she looked into the future—she already felt the precarious tenure of human hopes and prospects, in the strange calamity which had so suddenly dissolved her young day-dreams, when

on the very eve of their completion. And how trying a scene now approached: her father was preparing to receive the son of him who had died in his house, under circumstances of so alarming a character, and which had left so deep an impression on her mind. She again received from the hands of her mother, the keys, as she had before done, on the arrival of poor Mr. Birsher, with an observation from the lady, that in accepting them, her daughter removed a fearful weight from her heart; and she once more reclined upon her easy chair, giving way to the natural indolence and apprehension which were her inseparable companions.

"May I not know what it is oppresses you, mother?" inquired Juliet. The lady replied only by wringing her hands, and shaking her head in a most portentous manner: "Don't ask me, child, do'nt ask me,—time will show but too soon what it all means. Wretched mother, as I am! and you, my poor child; a dreadful fate—a fate that threatens to entrap our very souls, is now hanging over us. God help! God help! and send us some of his angels to our rescue. But here, love, take the keys of this unblessed abode; and keep them, my dearest, do: for I will never touch them any more!"

She then groaned inwardly, with her large unmeaning eyes fixed in an ecstacy of stupid terror upon Juliet, who began to indulge serious fears that her mother had really taken leave of her senses. She observed, however, in a playful tone; "Well, mamma, if I am to play the hostess, I shall require an assistant, while young Mr. Birsher remains with us."

"Just as you please, my love; and God protect poor young Mr. Birsher! He had better have remained at New York; but who will you get to help you?"

"A French lady—Madame Lainetz; who is well recommended to me."

"So! a French woman;—those French have long fingers and sharp tongues. You will find use for your keys, and must be on your guard."

"Pray, mamma, don't be anxious; it will only make my father more miserable; and really he appears very far from well. Let us say and do nothing which can possibly annoy him."

"Annoy him!—your father!—not a word of him; for would to God I had never been so unfortunate as to meet with him! Yes, would to God that you had never been born, my poor, dear Juliet."

"Mother, mother! why will you make yourself thus miserable?"

"Oh! I wish I could avoid seeing Mr. Birsher. Can I, think you, Juliet, be dispensed with at table? tell me how I can do it."

"Impossible, dear mother; — the lady of the house! quite impossible."

"Oh, my Redeemer! good Lord! what must not one do to keep up appearances!" was the poor lady's emphatic reply. "What horrid secrets must not one conceal from the world's eye!—smiling and fawning with such a load of deadly fright upon one's mind. How I shall ever sit at the head of that table, and look at Mr. Birsher — I don't know. Oh Lord! have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner! Why was I born to go through such things as these?"

"Indeed, I am afraid of you, mother! What *can* be the matter?"

"Afraid of me!" repeated the agitated lady, actually rising from her easy chair, with an effort at once painful and ludicrous. — "Afraid of me! Thou impious child! — of me, who am as quiet as a lamb — as pure as driven snow — compared with *others* I could name — of me, who bore you! — me, who have been racking my brains ever since yesterday to devise some plan of snatching you from perdition. Keep your hold fast on me, foolish child! — humble yourself before God; and fear and avoid your father as the lamb would do the wolf — for the wolf is abroad; so remember not to do a single thing he asks of you, for he only wishes to lead us both into the pit of destruction!"

Juliet gazed on her mother with an expression of pity and alarm, which she could not conceal. She said not a word more; for she had come to the conclusion that she was really out of her mind; and taking advantage of the new duties she had to perform, she made them an excuse to terminate the conversation.

"Come to me soon, dear Madame Lainetz," began her note to her new protegée; "I have arranged every thing for your visit: — come and try it for a few days, and see how you could like to reside with your friend Juliet."

Having despatched her invitation, she sought to forget the very painful feelings excited by her late conversation in a variety of little cares and preparations connected with the arrival of their hourly-expected guest. Meantime a slight tap was heard at the senator's private door; and a figure, wrapped in a large dress coat, a tie-wig, and a handsome,

full-padded neckcloth, and large silver knee-buckles — altogether conveying the idea of a man of rank and character — presented itself to the eyes of the puzzled merchant.

"In the name of our Lord and Saviour!" observed the stranger, approaching nearer; and "Doctor Leupold! is it possible!" escaped the lips of the astonished senator. — "Welcome! most welcome, doctor!" he added, stretching out his hand, and preventing the low obeisance which the other was about to make. — "No; let us meet as friend with friend, my good father."

"You are deeply immersed in business, I perceive," said the doctor; "and from your looks I need not inquire how much better you find yourself since the grace of our Lord and Saviour beamed on your benighted soul. Happy, indeed, that you have been permitted to become a member of our holy mother church, without being subjected to the noviciatory processes and examinations most usually insisted upon in the course of a conversion from prevailing errors. The happiness I have derived — I, one of the meanest and humblest of labourers in the vineyard of the Lord — from having been your first counsellor and guide in the paths that lead to salvation, fills my whole heart with a holy delight and satisfaction which I cannot find words to express. Do you not feel a corresponding peace and satisfaction fill your mind, my son; are you not sensible of a blessing never before possessed?"

"If faith in a most happy expiation and forgiveness, through your blessed efforts, worthy father, can bring peace, I then enjoy it."

"Right! right! Faith is the grand shield of all other good qualities; it is ever ready to cover the true soldier of Christ Jesus in his hour of need. I doubt not but you look forward to the arrival of your young guest with well-assured confidence—firm in heart and spirit."

"Your support upholds me, father," was the senator's reply.

"You mean the strength of the Lord and his heavenly hosts; it is the angelic wings hovering over you, and fanning the feverish thoughts of the poor sinner till his conscience becomes refreshed and easy, which yield you true support. Preserve your conscience pure and clear from further occasion of expiating sin, and the battle will end in a glorious victory. The tempter may indeed approach near, but the strong in faith are more than his match. I have already submitted to your perusal the blessed career of the founder of our order, and of his holy apostle Xavier, snatched like a brand from the burning of the heathen. They will serve us as memorable examples of the truths with which I seek to impress your mind. They will show you that the more dangerous the temptation the more noble is the victory to be achieved,—now when the devil with his damnable arts and sophistries invades the ears of the newly-converted with doubts and drawbacks, and insinuations like this.

"What! think you that you are now in the true path? I assure you, son, it is a noble conquest when you can heartily make answer, 'Yea, Satan, that am I in spite of thee and all thy terrors.' You understand me, I hope, perfectly, do you not, my friend? Your former sins are forgiven you—

the blood of our Lord hath washed them out; and my priestly word and office is to you a pledge of this. Now, onward with courage and a clear bold eye! It is no earthly warfare you have got to wage. Heaven is before you; you are already armed with the grace of God; you have next to earn the confidence of our order, through which you obtained that healing gift. A throne is a noble possession; but to be a coadjutor of a society like ours in its earthly concerns is a far higher fame."

"Count upon me without scruple, the moment I am fairly over the bridge — I mean in all things not opposed to my duties as a citizen and the father of a beloved child."

"Dangerous and useless clauses in a deed drawn to secure your soul!" was the doctor's reply. "Paternal duty indeed! Our church itself is the most loving parent of her children. A citizen! What an idea! Half-measures, my friend, are ever impolitic and unsatisfactory. What you will be, you must be one and entire; and our duties can never be allowed to come in conflict with our religion. Truth is one — right stands unsupported and alone. It is men's maxims only which fail and die; but our spiritual truth is of immortal seed. If thoroughly convinced of the rectitude of your civil actions, urge them vith vigour and perseverance. Party spirit and perverse laws often conduce to a result, to achieve which transcends the glory of all civic crowns — the salvation of your native land. I undertake to explain with greater precision and distinctness the nature of these inimitable principles of action when the time shall arrive to call upon you for their particular application."

"Their application!" exclaimed the senator with dismay; and a death-toll seemed wringing in his ears, and his brain whirled.

"So it is, my son," replied the doctor, with perfect composure; "the stars run their appointed course; and thus, also, the destiny of worlds, that of states—communities—and individual beings. Let us take advantage of the opportunity afforded us. It would be pleasing in the sight of Heaven, to bring this tottering state of Lutheranism to an end, only upheld by arbitrary, exclusive measures; and let us awake in its stead the slumbering spirit of all-holy and mighty Christianism, the truly catholic, and comprehensive religion of all lesser sects, which shall gather its wandering children from all sides, into its maternal bosom. How would you appear in the eyes of the Almighty Judge, were you, with your single hand, to raise up again that blessed standard of the true faith, in the face of those who have trampled it in the dust—to wave triumphantly over towers, and cities, and seas? Would you hesitate to declare the hely war; would you dare to insult the God of truth, by low-born fear, or the threats of man?"

"Most truly," replied the senator; "I stand greatly disconcerted and astonished at the tenor of your appeal. What an arena of mortal strife do you open to my view! Your words seem to pierce my brain;" and drops of agonized intense emotion stood upon his brow, and coursed each other down his face.

"Fear no danger, my son, for God will be with the brave and unshrinking in spirit; his

angel will hurl the Satan from his place. Besides, I speak in metaphor; the heroic image of such a struggle lives only in the imagination—not in times when a calculating, measured, and mathematical spirit, I may say, is all abroad. Fire and sword are here out of date; we have, instead, the honied sweetness of eloquent words,—the spell of refined intellect,—the glorious privilege of governing, working, and kneading men's minds to our own superior ends and purposes. We no longer hunt the nations down like wild herds, or flocks of silly sheep. No; we seize them by the fore-lock of their minds; master the weak points of their character, and bring them voluntarily to save themselves at the table prepared for them. The wonders which shed lustre upon the antique Jewish dawn, have faded from the eye, it is true; but slowly, secretly, yet instinct with life, like the impulses of nature herself, doth the all-wise Creator continue to unfold events and contingencies to human sight—a perpetual miracle, not less than those recorded in his holy volume, nor less mysterious and pregnant with fate than them. By Heaven's direction did first the sectarian wolf rouse itself from its horrid lair; but with the poison rose the antidote; for is not the origin of our society itself a standing miracle!—daughter of the dust, yet hath she risen to be the foster-child of princes,—a flower that fadeless blooms upon the breast of kings. Show me a similar example in the whole range of historical record and research; and doubt you the finger-marks of our God, who hath awakened us, his champions, to the fight; not the unholy struggle, the death-grasp of the flesh, but of the spirit

and the faith, such as the wants of these times require. Why is the arm of man raised against us? Because our views are brighter and nobler than the world's. But how come we, you will ask, to know that? Are not the argus eyes of my brethren as one; are not their thousand arms directed with concentrated power to achieve a single work, inspired by one will—one might? And to what end! Glory to God in the highest! And how, but by forming disciples of the divine Son, and of his holy cross—anointing the faithful, winning back the wanderers from their errors, and fostering a spirit of faith and love destined to embrace generations upon generations yet unborn in its universal fold. Open wide the gates of the immaculate and blessed church; war, war to the knife, against the Satan of the times, with his legions of folly, of stubborn errors, and daring crimes.

"Here you have, in brief, an idea of the groundwork of our mighty edifice, and the grand object to which it is sanctified and devoted. This is the beacon to warn the nations from the rocks of sectarian destruction: we are fast leading the people of all lands into the paths of salvation; we are converting heathens, heretics, and savages into men. We direct the consciences of princes; and our schools flourish, like the young bay-tree; they spread far and wide; and who will be hardy enough to assert that they do not deserve their fame. Our teachers are the most skilled and learned of their times; our disciples are most amply and powerfully disciplined in all religious and intellectual warfares; and for my brethren in the faith, of whom I am a feeble fellow-labourer in the great

cause; what ministers on earth shall compete with them in their unceasing labours, their works of love, their charity, their ardour, untiring patience, and the wisdom which directs their views. But to carry these views into full and complete effect, we must select human agents; we must connect and bind them in one indissoluble tie—one bond of religion, science, art, trade and commerce, such as to unite in one grand firm, the concerns of different countries, and the traffic of distant seas. In the establishment of our institutions, we possess all the elements to promote the welfare of mankind, but for the means and the modes of operation, we enlist worldly power, wealth and influence, instruments of action which might otherwise be arrayed against us. The canonical penury of the church, the penuriousness of princes, with other causes, cripple our resources; deficiencies for which our mercantile speculations must make up: and hence our colonies, our correspondence with different establishments and factories in the east and west.

"To give you next an idea of our present establishment in these parts, I must inform you that my predecessor displayed considerable activity and zeal, reaping a corresponding harvest for his labours; insomuch that I, his unworthy follower, found much ready done to my hand; the good seed sown, the young shoots of our holy faith springing up fresh and vigorously; while, with the Lord's blessing, I have brought new ground to extend the limits of our spiritual dominion. Your influence will go far to shield our social relations from the eye and the hand of the law. You can watch over our commercial interests; for the society is

prepared to place its commissions, the disposal of its capital in this city, and all the negociations of its bills in your safe and trustworthy hands. On your part, we shall require the various drafts from abroad, and the bills of exchange from the Brazils to be cashed, as between one correspondent and another, and so as to render the connection mutually advantageous."

"My best thanks to the order," replied the senator, in a firm tone: — "I will do every thing that lies in my power to mark my sense of their friendship — for they are true friends who support us in time of need. You have delighted me with your rapid sketch of the society and its prospects; — an union such as it exists, and is further contemplated, strikes me as something almost miraculous — of which I had never dreamed, and much less heard. How gratifying must it be to you, my excellent father, to reflect that you are a member — that you form a link in this vast chain of noble brotherhood."

The doctor fixed his eye with earnest and mournful expression upon the speaker; leaned his chin between his hands, upon his cane, and replied, with a half-suppressed sigh: "Why, Mr. Senator, every calling has its burden; and truly I belong to the sumpters, or beasts of burden, bearing the heavy work of our profession. My satisfaction is derived from my faith in the Lord, in my worthy superiors, and the fruits of my dutiful endeavours. This is my consolation — nay, a paradise for me in the wilderness of the earth. Your accession to the holy cause has, of itself, given me more pleasure than I have some time experienced; and the re-

flection that my sweet sister also prayed to heaven for your welfare, and that she would have delighted to behold the hour of your conversion to the true church, enhances the value of the good work."

The senator was deeply affected; while tears stood in the eyes of the good doctor, as the painful recollection forced itself upon his mind. With an almost simultaneous impulse, the lover and the brother — now met in the characters of the priest and the neophyte — clasped each other's hands, mutually vowing to run the rest of their strange and chequered career in the bonds of holy brotherhood, and to devote their whole energies to the prosperity of the great cause which they had embraced.

"There is one other subject, good father, which oppresses my mind," exclaimed the senator, as he wiped the drops of emotion from his brow — "your adopted son seems to have views of making a proselyte of my daughter; but, from her very nature, I am morally convinced that he will fail; — besides, you can understand — and will spare the feelings of a father."

"All that is cared for," interrupted the doctor— "I have forbidden the young man to frequent your house. He has other duties to attend; and it is time his idle enthusiasm were checked."

"What a man!" replied the senator, pressing his friend's hand with a feeling of grateful emotion; "surely such penetration, combined with such high moral feeling, can be acquired only in schools, formed on principles, and developed by discipline like yours."

At this moment, a loud and repeated ringing

was heard from without. It was the door-bell; and, from the manner in which it was twice and thrice sounded, and the hurry of the servants, it was clear that a stranger was about to be announced. The senator changed colour; the words trembled upon his lips; and he shook, like one in an ague, from head to foot.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is he — Birsher !" stammered out the agitated senator; while the doctor, assuming a resolute and almost angry tone, roused him from the feeling of prostration which the bare idea seemed to have produced.

"What! are you not absolved?—are not all your sins, in the name of the Holy Trinity, forgiven you?—and will you tremble before the face of man! Am I not near you! Go, and receive him, and take heed that you give not the slightest cause for anxiety or suspicion of any kind."

But, as he spoke, the door opened, and Mr. Birsher of New York was announced; a tall young man, in deep mourning, at the same instant making his appearance, while Müssinger was summoning courage to go and receive him. The clear, piercing look, with which the stranger met him on the threshold, had well nigh overpowered him; but the pressure of his hand, and the deep, full, yet mild tone of his voice, soon re-assured the unhappy senator.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr.

Senator; and, in the first place, let me apologize for not waiting upon you immediately after my arrival — but I had a melancholy duty to perform, paramount to all others. I can, at length, however, thank you for your hospitable invitation, and all the kind attentions which you and your family lavished upon my poor father." The senator could only bow with a respectful air, and begged to show the way to the dining-room; while Birsher, in the same clear but troubled voice, continued — "You may suppose that the first object of my visit here was to my father's grave — but that object is now fulfilled; and there my filial duty, and my prayers and blessing rest. I speak thus early and frankly, dear sir, that we may at once dismiss so painful a subject from our minds, and meet as men who have other duties to perform towards the living; and whose friendship is not merely of to-day, but already pledged by the hand of one very dear to me."

The senator threw a speaking glance at the doctor, and the latter was as anxiously studying the physiognomy of the young American. He recognized at once the serious and silent guest who had dined the day before at the Swan. There was the same calm firmness and frankness of demeanour; nor did the luxurious abundance of the table spread before him, with its profusion of wines and elegant fancy-dishes, produce the slightest variation, or expression of compliment, in his manner. He saluted the lady hostess with perfect ease and good nature, and the fair Juliet with more animation — yet with distant and respectful attention. The doctor was introduced to the guest and to the

family, with all due form, by the senator, as a doctor of laws; and, after being joined by the old book-keeper, as the head of the office, they sat down to table. The host watched Mr. Birsher with an anxious eye; his lady sat mute, stupidly cast down and dogged; the book-keeper was no less devoutly silent, and the doctor was the only one who chatted with the new guest upon indifferent topics. Juliet, who presided for her mother on the occasion, was no indifferent spectator;—not a word, a look escaped her; she was equally courteous and pleasingly attentive to all. But her eye most frequently rested on the doctor and the young American. Though the figure of the former appeared strange to her, there was something in his voice which she seemed to have heard in some other place. In vain she sought to recall where and how it had been; and she turned from the subject to interest herself in the conversation of the young American. Her eye was almost involuntarily bent upon him; there was something manly and noble in him which attracted her; yet for which she could in no way fully account, while she secretly blamed herself for her marked attention to his conversation. Yet it was no way surprising; for there was a frankness, an animation, a fine cheerful spirit in his whole bearing, which bespoke a mind and heart at ease; and in all which he said and did, at once novel and delightful to the worn spirits of a girl, who had witnessed little else than scenes of continued strife and misery between those whom she was bound to love and respect. Her eye met his clear, straight-forward look, as they conversed, without shrinking; she

hung upon his least words, and laughed and sympathised with him, as if she had been a sister — conscious of a species of magic she could not resist.

After partaking of a single dish, he pushed aside his plate, observing that he was no longer hungry, and that he never ate to indulge his taste; at the same time adding that he should only be the more ready to assist others who differed from him in opinion. The lady senator eyed him with astonishment and aversion she could ill conceal; and he observed, with a smile, "I perceive, madam, I have already transgressed the bounds of national etiquette; but a few words in explanation will set me right with you. Our style of living in America is extremely simple; it is the same with our dwellings, our furniture, and our dress. Three dishes, a glass of beer or wine, one half hour's real conversation, closing with a hearty prayer, constitute all of this species of sociality usually displayed on our sabbaths or days of festival. Permit me to observe this national custom, however singular it may appear; and though I dare not participate in the superabundant elegancies and splendours which surround me, I shall be happy to contribute my share towards the social entertainment, and will begin by giving you some account of the reasons which led to my appearance among you at a time when I could scarcely have been expected."

The whole of the company expressed their pleasure at the proposal, while the senator added, in a scarcely articulate voice, "You have only anticipated a visit, than which nothing could give us all more sincere pleasure, though on an exact calcula-

tion I am at a loss to see how you could have reached here since the arrival of the vessel bringing the news to New York that—that—"

"You are right, senator," replied Mr. Birsher; "the Danish ship bearing Van den Höcken's despatches, reached New York only three weeks ago; you will smile; but I had already set out, under the influence of a strange impression — a species of second sight, I may call it, and which excited the splenetic humour of my worthy factor."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor and the bookkeeper almost at the same moment. The senator's countenance fell. Both the ladies had their eyes fixed upon the speaker's lips. He marked their particular expression, and observed with a smile, "Nay, I am not going to tell you a ghost story — nothing beyond a simple dream; and this may be accounted for upon natural principles, when I inform you of the more than ordinary attachment which ever subsisted between the father and the son. It was a two-fold object with which my father visited this part of Europe; he had some affairs of a pressing nature to attend to in East Friesland; and he was desirous of securing for me, in person, a treasure of another kind — of which I shall not say more at present. Besides, he had long resided, and in part made his fortunes, in Holland and Germany, and he was determined to visit the scenes of his youth once more. The vessel in which he sailed had a somewhat ominous sound; it was the 'Farewell.' After following it with my eyes and my blessing, I resumed my avocations, but with an anxiety and restlessness for which I could not account; my thoughts were continually recurring to

my father, and the sound of the 'Farewell' still rung in my ears. This state of my feelings doubtless gave rise to a dream, or vision, whatever you may call it, which I had soon after the ship had sailed. I was sitting as usual in my office, writing, when I heard a knock at the door. — 'Come in!' I cried; but no one appeared. I then, hearing it repeated, got up and went to the door, and there stood my father, dressed as usual, but looking deadly pale. 'Welcome!' I observed, at the same time stretching out my hand. It met no answering pressure; but I heard a voice, as the form faded slowly before my eyes — 'Farewell! my good George! I am no more; and must remain in Europe.' I rushed into the street; and taking my passage for Holland, was hardly susprised on learning from Van den Höcken, on my arrival, that my father was indeed no more."

"Oh! this is a dreadful story!" exclaimed the senator's lady, quite thrown off her guard; and rising from her chair, she attempted to retire from the table; while her consort, little less agitated, gave her his arm, as if she had intended at that moment to withdraw; but with a look of horror and disgust she flung from him, and seizing Juliet's hand, hurried with trembling step and distracted air out of the room.

"Really," observed the American, "your good lady has more sensibility than I should have conjectured: I have frequently related the same fact, even in company of delicate women, as a singular affection of the senses, without exciting the same kind of emotion."

"It is a singular instance certainly," observed

the doctor, at the same time screening the senator from the stranger's observation; "a trait like this convinces me of the extraordinary affection you must have borne your deceased parent, whose virtues, indeed, well merited a longer date."

The American looked gratified, and replied with marked emphasis — "He shall live in the fulfilment of the wishes and the objects he had nearest his heart, as far as depends upon me; those are no less sacred to me than the disposition of his property. To come to the point, I am here far less from the motive of calling in my father's accounts, than in pursuance of the intention I know he entertained of uniting two families in bonds of the most endearing union; and I am prepared to ask our respected senator whether he will meet me in my views, transfer to me the friendship which he bore my father, and, now that he is no more, receive me, agreeably to that father's fondest wishes, as a friend and a son?"

"Mr. Birsher! Sir!" stammered out the senator, much affected and surprised, "your noble frankness, your manly sense, come upon me so suddenly, that—" and here he stopped.

"It is my object simply," replied Birsher, "to ascertain if you will permit me to prove my obedience to my father's will. At his hands I had agreed, confidingly — persons would say rashly agreed — to receive as a bride one with whose person and qualifications I was unacquainted. What shall I say, now that I have seen the young lady, and heard her eulogy from her own charming sense and manners? But I am no friend to circumlocution on these occasions, and I wish to hear you

say 'Yes,' or "No,' Mr. Senator. The bridal gear is, I believe, in your own house. The capital recovered by my father in these parts, I am given to understand, he devoted to the liquidation of some accounts between you and Van den Höcken; the bills withdrawn being intended as pin-money for his daughter-in-law. You see every thing was fully prepared by my poor father; and will you refuse to effect the object of his wishes?"

"No, no, it shall be done!" exclaimed the other; and as he spoke, he felt as if he were throwing off a mill-stone round his neck; "you are doubly, a thousand times welcome, as your noble father's son, my own son, and my very dear friend!" and he rose and grasped the young man's hand in the fulness of his heart. The American returned his embrace with equal ardour; even the old book-keeper was inspired, and shouting out his congratulations, challenged the doctor to fill his glass, and make the bottles ring again. "Gratulor! gratulor!" cried the doctor as he filled his glass, nodding his approbation, but the true heart's welcome spoke not in his features, nor rested on his brow. Yet it was only for a moment that a cloud was visible; for in the man of deep subtlety and experience in the world's ways, only indications the very opposite to the real feelings are suffered to appear.

The senator now grew animated, and seemed to have regained something of his former self. For the moment, he rose above that heavy sense of his peculiar misfortune, which had sat like an incubus upon his soul. The silver bell sounded in his hand. "Alicant!" he cried, "four bottles—the seal with the four towers! haste, quick! and hark,

the Spanish chalices, and the dessert! Aye," he added, "and Juliet shall come in again—she shall chalk for us while we drink jubilee." He was in the zenith of his best old days, and it induced the others to enter into the spirit of the scene. The wine circulated, and toast after toast was drunk; the silver bells round the splendid mirrored ornaments, hanging over a beautiful Chinese temple in the middle of the table, with the costly chandeliers, rung and trembled with the joyous, agitating revelry of the guests, celebrating the prospective union between the two houses.

But the brilliant sparkling of the richly decorated table was exceeded by the joyous eye, and exhilarated spirit of the host, beneath whose bursts of wit and happy sallies, not only the hearts of his guests, but the voices of the many-toned bells gave out responding sounds. The door opened, and the servitors appeared with a magnificent silver tray, on which were six bottles of the costly wine, with flowers in their fresh drawn heads, and after these came others, with various specimens of the most delicate vintages; that is, of the highest tone and extract, with appropriate seals and dates, and different glasses adapted for the trials of each, in its relative strength and flavour. Last of all appeared the figure of a beautiful woman, simply but elegantly clad, whose symbols of house-keeping seemed to confer on her the character of under hostess, but whose youth and sparkling beauty, with a peculiar elegance of manner, attracted the attention of the company. They all rose and welcomed her, but the senator more particularly expressed both his pleasure and his surprise.

"I have sought after Miss Juliet, sir, in obedience to your orders; but she is no where to be found," observed the fair vision, as she handed each of the guests the wine, with an air of a princess attending the monarchs of the earth. "Not to keep you, however, in suspense, I have ventured to offer you my poor services; and I appeal to your indulgence." The figure of Juliet here glanced upon them from the side-door for a moment; apparently enjoying the apologies of her assistant, the astonishment of the senator and his guests, and observing, in a sly tone, as she turned a little towards them, "Madame de Lainetz, gentlemen; the widow of a noble French soldier, and my very dear friend, who has kindly consented to bear me company."

"Delighted to hear it," observed the senator with a fresh obeisance, and pointing to the seat vacated by the terrified lady of the house: she would have declined, but Juliet coming a little forward, whispered in her ear, "Do, sit down, if you have pity in your nature, and entertain the gentlemen, for not a word has yet been spoken here, that does not harrow up my heart." She hastily withdrew, and the lady seated herself to do the honours*. She gave some passages of her painful history, in answer to the senator's inquiries, and subsequently observed, "It must be confessed, that the Imperialists won much honour in the grand campaigns of the Netherlands; and the name of Prince Eugene will go down to posterity."

* We need not allude to this trait, as being national and peculiar to the manners of 1720.

"But do not forget our Marlborough, I entreat you," replied Birsher; "both heroes, indeed, immortalized their names in the field of Malplaquet. I have long wished to visit the scenes where so many memorable battles were fought; I will do it, now I am here; and shall respect the bed of honour, madam, where your brave husband fell at the head of his regiment. His name, however, excites associations rather of a religious than a military character; for if I mistake not, Lainetz was the name of the second grand master, I think it is, of the Jesuits. He was a distinguished man, even his enemies must confess it; for to his restless activity and ambition does this dreadful society owe its rapid increase."

The lady cast down her eyes as she replied: "His name is quite a stranger to me; nor did I ever hear from my husband, that one of his family belonged ——."

"You are fortunate then, madam," interrupted the American, in a marked, but friendly tone; "if no drop in his veins could be traced to the founders or promoters of a society, destructive of all the best and dearest ties of social existence."

"You are right—quite right," rejoined the bookkeeper, shaking his head: "the Jesuits—the Jesuits, who first brought our honoured firm into the ——"

"Surely," interrupted the doctor, "you make people of more consequence than they are! What think you, Mr. Senator? The language of our respected guest is, methinks, for a merchant, a little too strong upon this subject."

"No," frankly, replied Birsher; "it is natural

for me to speak thus. We people of New York are every Sabbath treated to a tirade against the Pope, and those satellites of his papal throne, the Jesuits; and we cannot, moreover, refuse to admit that such strictures are mainly borne out by the tenor of historical facts. In short, this dangerous order is our determined rival. In all the catholic states they sit at the helm of affairs, and regulate the operations of commerce and trade. In South America, and the West Indies in particular, they have planted their colonies, and their insatiable avarice engenders monopoly, and cripples commerce in all its branches; their entire aim being the secret dominion of mankind."

"No, no! my good sir; that is going too far," exclaimed the senator, laughing, but casting an anxious look at the doctor, who seemed to sit upon thorns.

"Too far!" repeated the American, in a calm but firm tone; — "I cannot think so, though I frankly confess I do not like catholicism, nor the catholics as a body. Our mother-country has been a martyr to them; I am, therefore, no friend of the famous order, and experience joins me in pronouncing against them. What has the world to expect from a society which countenances regicide? whose members, as father confessors, sow dissension between the people and their governors? Who were the authors of the horrible slaughter at Cevennes? and who recalled the Edict of Nantes, which made exiles of the best and noblest citizens of the state? Perhaps you are not of my opinion, madam; but I cannot consider the subject in any other light."

"The repeal of that edict," replied Madame de Lainetz, with refined double meaning, "brought misfortune upon me and my family."

"You, too, an exile?" inquired Birsher in a tone of sympathy; "I am rejoiced, however, to think that I am here surrounded by good Protestants, whose opinions must coincide with my own. I detest hypocrisy; and my plan of plain speaking is less a quality of my own than an established custom of my country."

"A very excellent custom," observed the bookkeeper; "but, alas! old German faith and frankness is fast disappearing from the land. It is well for our posterity if they find these characteristics still existing in another clime."

"It is a pity," remarked the doctor, with an ironical laugh, "that you did not think yourself called on to circumnavigate the whole world, and plant your doctrine in every clime. Such opinions, seconded by so much boldness, would have overthrown all strange idolatries, and converted whole nations to your own views."

"My arguments are, perhaps, too ill put to merit animadversion," replied Birsher; "but I wish you to understand that, far from being intolerant, I am opposed to all kind of controul over the religious opinions of others. In America we think more liberally on this subject than they do in England itself. It was a favourite topic with my poor father, that the time would come, when, following the example set by William Penn, the members of different sects would form but one vast brotherhood, and live upon equal terms in the lap of civil

freedom, as good friends and neighbours, each respecting the religious tenets of the other."

"This avowal carries you farther than you think," observed the doctor, with an air of triumph, "unless you are prepared to assert that all, with the exception of the catholics, are entitled to respect."

"No; though I declared that I disliked the catholics," said Birsher, "I would make no exception — I would place them on the same equal footing; and, if they happened to be my neighbours, I would stretch forth the hand of fellowship, and desire to live among them as friends, and endeavour to love as well as to respect them. Nay, I should respect them only the more for adhering to their peculiar mode of faith; for never would I confide in the man who had turned renegade to his own religion — it is the worst of all treason."

"Enough, enough, my good sir," exclaimed the doctor, struck with the sudden alteration in the countenance of the senator — "I dispute not the conscientious rectitude of your principles, though I conceive that they have been too hastily taken up. But let us remember that we are not in the presence of any synod; — a private merchant and a jurist — we are not summoned to enter the arena of controversial conflict; and I am afraid the ladies will think we have already gone somewhat too far with the subject."

"Not at all," cried Juliet, who had now joined them, speaking at once for herself and Madame Lainetz; "a sermon on toleration from your lips, Mr. Birsher, is rather agreeable to my way of

thinking. Besides, I wish to see your arguments triumphant, though I am aware you have a subtle competitor who may be able to bring secret weapons into the field."

"Ah!" replied Birsher, "do you really wish me success, fair lady?" and Juliet's cheeks flushed deep beneath the earnest, animated appeal of his dark eye. "Then have I, indeed, carried my point, doctor; and nothing remains but a reference to our lovely umpire, intreating her to decide on the plea of her good father's wishes, united to my own."

The company all stood up, and seized their glasses, while the senator prepared to state the matter in a way the least embarrassing to his daughter's feelings. Juliet was on thorns; for, aware of the tenor of the conversation, she was only eager how to escape without its drawing to a conclusion. Just at this moment a tumult was heard in the passage; the door suddenly opened, and a wild shriek at the same instant burst upon the ears of the startled guests.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Juliet, "that is my mother's voice;" and, at the same instant, she ran out of the room, followed by her friend, Madame de Lainetz. The company looked at each other; and the senator, exasperated at the idea of some new absurdity on the part of his wife, sat doggedly, with an expression of unconcern upon his countenance. Soon afterwards, Madame de Lainetz re-appeared with the tidings of a sudden alarm from some dream or vision, while the senator's lady was taking her evening siesta, and which had caused her to scream aloud, and then fall

into a swoon. Expressing his sympathy, George Birsher took the senator by the hand, and, wishing a good night, begged permission to be allowed to wait on him the next morning; and the book-keeper and the doctor soon following his example, the unfortunate host was left to beguile the time as he best could, with his own reflections upon the singular party, so strangely and suddenly broken up.

CHAPTER XII.

As he sat absorbed in painful reverie, the senator received a summons to his lady's apartment, where he found Juliet seated at the foot of the couch, with her head resting upon her hands, and apparently in deep trouble. He drew aside the curtain, and his wife, opening her eyes, uttered an exclamation of alarm. "All good souls, praise ye the Lord!"

Juliet started up, and, taking her father's hand, she whispered the alarmed patient, that it was her father, come to inquire how she was.

"Away, away! out of my sight," was her reply: "you want to be my ruin, you dreadful man!" and she shook her head portentously as she pointed to the door.

"Wife, wife!" exclaimed the senator, in an angry tone, as he took her by the shoulder—"what is the matter with you? what mean you by such conduct as this?" But she only shrunk from his grasp without uttering a word. "Now may God punish you as you deserve," cried the senator, losing all self-command, and raising his

hand to chastise her—"there is no longer any bearing with your wicked pride and obstinacy."

But Juliet, gently restraining him, besecched him, both with her lips and her eyes, to command himself and to withdraw.

"Then come, follow me, Juliet, and leave this bad mother and worse wife, who poisons all the springs of social life:" and he took her by the hand. Juliet hesitated; and suddenly her mother raised herself up; and, white with agitation and affright, beckoned to her child with a wild threatening expression, which spoke more than any words could do. Juliet withdrew her hand from her father's; and the latter, with intense bitterness of feeling, exclaimed, "And you too, my child! are you too involved in this cruel, unnatural conspiracy against my peace? Follow me, I command you, or—I shall call in other authority to ensure the obedience of my child."

With these words, he again seized her hand; while the mother cried out, as she reluctantly followed her father, "Oh, my child, thou art the most lost of creatures, if ever thou darest to forget my commandments!"—but they were gone.

"God is my witness, dear Juliet," cried her father, as he sank into a chair, "that I have laboured hard to fulfil the duties of a father—that I have sacrificed every thing for my wife and child; but such a return as I have met with would drive a saint to desperation. A few hours ago I would have forgiven my worst enemy, I was so happy in the idea of your future happiness, and seeing my friends happy around me, when fresh social discord bursts upon our heads; and such is the influence

of its continual raging or dropping around one, as to infect the least of one's social relations; and even you, my child, are become a different being to the joyful, affectionate one you once were. Do not attempt to deny it. I have a keen eye; and between the time you left us at dinner and returned this evening, something has occurred to change the whole tide of your feeling towards your wretched father;—your faltering speech, your downcast eye, the starting tear, and secret sigh — all betrayed a tale of woe — some new disaster, the nature of which, and of your sudden change of feeling, my Juliet, you must confide to me with perfect frank ness and uprightness of purpose."

Juliet's eyes fell before the stern glance of her father's; and it was in vain she tried to speak. The senator rose with an impatient air — "Will you not speak, cruel, ungrateful as you are? Speak, I command you — throw off the mask; you are in the secret councils of your mother and her coterie; you know the cause of this fresh outbreak of her detestable pride and hatred of me. I pause for an answer —what, none! May God inflict his heaviest doom on my head if — "

He gasped for breath; he flung his rich porcelain snuff-box on the floor, and stamped upon it in his wrath. He was about to raise his hand against his daughter, but seizing it in an agony of strength, she covered it with her kisses and her tears: "Father, father, you would not do this wrong; you would not drive me to despair; you would not make me a spy upon my own mother, a mean informer of a confidence? — No, no force on earth shall extort it from my soul; and beware, father,

lest you draw own a still heavier curse upon your house."

"A heavier curse!" repeated the senator; and his raised hands fell palsied by his side—"True, too true, my poor girl; there is a curse hanging heavily over me. Leave me, leave me to myself."

But his daughter, sinking on her knees, clasped his feet, and in a voice full of love and tenderness: "Ah! my dear father, now you are so good and gentle, I will do all you ask me; I cannot resist the sorrow of your looks. Dear father, I will tell you all; only do not let my mother hear of it again. Whether the vision of a distempered fancy, or a mere dream, I know not; but she persists in saying that the door of the chamber opened, and the apparition of old Mr. Birsher entered the room, with threatening aspect, and pale as a corpse. At the dreadful cry we heard, while his son was sitting with us at table, the dreadful form, she said, suddenly disappeared."

"What folly! what weak, wretched folly!" exclaimed the senator, with forced composure; but his lip quivered, and his features assumed a paler hue; "and I am to be subjected," he continued, "to all kind of wretchedness and irritation, upon idle, despicable evidence like this. Assuredly it surpasses all that has gone before."

"Another source of discomfort," continued Juliet, "but to which I give no credit, it is so utterly groundless, and would infer such a total absence of all virtue and honour in the beloved being whom I call father, that it is scarcely deserving of your notice. Besides, I know that you are as much opposed as myself to the idea of my acting as a tale-

bearer — a mean eaves-dropper, calculated to foster strife, and to perpetuate ill-will betwixt the two beings I am most bound to honour."

The senator wiped the cold dew from his forehead. "You may go now," he said, in a subdued tone; "I do not wish you to speak against your will. Time will show what woman's artfulness would hide from my view."

Juliet was on the point of quitting the room, when her father called her back. "You are become my enemy," he said, with an expression of grief; "and I doubt now if you will so far consult my feelings as to redeem my promise, my honour, in pursuance of your own happiness — I mean your union with George Birsher. I suppose your crazy-headed, superstitious mother, will forbid it, and you will make a point of obeying her. I see by that downcast eye that I am right; but I must bear with it all; and you may go."

"No, you are deceived there, father," replied Juliet, at once firmly and modestly: "your wish in this is my law; I am prepared to give my hand to Mr. Birsher whenever you choose."

The senator uttered an expression of joy; a smile of delight irradiated his woe-worn features, and he stroked his daughter's cheek with affectionate earnestness: "Am I to believe you are not jesting with me, dearest? or have you some evasion or other of which to avail yourself the next minute, as your mother does?"

"None in the world; I shall be happy to unite my fate with that of Mr. Birsher, at any period you may judge best; and in regard to my mother, she approves of it altogether."

"That I cannot understand," was her father's reply.

"She considers with me, dear father, that the marriage will obviate a variety of difficulties, if not impending evils."

"But how comes it he has succeeded in engaging your affections in this brief and sudden visit, my child?"

"You indeed consider me a child, father, but Mr. Birsher has a higher opinion of my understanding. It is on the ground of reason I consent to give him my hand; whether the affections will follow in the train of prudence, I do not know. It is for your sake, for the peace of your household, that I would do it."

"You surprise—you delight me; and I begin to respect your judgment, as well as to appreciate your virtues. Ask of me something that you wish—some favour which may show how I appreciate your goodness—yes, ask whatever you please."

"Then, indeed, I will; you have said it, and I hold you to your word, father. I ask you to indulge my mother in her whims, to be at peace with her, and to hasten the day of my marriage."

"Do I hear you right! Are you so weary then of your father and your home?"

"No! you cannot conceive the pain I shall feel in parting. But mamma wishes Mr. Birsher to leave this city as soon as possible."

"Why so? What infernal freak has got into her head there?"

Juliet shunning the last question, continued: "But I have to ask more. Permit me to entreat that you will be upon your guard. Young Mr. White

has deceived us, and I have reason to think that his master, his father, or whomsoever you like to call him, means as little to act uprightly and justly by you."

"The doctor!" exclaimed the senator, and his conscience smote him.

"Yes! if I can believe my eyes, or trust my recollection, the doctor is not perhaps, the character which he appears to be."

"Shameful, scandalous!" exclaimed the senator; but Juliet continued.

"I will not pretend to more penetration than you, father. All I venture to ask is, that you will be upon your guard; I may be wrong—unjust; but the truth will, and must soon appear."

With these words she left the room, and hastened with a full heart and tear-dimmed eye to the couch of her wretched mother.

There, having conversed with and watched her, till she fell into a gentle slumber, she left an aged domestic at her bed-side, and went to rejoin her new friend, the artful Madame de Lainetz.

"Oh! how long you have been," said the latter; "I have so wished you to come back, for though my heart is filled with gratitude for all your kindness, I must not, cannot remain here; there are the keys, and the money with which you entrusted me, dear lady."

"Surely you are not going to desert me," cried Juliet, "at a time like this!"

"Indeed, I am compelled to it. I have a thousand reasons; my position is too painful and difficult in many respects. My love, my gratitude

even, are interested in my leaving you; and I must depart."

"What, and leave me to my fate; at the very crisis, when young George Birsher has just appeared! Then, you know how I am situated with my parents, the many sources of grief and anxiety. But if these will not prevail, I could shew you how your own interest and honour call on you to remain;—and you will."

Madame de Lainetz embraced the appealing girl with tears in her eyes: "Ah! I am unworthy so much goodness, and where should I ever meet with goodness and loveliness such as yours?"

Juliet playfully stopped her mouth; "Where shall I ever?" she jestingly repeated; then drooping her head, she added in a changed and mournful tone, "Ah, yes! where shall I seek for consolation in this world? Alas! my sweet friend, my heart is almost broken; I cannot tell you; but my very soul is weary, and I fain would rest. It is of no use; I will go and see if my father wishes anything before he goes to sleep. Your couch, my dear, is ready for you, near my room in yonder cabinet."

"No; I entreat you, dear lady, let me go to night; I will return early on the morrow."

"Do as you please—I will not detain you against your will, only give me some pledge that I may count upon your return."

Madame de Lainetz drew a small medallion from her bosom, tied to a black ribbon, and handed it, laughingly, to her unsuspecting friend.

"See!" exclaimed Juliet, "what a beautiful face. Tell me, dearest, who is this beautiful image meant

for, with the splendid halo round her head, in purple mantle, and really crowned with light?"

"That is my chaste and lovely queen, the Empress Pulcheria," was the lady's reply; "her beauty was the miracle of her age; and her virtues, equal to her charms, won her a crown of sanctity in the eyes of posterity."

"What sweetness,—what humility,—what love! and combined with such unearthly beauty; these rays——"

"Are the heavenly light with which the Roman Church loves to adorn the virtues of its favourite saints. Flowers, images, incense, all that art, all that nature can display of lovely or sublime, are made to contribute to their decoration, and the celebrity of their triumphs."

"In other words, they worship images, I suppose; our pastor has often touched upon the subject, and never forgets to denounce the custom, as a vile remnant of the worst heathenish superstition."

"Perhaps he there goes too far," replied Madame de Lainetz. In these forms the Catholics seek only to honour the memory of great and beloved actions; it is the character of the saints, not the mere wood or the stone which they adore."

"Indeed! then, in so far it pleases me well. I think the custom a very becoming one. It is thus we see honoured and preserved the busts and pictures of celebrated men, in the cities and countries which their writings or their actions have adorned."

As the officer's widow was preparing to take her departure, Juliet heard the voice of her father calling loudly for assistance, and as the door opened,

the noise of hasty footsteps and a struggle met the ear: "Oh, my God! what can have happened," cried the affrighted girl, as she beckoned her friend to follow her. Scarcely had she reached the staircase, when she beheld a gigantic form, arrayed in white, with its arm extended in a threatening posture. As she approached her father's chamber, with frenzied courage, all heedless of the hideous phantom before her, it suddenly disappeared; but she in vain looked around her for her fair friend. Madame de Lainetz having gained the threshold in her terror, had run, without staying to bid adieu, into the streets; and as a natural place of refuge, betook herself to Doctor Leupold's, whom she found engaged in an earnest colloquy with their respected superior, and his young *protegé*, James White.

The father superior was a tall, spare figure, with pallid features and dark piercing eyes, his huge cowl thrown back, and his little skull-cap upon his shaven crown. Half overcome with her fears, the lady rushed into their presence; but the moment she beheld the superior she became calm; and approaching, she kissed his hand with marked humility, and bowed her head to receive his blessing. He gave her a gracious look, patted her on the cheeks, and in that peculiar tone which the superior priests so well know how to assume towards women, he said: "Now, only be good as I would have you, and rely on my protection; for we are not strangers; and I shall learn all that is further necessary respecting you, from our good father Muntzner; at present I have business with him; and you may retire."

He gave her a friendly pinch, which brought the colour to her cheeks; and called after White, who was taking that opportunity of escaping by following the lady, to remain where he was.

"I have a word or two with you, young man, ere we part."

White bowed, and stood beside the doctor before the superior, to hear his pleasure.

"I have examined this youth," he began, "but do not find that he has well grounded himself in his studies. What is worse, he does not seem to have contemplated, with sufficient zeal and energy, the nature of his future destination. There is a degree of petulance in his expressions, as well as his demeanor, which can arise only from the tenor of his present occupations; it is therefore requisite that he be forthwith handed over to the more regular discipline of our noviciate-master." White reddened deeply, and he felt a slight trembling of his limbs, while the doctor bowed respectfully. "I shall recommend the spiritual exercises of our holy founder; and he may make ready to follow me into the college thus set apart for him, so soon as my affairs shall permit me to depart. I have already arranged matters with the father rector, agreeably to the tenor of your letter, Father Muntzner, and you may rely that he will be well looked to there."

Poor White kissed the superior's hand, and retired to his chamber, with a sad and humbled air. The doctor cast a look of compassion on the victim, and was beginning to intercede, when, checking him in an angry tone, the superior said, "What! are you going to speak in opposition to

what you wrote? What mistaken humanity is this! Are you, too, caught with the prevailing mania of the times? Discipline is the only cure for obstinacy; discipline is the grand principle of our society—it is that which gave it its impulse and its increase. Let the hot enthusiast have faith if he will; but the cautious must be put to politic uses, and be taught how to obey, if he cannot be made to believe. He must feel that the interest of one is the interest of the whole. By this invigorating principle we obtain the command over men's minds; we surmount all obstacles; we flourish, and we conquer. Your pupil will turn out a valuable member, and reward us for all our expense and anxiety, if we train him by the disciplinarian rule. Now, to more important points, good father missionary. I have been inspecting your books; — our commercial business, I find, does not flourish here. Whether our agents, or the captains of the vessels have to answer it, I know not; but these matters must be investigated upon the spot. I shall await the commands of our father provincial upon the subject. We have also a project on foot to open large connections in that productive branch, the slave-trade, by which immense sums are to be realized."

"The slave-trade!" repeated the doctor, in a voice of horror.

"Yes," replied the superior, coolly; "the late dividends upon this traffic in the blacks were, I am told, enormous."

"But the right — I mean as regards humanity," said the doctor.

The Jesuit laughed outright: "maggots!—mag-

gots, father! — try to get them out of your head. These negroes are an inferior race; to extract gold out of such dark heathenish dross, is a most commendable labour and no sin. Besides, they are happier in a state of slavery than when at liberty. But enough; you are doctor of either law; and ought not yet to have to learn that what is lawful is right. The project, I say, will be speedily on foot. Now, let me hear the progress of the good doctrine in these parts."

The doctor gave a brief statement, and handed a list of the little community into the hands of his worthy superior, which the latter ran over in a sneering tone.

"Many names, many names; but nothing special, father. Nearly all *ex infima plebe*, I see."

"And among such did our Lord Jesus find his first disciples," was the doctor's reply.

"Hem! true! but your disciples here, I find, are chiefly women; and some, I must confess, from among the better ranks. Well, well, these are the lambs whose soft bleatings draw others after them into the fold. But still, I see no names of any weight — no influential men — a couple of tradesmen, an accountant, a proselyte of fifteen! Jesu Maria! what will all this avail us? Ah! here at the end of the list, I see a senator — who is the man?"

"The same I have already mentioned," was the doctor's reply.

"Good! and his conversion was so speedy, eh? — can we rely on him?"

"We can; for, through a particular incident, he became wholly ours."

"*Favente Deo*, you might add. Well — and how has Lainetz done?"

"Something, but not of much importance; — the creature is too vain, too frivolous, and also too affectionate for her calling."

"*Bene dixisti*," observed the superior — "vain and enamoured. The French girls are all so; and her husband has lost little by her separation. Yet hitherto she has been fortunate in her conversions. She is also very good, and has a fine enchanting person, not a slight recommendation, on which she piques herself not a little; in short, she is so skittish withal, that I hear she played many an odd trick upon the father provincial, to whom she was first introduced. She has a loose tongue, and it must be checked before she blabs what she should not; we are obliged to keep a secret eye upon her, and must put her in a cloister to do penance with the sisters, if she prove wilful upon our hands. Has she done little, say you, in these parts?"

"The most important of her labours at present is the converting of the senators daughter; but an unlucky occurrence has made all her efforts fruitless; at least it has diminished our hopes."

"In what respect?"

The doctor proceeded to inform the superior of the sudden arrival of Birsher, and his intention of espousing Juliet, and proceeding with her to New York."

"*Pessimé!* bad, very bad!" exclaimed the superior; "that must not be allowed; — as heiress of the family property, she must be snatched from the Lutheran faith, and put into a better track; she must pour her wealth into our lap; for we are

not to devote all our energies to the cause, without partaking the good things of fortune in return. No, no father! let us tread in the steps of our honoured predecessors, who founded not their splendid institutions, colleges, and professorships, out of the funds of the poor!"

"You cannot regret more than I do to behold a sweet fleecy lamb like this, on the point of entering our fold, snatched by a half Anglican wolf from our fraternal embrace:—but I do not see how the evil is to be obviated!"

"Do not see how! and you profess to be the father-confessor of the noble senator; and of the family, of course, sir! I will tell you. Press hard upon his conscience, with the full weight of your famed eloquence and logic power. Give him a sharp taste of your dialectics, and corresponding discipline will follow. *Experientia docet;* and nothing is impossible to a subtle-tongued confessor. While you open the sluices of his inmost heart and spirit, overwhelming every faculty with the resistless torrent of your arguments, drive it home to his business and bosom, by exhibiting the picture of his daughter in the tortures of eternal flame; while our Lainetz attacks her on the other side, with guile and force, as the case may best require. I have seen master-pieces of this kind accomplished, under circumstances far less promising than here."

"As yet, the senator seems feebly grounded in his new creed—"

"*Res indifferens!*" interrupted the superior; take him, I repeat, by his weak side; *cum auxilio divino*—all must go well. I will spur up Madame Lainetz; *periculum in mora;* she must pick out

the girl's weak points—the sex are all frail—and work well upon these. What say you to love? may not your young protegé be made useful here?"

"God help us!" exclaimed the doctor; "why the boy is already enamoured to distraction of the sweet enchantress. But Juliet shows no disposition to indulge him in his silly whim."

"What, cold, cold! then all the better—a cloister will suit her taste. They tell me her father is worth some three hundred thousand dollars; and shall a prize like this escape us! *Minime*, Father Muntzner—all to the glory of our God."

"Here, my superior, you subject me, to too severe a test! I cannot act on this interested basis! If, indeed, it were put upon the ground of compassion for the young girl's soul."

"Be it so! let that give vigour to your eloquence, good father. And in the extreme case of this young creature proving obstinate upon our hands, we will have her disinherited—we will make her father cut her off. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly!" replied the doctor, in a low and humbled tone.

"Never," continued the superior, in the same imperturbable voice, "never were more grievous signs of the times; these long wars have damped the ardour of the faithful for our church; commerce has suffered by the pirates. A large sum has been expended in education; we must draw from all sources; call in our outstanding engagements; and you will to-morrow submit, for my approbation, your present plans, and fail not to undertake, with skill and spirit, the task I have enjoined you.

Strike the first blow, while I am engaged in dealing with the wily Tormerpick; and if you succeed, as succeed you must, you may rely on my noting your name in my fourteenth year's censor-book, with a mark of recommendation to our general."

The doctor, not a little wounded in his feelings, merely bowed, as his rule required, and retired, to pass a night of bitter strife between his conscience and the duties by which he was bound. The appearance of White the next morning, with pallid cheek and clouded brow, gave him an additional pang, and he sighed as the young man addressed him, in a voice of deep emotion:—"Father, it is impossible for me to encounter the noviciate—it would render me unhappy for life."

"You must! there is no help for it," replied the doctor, restraining his real feelings under an affectation of harshness.

"I must not, my good father; I will not disgrace the order I should be bound to respect. I can feel nothing but disgust and horror at the idea—have compassion on me, my more than father."

"The father superior revokes my power over your person. Prepare, and fortify your mind to meet your new duties!"

"Prepare myself—I—I! to be incarcerated in a cloister, when it is with difficulty I submit to wear the chains of life itself."

"Man! wretch!" cried the doctor, as he fixed a stern, inquiring eye upon the speaker; "what mean you by words like these?"

"Weariness—detestation of the world! scorn—hatred of my existence. A child of woe, my parents were consigned to a sad and fearful doom.

One beam of hope and joy shot across my path, it is true; but it as quickly vanished."

"The dream of a madman—the idolatry of the heathen's soul!"

"Speak as you please," replied the young man; "but if the fate which Madame de Lainetz is preparing for me cannot be avoided, I die — I never will survive the loss of Juliet Müssinger."

"How! is this the language of a suppliant — of a poor broken-down wretch — of a debtor, who cannot discharge an item of the long account against him—who has ceased to be his own master, and ought to labour like a thousand galley-slaves, were a spark of virtue or of honour surviving in him —!"

"My father and my God!" murmured White, overwhelmed with a sense of shame and degradation, which made him shrink into a feeling of almost utter nothingness. "What have you said? but you are right; I am no longer free — no longer my own; I belong to you and your superiors. Here am I; give me my chains; I am your slave. Hire me; sell me; put me out to interest in any shape; and let me labour through my life of blood and tears — that I may repay you your heavy account — your year's board and lodging, so benevolently tendered me."

"Thankless — insulting as you are!" retorted the doctor. "Away! and seek the death you covet, in your mad career. Never more shall you reproach me with the little I have done for you."

The emotion displayed by the doctor, the tone of his voice, and the sorrow visible in his features, as he turned away in the wretchedness of his soul,

made a powerful impression on the young Englishman. He threw himself at the doctor's feet; he covered his hands with tears of remorse, as he sobbed out — "I will live — I will live; — only teach me how it be possible, should Juliet become the wife of Birsher?"

The doctor felt as if a dagger were planted in his heart, as he gazed on the victim at his feet; he cast round him a hasty glance, to ascertain that the despot of his soul and life yet slept, and witnessed not the scene; till, recalling his fatal commission to mind, he caught at the idea of rendering it, in some degree at least, productive of good; and bending his head over that of the despairing wretch kneeling before him, he whispered — "Calm yourself, my poor friend — Juliet shall never be the American's wife!"

He then hurried from the presence of the astonished youth, to commence the revolting task of bringing his new convert and his family more firmly within the grasp of the dreaded society to which he belonged. The day was dark and lowering, in unison with the colour of his thoughts; he sought to relieve his heart by prayer, but only half uttered, unmeaning, uninspiring, and joyless sentences burst from his lips. He found the senator ill at ease; but a smile of dubious meaning played on his features as he held out his hand to the doctor.

"A singular fate," he observed, "has thrown me into your hands; and it would seem as if the more firmly the bonds were drawn, the more rapidly do those which nature drew around me break asunder. All my family, and those around me, seem to shun my presence; — even a supernatural power ap-

pears to be arrayed against me. Do you believe, my friend, that any connection can exist between the spirits of the departed and those which yet sigh and suffer in this mortal frame?"

The doctor was startled, but replied, without hesitation: "Why, the philosophy of our religion, no less than the voice of experience, compel me to answer your question in the affirmative — there can."

The senator sighed — his head sunk down again upon his hands. — "Then hear me," he resumed, after a solemn pause; "a strange incident befel me yesternight as I was preparing to retire to rest. While reading in the book of prayers you gave me, my lamp began to burn dimly; and on raising my head to look at it, my eye rested upon the door, which stood half open. There stood a vision, or real form of some kind, which made me tremble; it wore the likeness of Birsher, in his long white morning gown, which he wore the last time, and his eyes were fixed with unearthly glare upon me as I sat. I tried to call out — I could not; I pulled at the bell — the rope broke in my hand; and a voice half inarticulate met my ear; 'You, — you caused my death, and will you also destroy your daughter? Woe to you if she wed the stranger!' and with these words ringing in my ear like death-peals, the phantom disappeared from my view. Speak! tell me what I ought to think and do."

"A strange event, assuredly," replied the doctor, "and calling for the most minute inquiry. It would seem as if some misfortune were impending, and that the spirit of the departed, having been fondly attached to your daughter, had left its place

of rest to fulfil the angelic duty of snatching her from some evil fate."

The senator could not answer, but bowed his head by way of assent.

"In regard to your conduct in such an emergency, I should say that it is most imperative upon you to put an end to all idea of your daughter's union with the American. Your connection with his family is proved to be an unhappy one. Without reference even to this ominous event, I should advise you no longer to entertain such a design — it must be disastrous."

"Yet you will admit," replied the senator, "that I could not have acted otherwise than I did, in promising him her hand. Nor can I refuse it now, even to appease the angry spirit of the dead."

"Unhappy man!" cried the doctor sternly; "scarcely are you received in the bosom of the church before you renounce her beneficent power. Have not your sins been forgiven you? and will you dare to offend again? Will you yield up your daughter to the arms of a protestant? will you consign her willingly to perdition, instead of leading her, with paternal care and tenderness, into the true fold? Will you load your soul with that sin? Oh no, no!"

"I see the force of your argument; I know what you mean!" exclaimed the senator, earnestly; "but can I consent to become the seducer — the despot — the — the father-confessor of my daughter's soul! No; I will leave that to a merciful God — he will do all that he deems fit; if requisite to her salvation, she will be converted — saved; but I — I ——"

He was silent from emotion, while the doctor measured him with stern, reproachful eye.

"To whom," he replied, "do I speak? Are you the man indebted for your very existence — for the salvation of your soul — for the inestimable blessing that you are not now expiating your many crimes in purifying flames? — are you the man who confessed yourself absolved from these sins? — But I leave you."

"Stay, my dearest friend, I beseech you," exclaimed the senator. "Do not withdraw the healing power of your absolution, and I will retract what I have said — I will learn how to obey you."

The doctor paused at the threshold of the door, while the senator continued: "But how, if I refuse my daughter's hand, will the immense amount of unliquidated bills taken up by the elder Mr. Birsher to save me from impending ruin, be at once met by me, as he will doubtless insist upon?"

"What!" replied the doctor, "are not the bills in your own hands — accepted by you, and paid by him? Cannot I empower you to swear that you discharged the account with Mr. Birsher the elder — that you repaid him every farthing; and only on those terms received your acquittance — have you not that to show?"

The senator fixed his eye on the speaker, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses; he groaned in the bitterness of his spirit: brief was the struggle of honour and virtue with superstitious awe; and bowing his head mournfully in token of submission, he felt that he was indeed a slave.

CHAPTER XIII.

Scarcely had the doctor quitted the apartment where the senator sat brooding over the evil fate which seemed to be daily drawing him deeper into its toils, when his daughter entered the room, with tears in her eyes, and in a state of extreme agitation. "Hasten, dear father," she cried, "if you would not have us become the subject of public ridicule and scandal. My mother is determined upon leaving the house this very evening, and is now giving orders for the removal of every thing she lays claim to as hers. Pray, entreat her to desist; and endeavour to conciliate her."

The pale features of the father were instantaneously lighted up with an expression of impatient indignation; and he hastened after Juliet without uttering a word.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, "what do I hear?—what means all this?—and whither are you going?"

"Go I will," was the brief contemptuous reply: "here I abide no longer."

"What are you doing?"

"You see."

"What! would you rob your own family?"

"I am leaving this ill-fated house with my own property."

"How! secretly conveying away our effects,—abandoning your husband,—your home,—your child?"

"If Juliet be a good child, she will accompany me."

"Cold-hearted abandoned creature!" thundered out the senator, in one of his fiercest paroxysms of passion; "would you again arm the hand of the child against the bosom of her father? Speak! what is your motive for so unnatural a proceeding?"

The lady gave him a speaking look, but her lips were sealed. Juliet, terrified at the increasing excitement of her father, ran towards her mother, and appealing to her in the most piteous terms: "Speak! tell all, dearest mother; and end this cruel, heartless conflict, to witness which, as I have done, is to me the bitterest of sufferings."

The wilful lady, however, only redoubled her activity, apparently intent upon hurrying away.

"Hear me!" exclaimed the deeply affected girl; "Hear me, mother, for the last time, if you will not consult the peace and reputation of our family. I will not be an object for the finger of scorn, and hear base menial tongues cast their low insinuations and aspersions upon our character. Speak to my father, or count upon me no longer as your child."

"Oh! vile and wretched girl," exclaimed the indignant mother, "would that thou hadst never been born!"

"Nay, thou vilest of bad mothers to say it!" exclaimed the senator; "thou art unworthy to see the light of day. And thou shalt be punished," he added, raising his hand, which was instantly restrained by the ever-watchful Juliet. But her mother, so far from avoiding him, threw herself in an attitude of scornful defiance, in his way: "Let him come,—let him strike me dead, if he dare, even as he did poor old Mr. Birsher, whose spirit cannot rest in this wicked house, but terrifies the innocent along with the guilty, in such a way that I can no longer endure!—come, Juliet, come along."

The senator stood as if transfixed to the spot,—the picture of horror, his eyes rolling fearfully upon his wife. Juliet's looks would have made a fine study for a painter; full of sudden terror, yet bright with youthful beauty, excited to a pitch of devoted enthusiasm and fortitude,—with one hand firmly placed upon her father's arm, her eye fixed upon his with an expression of angel-like reproach and condemnation; and with the other she waved back her mother with an air of superior controul. That look, and that attitude brought Miissinger to his senses: "Leave me, leave me with your mother," he said, in a subdued tone, "and fear nothing,—all is well."

"Oh my God!" exclaimed his wife; "Stop! he will do some dreadful deed!" and she was going to seize hold of her daughter.

"Weak, silly woman!" replied the senator, at the same time placing her forcibly, but gently, in a chair, and again beckoning to Juliet, who, confiding in the changed aspect and feelings of her father, hesitated not to obey him.

On going into the sitting-room she found George Birsher, who hastened to greet her with an animated and friendly air. "Your presence," he said, "is a real consolation, previous to my entering upon the business which calls me here. The commissioners are about to render me an account of the fatal particulars of my father's decease; with an inventory of his effects. But there is one subject on which I wish to consult you; and first, I will frankly state the words used by my father in relation to it, ere he took his departure from New York: 'You will marry before long, George,' he said, 'and I hope you will take a wife of my choice; for I hear her on all sides so highly extolled, that there is no doubt but she would be selected by you out of a thousand. She is fair, and good as fair; lovely, domestic, and all you could wish for.' Well; I determined, in my own mind, not to disappoint my poor father's wishes; but to confide in my fate, and that all would go well. When I came to Europe, and found he was no more, I resolved not to retract my promise, without good reason; but that if her friends should decline my alliance, to think no more of it. Yet when the light of those brilliant eyes burst upon me,—when I read your heart in every word you spoke,—when your sentiments and opinions re-echoed my own, and the music of your voice stirred my inmost spirit,—I felt that, to resign the treasure prepared for me, by the sanction of both our fathers, would be a real misfortune. Speak, lovely Juliet! will you comply with their well-intentioned wishes to promote my happiness; will you be my wife?"

Juliet, taken by surprise, paused—could find no words; and played for some time very earnestly with the fringe of her sleeve; but when Birsher ceased to speak, his still speaking eye was fixed upon hers; she raised them, and at length looked up with a sweetly clear, unembarrassed expression in his face: "My father's wishes, sir, in this affair, will be my law; nor shall I regret obeying him. I am prepared to accompany you, whenever he may decide, as a dutiful wife, and a faithful friend."

Birsher, overjoyed, and full of grateful acknowledgments, replied: "You will not, then, my angelic bride, refuse to sanction what you have said, but permit me to seal those delicious words in our hearts with one betrothing kiss;" nor was it denied to the proud and happy lover, who gazed upon her newly kindled charms with enthusiastic rapture, strikingly contrasted with the general calmness and coolness of his demeanour. Birsher then took a handsome diamond ring from his finger, and placing it upon one of hers: "Here is American gold, clear and pure as our American faith. It is not so rich, indeed, as the bridal gift intended to be presented to you by my father, but it may suffice as a pledge from my hands. May I hope that you will not prize it the less for coming direct from one so long destined to derive his earthly happiness from your fair self?"

"You delight me all the more by the frankness and simplicity of your conduct," replied Juliet, smiling in one of her charming moods, at the same time holding out her hand for him to place it on her finger; then bowing her acknowledgments, three times repeated, in her lively and whimsical

manner, she left the room, exclaiming, that she heard the approach of the commissioners.

She now met her father with a joyous countenance as he withdrew from her mother's apartment, whom she observed, with humbled look and folded hands, seated quietly in her easy-chair; and so great was the change, that she could not refrain congratulating him, for to her it appeared little less than a miracle.

"Yes," he replied, with cold and scornful looks, "I have convinced her who is the master here, and brought her down upon her knees at last. At least we shall have some peace now; for I have made her a solemn vow that I will have her instantly transferred to the appropriate residence of a lunatic asylum, if I observe the least farther symptoms of folly and disobedience, such as she has latterly shown. To you, Juliet, I shall look for her safe custody—that she does not effect her escape from this house. My next object will be to punish the tale-bearers, who, I find, have been abusing her ear with all kind of calumnies and base accusations against one whom they are bound to respect."

Though not a little shocked, Juliet expressed her lively satisfaction at the desirable result which such threats seemed to have produced; and, in the gladness of her heart, she began to acquaint him with the recent interview with her lover. "And now, dear father, I will tell you something to make you as happy in your turn. Prepare to praise me to the skies, for your Juliet is one of the most dutiful, obedient girls in the world. What do you think?"

" I cannot guess."

" Cannot you? — then I have just seen Mr. Birsher; we have pledged our mutual vows, and here is the ring with which he has already wedded me in heart."

The senator's brow grew dark; an exclamation of anger, which made Juliet start, broke from his lips. " Wherefore all this haste?" he continued — " every thing goes wrong — I am beset and crossed at every step! Plague and torment! what has possessed the women, to run counter to all one's plans?"

" Good heavens, father!" exclaimed Juliet, " it was only yesterday you said ——"

" Yesterday!" interrupted the senator; " and is that to-day? No, I tell you — the ring must be sent back. I will have it so! I command it to be done!"

" Your orders, sir, are in strange opposition to what you before said, and to what is just and upright — nay, to your own solemn promises; and I am deeply pained to hear what you say. What must Mr. Birsher think? I will not consent to appear a strange, heartless, silly creature — one who does not know her own mind. Surely you cannot be serious? — think better of it, dear father."

" You are mad, I think — both you and your precious mother!" was the senator's angry reply, as he paced the room in the highest degree of excitement; and then rushed suddenly from the spot, on learning the arrival of the commissioners.

Juliet clasped her hands, in an agony of astonishment and grief; in vain she sought to collect her ideas, or to distinguish whether she were really

in her right senses — whether she were dreaming or awake! "Ah!" she exclaimed, bitterly, "shall I not go — shall I not escape? I will, for here I cannot remain; the place has become hateful — horrible — accursed! and I would prefer to beg my bread from door to door, rather than suffer the utter wretchedness of soul which I now endure."

While thus yielding to the bitterness of her disappointed feelings, Juliet was alarmed by the same wild shriek which she had formerly heard from her mother's apartment. "The spectre! the spectre!" burst upon her ear; and, while hastening to the scene, the strange, hideous figure, darted by her, as if with more than mortal speed. Roused suddenly from her terrors to feelings of heroism, bordering on desperation, Juliet rushed after the retreating apparition with more than equal speed, and attempting to seize it in her arms as it reached the threshold — "Stop! what art thou?" she cried, "thou fleeing, craven spirit!" but only part of a white robe remained in her hands.

Shorn of half its honours, away went the redoubtable spirit through the door; but, having lost its terrors with its white robe, was the next moment seized by Mr. Berndt, who was, at that moment, passing by the senator's house.

"In the name of God, let me go! friend Berndt!" exclaimed the ghost, in a beseeching tone.

"No; there is a hue and cry! here I have the thief; be quiet, and come with me."

"What! don't you know me? *Parbleu*, don't be a fool!" was the ghost's reply.

"Perfectly well! I am no fool! — I owe you a good turn, and you shall unmask."

The captor dragged him forwards; and, at the same instant, Juliet, followed by the senator and a number of domestics, came to his assistance, and, uniting their force, carried the dreaded Spectre, *vi et armis,* before the terrified lady, who had fallen into strong convulsions, and was, with difficulty, restored, and persuaded to witness the cause of these diabolical freaks.

"Here he is!" exclaimed the senator; — "we have brought you the supernatural villain who has been disturbing our household, and threatening vengeance against the proposed match!"

"Bless me! Mr. Nothaft of all people!" cried the lady senator, at once surmounting all her terrors, and springing from her couch without the slightest respect for his ghostly calling, confronted him very closely face to face. "Mr. Nothaft, you base-minded villain! how dare you frighten me so? — how dare you assume that bold, hideous-looking mask — and in the day-time too! Oh, you wicked wretch! how do you know but I might have dropt down dead! Aye, and to walk in the same dress worn by the American — to drive my poor brain distracted! but I hope our good and honoured senator here" (for she had now changed her tone) "will bring you to justice — before the whole senate-house, the judges and the people, and the pastors — and the — the ——"

"I hope our honoured senator will let it alone," replied Nothaft, in a bold, insulting tone; — "what here appears a mere joke, might there become se-

rious. Besides, my good lady, I am now my own master, and a match even for your worthy senator — at any game, at any hour."

"Oh Lord! the brute — the low-born upstart!" exclaimed the senator's lady, in a piteous tone; — "I still tremble in every joint to think that the wretch has the impudence to hold up his head; if you suffer this ——"

"A word with you, Mr. Senator," interrupted Nothaft, beckoning him aside; — "I shall make you a proposition for the last time — and, on your answer, will depend your future safety and reputation. Do you accept me as your son-in-law, or do you not? Do you yet persist in preferring the American alliance to mine? — for, if so, tremble, sir!"

"You are a bad man! a very bad man!" retorted the senator, warmly; — "and what care I for all your stupid threats? Pack off! you villain — out of my house! — I will hold no communication with such a reptile. Go, assume the mask, and play your antics elsewhere. And hark you, sir! don't let me catch your jolter-head any more in these premises, or I will stick it in the pillory, to the scandal of all such dastardly knaves as yourself!"

Nothaft threw a look of mingled fury and revenge at the speaker. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I will go; and mark you down, Mr. Senator, the day of the month from this hour, and see what luck you will have till I see you again. And you, my young lady, would do well to submit, and beg my pardon, instead of making yourself so bold as to pursue me. I have to thank you for it all."

"Oh! no obligation; I am quite happy to have trapped you for once, my good sir," replied Juliet, laughing, "while the men were all running away from you. The whole city will now be able to appreciate your character, as I have long done; and see to what pitiful meanness can descend a being in the shape of a man."

Nothaft, interrupting, was about again to launch forth his low abuse; but the senator, who appeared to have recovered all his wonted energy: "Hold, sir! this is to no purpose; I will permit your buffoonery to go no farther. Let every thing belonging to him be packed off, and send my confidential clerk to the exchange, to explain the reason why Mr. Nothaft is no longer in my service — that he is dismissed in disgrace." Then turning towards Juliet: "To you, my dear, are our thanks especially due — to your courageous conduct, which taught the villain with whom he had to deal. Would I had shown the same noble spirit when he sought my chamber at the dead hour of night! but his ghostship seemed to have a natural dread of you, Juliet, and was glad to leave you alone, eh! But he could not escape you. I have another affair to discuss, and I must lose no time, my love; bring me here my hat, my cloak, and my sword. I must visit the burgomaster, and make such arrangements that Master Nothaft will no longer be found in this city after sunset. He shall plot no treasons here; and come, look up, my lady; now you are reasonable, and need no longer alarm yourself either about the living or the dead; and I will speedily show that others also have been whispering

falsehoods every way as destitute of foundation as the spectre itself."

"God grant it!" exclaimed the lady, raising up her hands in prayer; "for I would not willingly have my mind disturbed, and be compelled to leave a house to which I have been so long attached. But no; I am now convinced you cannot be the wicked man people say."

"No more!" interrupted the senator, as he saw Juliet bringing his hat and sword — "no more of that!" and his lady checked herself with becoming humility.

Just as the senator was preparing to quit the house, Mr. Birsher was announced: he came to return his warm thanks for the care which had been taken even of the most trivial of his late father's effects. He then displayed to the astonished eyes of the lady and her daughter the rich cases of diamonds and other precious stones, of jewellery, and dress, destined by his father as a bridal gift to his future daughter-in-law, Juliet looked at her father; and who can express her astonishment when she heard him address the man whom he had so recently forbidden her even to think of, in the following words: "I can only observe, my dear sir, after what has just occurred, that I confirm every thing before said — that Juliet shall be yours within the next week, if so it please you; and that I would then advise you to lose no time in setting sail."

Birsher seized his proffered hand: "Juliet once my own — all else will go well. In fourteen days a Dutch vessel sails from the Texel for New York; I will write to Van den Höcken to engage her for

us; and meantime, if agreeable to Juliet, we can take up our residence at Amsterdam."

Surprise and joy deprived Juliet of the power of utterance, and she simply made a sign of assent. A shade of doubt and anxiety passed over her mother's features, as she thought of her child's departure, and the tears stood in the senator's eyes. He took the hands of each, with an affectionate expression, in his own — placed that of Juliet in Birsher's, and then hastily withdrew. For the first time, indeed, he felt a degree of satisfaction at the decision he had just shown; and after giving orders for the despatch of Mr. Nothaft's effects, he proceeded to his private cabinet, wrote his letters, gave directions to his book-keeper, with the rapidity and promptness for which he was so distinguished; and hastily dismissed him, on hearing a well-known tap at the door.

"Enter, Doctor Leupold!"

"How do you find yourself, my respected friend?" was the Jesuit's familiar and inquiring welcome; "from your features I should say that something had occurred which gives you pleasure — that you have a conscience well at ease; and I congratulate you upon it."

"You are right, my worthy sir," replied the senator, more firmly than usual, and availing himself of the double meaning afforded him by the question: "I have resolved to do what is right in the affair of my daughter, and I am glad to see you respecting it."

"You will meet your reward in the blessing of God, and the future gratitude of your child. You have reason to feel happy."

"I am happy also that you agree with me, doctor, and approve my motives; for my heart whispers me that what I have done is for the best, under the strange circumstances in which I am placed."

"You delight me," answered the doctor, little aware of his friend's subterfuge, "by the admirable decision you have shown upon this important occasion; and I hope your daughter submits with a good grace; but whether or not, you will persevere in your present course."

"I mean to do so; she is perfectly reconciled to her lot," was the senator's evasive reply; "she will not now require the discipline of a convent. I am happy to add that she has as little dread of the phantom which terrified us so much — I am easy on that head."

"All well," observed the doctor; "and as I am sure you call for no confession at present, and I have pressing business elsewhere, I need ask no more questions; I leave you with the approbation of your own conscience, and shall be proud to give so good an account of your progress since the time of your providential conversion at my hands, in a quarter where it will be appreciated."

With these words, and an air of self-complacency at the idea of having so completely succeeded in the object he had in view, of breaking off the American alliance, and thus eventually of securing the conversion of the daughter, Doctor Leupold hastened, with light heart and lighter step, to hold communion with his superior.

His reception, however, was less flattering to his feelings than he had anticipated.—"Father Muntzner!" he began, before the doctor had time to ex-

plain the result of his mission — "Father Muntzner! I am far from being satisfied with your proceedings. I have had an interview with Captain Tormerpick; I have detected many abuses and impositions, through which the interests of our society have suffered. You have not kept a strict eye upon our shipping connections here; the accounts have not been regularly audited; and our last dividends are not satisfactory. Moreover, you are too lavish of our funds; your poor's list is a frightful one. The system, preserved within due bounds, is advantageous — it extends and strengthens our hands; but it ought to be carried on by means of private benefactions — by levying upon the fears and prejudices of the wealthy citizens; — not by exhausting the legitimate funds and resources of our order. Where are your alms-boxes? Of a truth enough may be done for humanity by such means, without thrusting your hand into the general bank of our community. I see you are startled — but there is a farther abuse, my worthy father, in applying such funds for the benefit of the undeserving. What sort of example do you propose to our provincial agents, by devoting a specific sum to the succour and entertainment of a comedian? Upon my word, were I not well informed of the blameless tenor of your life, I dare wager that the comedian is not deficient in that valuable commodity of these days — a pretty wife!"

The doctor, with difficulty repressing his deeply-wounded feelings, entered into a full explanation of his acquaintance with poor Litzach, with which his superior expressed himself satisfied.

"A member of our society, you say; it was then a point of honour — you could do no less. But he must give us a *quid pro quo;* and as his calling is gone, we must find him something to do. Stood he high in his art. he might be made to assume twenty different characters, and profit us in all. I must think of it; but I have not yet done with *you.* There is a serious accusation brought against you; I am told you are lukewarm in our cause, caring to convert none to the right faith but such as you take a fancy for; while you stigmatize those cases which have been effected by our good Lainetz. Besides, you do not preserve the best terms with the pretty widow. Take heed to your ways, good father; you know her influence with the father-provincial; she has heavy charges against you — better to bear a humbler demeanour towards her; for I can assure you that any proceeding against her, either on your part, or that of your young protegé, must fall to the ground. It is the will, understand me, of our excellent provincial chief, that young White refrain from addressing her in terms of love; but at the same time he must not show his teeth — he must neither hate nor despise her. No; I will not hear a word in reply — we are fully informed on all these points; and it would pain us to have to summon you to answer such charges at our bar of justice in Rome. Thus much for your guidance — Beware the provincial-father! — *hunc tu, amice, caveto,* as the heathen has it. Enough on these points; and now, how fares it with the senator?"

"Well!" replied the doctor, beginning to take breath -- "the projected match is all at an end.

A rare stroke of superstitious terror, in a phantom garb, has thrown it to the winds, in order ——"

"It is all one as to the means," interrupted the superior, "provided the object be attained. To work by natural means calls for skill in the combination of a variety of circumstances; and if these are found not sufficient, we must have recourse to a sharper process, and lay strong siege to the trembling soul. I have given our Lainetz her instructions — she knows how to lay her mines in the senator's house, so as to bring that strange, obstinate girl you mention, within our meshes in a given time. I am authorised, in the name of our society, to declare my fixed, unalterable attachment to her noble fortune. In regard, also, to Mr. White, I have taken due measures of precaution; and Captain Tormerpick will give a good account of him in the colonies."

"Her fortune will fall into your hands, of course," replied the doctor with a sigh, on marking the grasping spirit of the superior; "for her father has pledged me his word that he will never accept the American as his son."

"*Quod sufficit.* Time will do the rest; the fair Lainetz will bring all to bear, as we would have it — it is a sure game."

Here the conversation dropped; and taking the doctor by the arm, without regard to the soreness of his feelings, the proud father-superior strode away, intent on mitigating the cravings of his appetite at one of the best *restaurateurs*, and at the good doctor's expense. While thus engaged, the senator was no less active in carrying through his views with respect to his daughter's union with the

American — a measure which he now considered essential at once to her safety and her happiness. Several facts bad transpired, and in particular the discovery of Mr. Nothaft's spiritual agency, to open his eyes; and he began to see his real situation in a more reasonable point of view. He wrote off hastily to the minister of the place, giving notice of the intended marriage, which he had the policy to see ought to be solemnized with as much secrecy and expedition as possible. Both his mind and his home had become more tranquil than for some time past. He exercised a just controul over his household; he had subdued the refractory and obstinate temper of his wife; and deterred the female flatterers and gossips from insinuating their base suspicions and detractions in her ear. He treated her also with courtesy and conciliation; and thus not a word as to the approaching marriage was allowed to transpire. But Juliet, unfortunately, who so well knew how to keep both her own and others' secrets, was the first to break the seal of silence; and in a moment of overweening confidence, confided the whole of the particulars to her new friend, Madame de Lainetz. The latter uttered a scream of surprise; but recovering her self-possession, she put a few questions to the confiding girl, which brought her every information she could desire; and in a few moments the treacherous friend withdrew, eager, doubtless, to communicate the tidings to her employers.

CHAPTER XIV.

Events connected with the fortunes of the senator and his family began to thicken, and, as is often observed upon approaching any important crisis, to succeed each other with startling rapidity. The intrigues of the society assumed a more threatening aspect, by their fearful and incessant activity. The efforts to draw the frank-minded, noble-hearted, and virtuous Juliet into its toils, were redoubled by a knowledge of her concerted union, and it appeared next to an impossibility that she should escape. The artful Lainetz left no means untried, by which to acquire an ascendency over her intellect and her feelings; and though "thrice armed in innocence," and the natural penetration of her character; the free frank-heartedness of the lovely Juliet laid her but too open to the snares of her wily adversaries. Madame de Lainetz was become her bosom companion, the favourite of her choice; one whom she loved the more fondly and ardently from the pure feelings of pleasure she had experienced in becoming her benefactress.

The fiendish agent of an irresistible power, she

had already succeeded in filling Juliet's mind with doubts and suspicions of her intended husband, and in deferring the period of their proposed union. She had done more, she had attempted to corrupt and to mislead the pure, undivided feelings of a first passion; not only by appeals to her vanity, but to the noblest characteristics of her nature; to her compassion, her sympathy, her magnanimity, and disinterested regard. She revived the lovely girl's recollections of poor White, arrayed in all the colours calculated to impose upon her imagination and her judgment. She drew a picture of the unfortunate and persecuted noble, retaining all his finest tastes and warmest sympathies, throughout the long bitter days of his adversity; she represented him struggling fearfully, manfully, with his misfortunes; a sight worthy the approbation of Heaven itself: but inspired only by one cherished motive, the single idea of a bright and beauteous being for whom he had conceived an irreristible, an almost idolatrous passion—a passion cherished till it had become an inseparable portion of his heart and spirit.

After one of the conversations in which Madame de Lainetz had thus appealed to her generous sympathies,—to the more dangerous passions of Juliet's nature, — she, as if by chance, dropped a letter addressed to Madame de Lainetz, but which the noble spirited girl immediately restored to her, unread, at the same time inquiring whether she had not lost it.

"It was intended for your eye, dear lady, by the writer; but I felt that it would make you unhappy; and I could not summon courage to give

it to you. Permit me, then, to return it to the writer, and to dissuade him from any similar attempt in future; convinced, as I am, of the utter hopelessness of his passion." But Juliet opened it with a trembling hand, and read, traced by poor White, the following heartbreaking lines:—

"No; dear Madame de Lainetz, I cannot refrain from thinking—why then should I not write—when one beloved idea for ever haunts my sleeping or my waking hours—when the one adored image of beauty and perfection, never surely before witnessed, still presents itself to the eyes of my soul's unchanging love. For its very purity and intenseness, I know that God will forgive me. Ah! happy as you are, you are near her, ever near her; hear her and see her all the while. You live upon her smiles; you hear the accents of that voice so full of tenderness and truth. Is her smile still so enchanting? Is her voice so irresistibly sweet as ever? And does the same graceful beauty play round her whenever she moves? But unhappy as I am, banished from the paradise of her presence; how much more her love! Breathe for me then, oh! breathe, and waft me in sighs that blest soul-inspiring air; speak for me the words which I dare not, and must not speak; and teach her to drop one tear over the calamitous fate of one, whom darkness and clouds have enveloped in his noonday path; whose fairest prospects are blotted from the map of life, and whose dying thoughts will dwell only upon his parting hour with her. Could she, do you think, deny me one drop of mercy, to cool the feverish despair of a heart already too deeply stricken wi[illegible] Would she refuse me

one prayer, for which I have so often wearied Heaven to grant me, that I might die, resigned, happy and forgiven—to let my eyes rest once more upon those beloved features, and to hear her forgive me ere I die thus early for her sake, with her own lips!"

Juliet dropt the letter from her hands, struggled with her emotion for a moment, and then covering her face, hastily left the apartment, without uttering a word. In a brief period, however, she returned with re-assured looks, but it was evident that she had been weeping: her cheek was pale, her voice more soft and faltering than usual.

"Take your letter, my dear friend, and let me say, that it was really harsh and unkind of you to think of keeping it from me. The fate of poor White cuts me to the heart. He has many good, fine qualities. I acquit him of deceit; but he is too enthusiastic for the lot he has to encounter. What must he not have suffered for these two days, cruel as you are; write to him—write directly; tell him how truly I am reconciled to him from my heart, how fully I forgive him, provided he be reasonable, and show more vigour and determined principle. Yes, add that for his good."

"You are more than woman! you are an angel; best and loveliest of your sex!" cried Madame de Lainetz, in a tone of admiration: "I can now write to the unhappy young man, and pour balm into his wounds. But oh! I must beware I do not excite the least suspicion of your approaching marriage. What a storm of passion would it not raise in his bosom, poor youth!"

"Not a word on that. We must trust to the

consolations of his foster-father, the doctor, whom, I dare say, you know."

"No! I never saw him."

"Why! he was one of the company at my father's; — the Doctor Leupold, in the great wig; — you must have seen him."

"How I wish I had but known as much! the excellent man! — though he heard my name, not a word did he address to me."

"That was good and kind, I doubt not," was Juliet's reply; "but I am curious, I confess, to learn something more of this said doctor; — really, I wish I could make his acquaintance."

"In that case, Mr. White, I do not doubt, would take upon him to introduce us to him. Let us, for the mere whim ——"

"How you talk! Mr. White is the last person in the world whom I ——"

"Enough! but you cannot doubt his willingness; — that letter speaks for itself. I dare lay my life that, at your bidding, he would encounter the poisoned darts of a whole horde of wild Americans with as much resolution as St. Sebastian himself — impelled by holy zeal."

"What a comparison! your jests, madam, are at least shot in vain."

"A bride elect finds fault with every thing. Now, you think every body dull. But am I never more to set eyes upon my poor dear Sebastian? and my heavenly, beautiful, lost Pulcheria? Are you become so distractedly fond of them that you cannot part with them more?"

"Oh, your locket!" replied Juliet, a little at a loss — "I assure you I had almost forgotten I had

such a thing." Juliet put her hand into her pocket — "Why, I declare, I have lost the key of my desk — I will look."

Madame de Lainetz laughed: "Well, my love, only let me have my beloved saints again. But I can guess what you have done with them; — you have embalmed them in myrtle flowers; you have enclosed them in a lovely little temple, secretly dedicated to them, because your papa and mamma ——"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Juliet; "do you think I am an idolatress! — but I will not keep them a moment now;" and, hastening to her chamber, she returned in a few moments. "Here, madam, here is your pious pledge," she added, in a somewhat distant and offended tone.

Madame de Lainetz took the locket, and proceeded to deposit it in its case, opening a writing-desk, and turning over a variety of papers; at the same time observing, in a somewhat jesting tone, "It is well, perhaps, that you forebore to carry the precious pledge about you, for it possesses a certain quality you might not have liked."

"Of what kind?" inquired Juliet, with an air of indifference.

"Why, it has the gift of constraining all those who wear it, either to become, or to remain good catholics."

"What nonsense!" was Juliet's laconic reply.

"Yes, laugh at it as you please," replied Lainetz; "but there are relics known to possess this singular power, and it is for this reason I think it better not to wear it round my neck."

"Now, to convince [illegible]id Juliet, "that it

is all nothing but your own silly superstition, I will wear it in my bosom as long as you please, bidding defiance to all its boasted powers of conversion !"

" Come, then, I take you at your word — only give it a fair trial. Here it is; and I shall rely on your keeping your word ?"

" Have no anxiety on that head," returned Juliet, in a contemptuous tone; " I shall not even take the trouble of opening the case — so that I shall at once have a double triumph over woman's curiosity, and the special magic of your old catholic relic."

" Just so, my sweet little heroine," replied Lainetz, as she adjusted the pretty images round her fair neck. " There, now, the charm is just concealed, like those bosom charms, from the garish eye of day, and that of papa and mamma, you know," she added, in jest, " who might, perhaps, be angry."

With these words she withdrew, having caught the sound of approaching footsteps; and, in a few moments, the young American, his voice and looks animated with all the soul of happy and triumphant love, brought the flush of joy into Juliet's cheeks. Soon they were absorbed in a conversation of a more interesting and tender character. Towards the close of it, they were joined by the senator and his lady, now apparently in a more conciliatory mood than usual, with regard to each other; while Birsher, throwing aside his usually staid and serious demeanour, began to rally his intended bride in that sunshine of the heart and spirit not unfreque[illegible]ervable in persons of a

grave turn of mind, more especially the English temperament. To Juliet, however, it was too novel to be pleasant, and led to a result which neither of the parties could have anticipated.

"Don't repeat that again, Juliet," he cried, laying his hand playfully upon her lips, "or I shall begin to think that what your mother says is all true; — that you will try, if you do not know how, to rule a husband. Is it true, Juliet? — are you so very domineering as all that?"

"Sir!" stammered out the puzzled girl, as if at a loss for the moment how to take it, and fixing her eye on her mother with an inquiring look.

"Oh, no doubt, she was only in jest," continued Birsher; — "nay, do not look as if you would rule her too; don't you perceive that we were both in jest. In those eyes, in that face, I can trace loveliness, repose, firmness, certainly — but no obstinacy, wilfulness, or caprice. By the former a husband need not fear to be ruled — such qualities serve to enhance a woman's charms. No, I shall not be afraid of you; and perhaps, also, you would find your match."

"You are beginning to lay down the law pretty early, good sir!" at the same time fixing her eye upon him in a manner to convince him it was a subject on which she was unwilling to jest.

Birsher looked astonished; and, all at once resuming the whole seriousness of his character, he exclaimed, in a hurt and hasty tone: "Nay, it can never be too early to understand each other; — it is better now than later. We are, like other trades' folk, engaged in a speculation — for it is a speculation upon our rel[illegible]th and faith; and,

as our courtship is necessarily brief, we commence the voyage without being assured. I, for one, can bear no despotism in the marriage state — I will never be a slave to my own or any other person's whims, though I can bear a joke very well. If the matrimonial yoke is to press on us with cold iron hand, you had better explain beforehand, that we may not both of us make shipwreck at once of happiness and freedom."

"This is a singular discussion," retorted Juliet, "and one in which I will take no part, and will therefore relieve you of my company;" and, with a marked expression of scorn and anger, she rose and left the room.

The young American cast an appealing look at the parents of the capricious girl; and both cast down their eyes, as if unable to unravel the mystery of her conduct.

At length the senator, addressing Birsher with a friendly air, "Such are national manners," he observed; "and thus it is that mistakes occur, and ill-blood is engendered between persons who had not the least idea of injuring each other. Women here are accustomed rather to the gallantry of Italy, than the plain speaking of North America. You will excuse me, if I venture to remark, that a man of sense and experience would do well not to lay too much stress upon the little whims and phantasies of a young creature, almost wholly a stranger to the habits and modes of thinking of his country, and indeed to conventional or fashionable manners in any part of the world."

"Oh, I am quite aware of all this," replied Birsher, in a good-humou[illegible] "such deficiencies are

of no account, provided they are but skin-deep, and that the heart is right and sound. I am in hopes all will yet go well; she will take example by me, and learn to soften down these little inequalities and starts of temper—the mere exuberance of youthful spirits and frankness of heart. Did I for a moment imagine otherwise, I would at once, cost me what it might, release you, my excellent sir, from your promise."

"Surely, surely! but you are jesting; there is nothing serious here."

"Yes; but who knows," replied Birsher, "if Juliet may not wish me to do the same, and to be left free. You saw the angry manner in which she retired; she may be a warm friend; but perhaps, also, she would make a bitter enemy, if once she declared war."

The senator made no reply; but his lady observed, in a calm voice, "Have no apprehensions on that head, my dear sir; the strange humour she has just taken, is owing to her own anxiety and eagerness in making preparations for her departure; and this you will be generous enough to consider she is doing for your sake."

"You make me very happy to hear you talk thus," was the lover's reply; "and I trust, dear madam, that to-morrow's visit will clear away every little unpleasantness which has just occurred."

Here a messenger appeared with a summons from the council, by which the senator was enjoined to attend at the senate-house, on the ensuing morning, exactly at nine of the clock.

"What!" exclaimed the senator, "is there a

special meeting to be held, that the summons is for an earlier hour than usual?"

"It is meant, I am informed," was the messenger's answer, "that your excellency is to appear privately at that hour, before his excellency the burgomaster."

The senator looked surprised, but made no answer; while his lady changed colour, and cast a side-look, as if to observe how he took the information. Birsher, perfectly aware that his presence was not desirable, took a friendly leave, and left them, with a seriousness of aspect not less marked than their own.

Birsher, in fact, retired in a mood strangely at variance with the one in which he had accosted Juliet. The day-dream of joy, at least of social peace and happiness, in an union with the woman of his choice, had disappeared. She now met his view under a different aspect: and he began to recal little words and acts, which, together with the observations of the mother, and the strange manner of the senator, seemed to confirm the correctness of his own reflections. He paced his apartment in deep thought, till at length a loud knock at the door arrested his attention. At his bidding, there entered a tall elderly man, somewhat bent with years, in deep mourning, and with care-worn features; and the American at once made up his mind that he was some unfortunate being in search of alms, and mechanically clapped his hand upon his pocket. But a dissenting shake of the head seemed to militate against the idea; his hand dropped, and, in a respectful tone of voice, he requested to know the purport of the stranger's visit, who had

merely greeted him with "A good evening, my good sir!" In a mild, weak tone, the latter inquired if he had the honour of speaking to Mr. George Birsher, of New York.

"I am George Birsher, sir,—and—your business?"

"It is an appeal to your generosity—not as applies to your purse, sir, but to your nobler feelings."

Birsher looked surprised, and motioned the stranger to a chair.

"You have the reputation, Mr. Birsher, of being a firm, upright man—a man of few words, but all the prompter in action. It is upon this ground that I have ventured to put your character to the test."

"Strange, certainly," replied Birsher, "and in what manner?"

"I am informed," said the stranger, "that you are about to form an union with a lady named Juliet Müssinger."

"If I tell you that I am," was the American's reply, "need you, sir, do otherwise than congratulate me?"

"I need," was the stranger's brief reply. "It would irk me," he continued, "to be compelled to write you an hymeneal song; for my harp would give forth only notes of woe—an evil omen of what was to come."

"How so, if we are mutually attached—are wise and virtuous?"

"I would rather," replied the man with a sigh, "be called upon to compose your funeral elegy, and to furnish you with a shroud!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Birsher, "you are surely not in your senses!"

"One who is inestimably dear to me stands on the brink of insanity —yea, and of the grave. The bells that give note of your marriage will toll his doom."

"Explain yourself more clearly, good sir. I hate mystery," replied Birsher, approaching close to the stranger. "I am a straight-forward man, and I like to know the meaning of things in as few words as may be."

"You shall be satisfied. The person to whom I allude is a young Englishman — brave, of noble birth, but unfortunate, and distractedly fond of your intended bride."

"Indeed! I am concerned to hear so much, for the sake of my fellow countryman. But let him scorn to be guilty of folly such as this. Where there exists not mutual affection, all mere selfish passion can be of no avail."

"No mutual affection! Why, sir, the young girl's heart responds to his."

"Sir! sir!" interrupted Birsher, "think of what you say."

"He was her tutor; but love, a greater master, mingled in their tasks. A declaration took place, and the father then stept between. Hence, sir, the reason for keeping your intended marriage so great a secret."

"Truly, I do remember having seen a young Englishman; but Juliet's perfect frankness of soul forbids even the idea."

"Her affections were sacrificed at the shrine of parental obedience. But the flames smoulder, and are not extinguished. At the first meeting between

the lovers, a spark will kindle their early ardour into a blaze."

"First meeting!—a pretty discovery, upon my honour!"

"The young man would have taken a final leave, but Juliet would not listen to it. She encouraged my friend to follow her to America, after giving you her hand."

"Dare you say so?" inquired Birsher, with a threatening aspect.

"It was not guilt; it was the natural impulse of first affection — yes, innocent — thoughtless — reckless of consequences. But my young friend had virtue to reject the invitation — rather would he die here, a martyr to love and to despair."

"What, then, my countryman has more honour than the intended bride?"

"Not so. She repented what she said, and wept, and parted — and saw him again. I know all, though he would have concealed it from me. Now he hath confessed it, and wishes for nothing but to die."

"No, no!—that a countryman of mine must not do in a cause like this. But what is your precise business with me?"

"I come wholly unauthorised by him. I came frankly to appeal to your generosity — to learn whether you would prefer the glorious privilege of doing good, or that of consigning two hearts to hopeless wretchedness and destruction. I have no more to say."

"Enough! enough! I will never be the husband of a wretched hypocritical bride, sighing for an absent lover — never see a poor weak fool

send a pistol-shot through his own brains; and leave so horrible an act as a sort of legacy to me and my wife. God forbid that *I* should cause such a world of grief and trouble!"

"And God reward your upright, noble feeling! See," approaching the window — "see, sir, there on yonder bank is the object of my solicitude, deeply absorbed in his own woful thoughts. Little dreams he that we are now deciding on his fate, sensible of nothing but the one fatal passion which devours him. That is James White, the unfortunate being for whose life I am now pleading."

"What a fine countenance!" exclaimed Birsher; "but were I to comply with all your wishes, how, my dear sir, would it improve the situation of your young friend? The senator would as little countenance his addresses as before; he has no chance of success, were I to resign my claims, and become his best friend."

"Nothing is impossible to love like his. It has a lion's strength, and would find its way in some happy moment to a father's heart."

"So, my good sir, you seem to have studied the subject! I do full justice to your experience, and to your laudable eloquence; but recollect that you have to do with a tradesman. How will you guarantee the truth of your assertions? In the first place, your name?"

"Liebhold ans Faldern."

"What evidence that Juliet loves your protegé? What that I am not a mere puppet to be played by secret wires, and fooled to 'the top of my bent;' and you the reynard employed to cozen me out of my better judgment? I speak plainly."

" I have spoken to you as man to man," replied the stranger, in a tone of humility and resignation. " My position is quite opposed to any meddling in this way. I am an old man, fond of peace, and why should I provoke the indignation of a senator? You suspect me; and perhaps a more satisfactory witness would be the portrait of the man she loves, which she carries in her bosom, and which she has made a vow no more to part with till —"

The American started from his seat — his cheek and brow were flushed — " His picture!" he exclaimed; " that indeed would be an incontrovertible witness; and I will make it speak — I will bring it to light — to the sin and the shame of her who wears it. Should it be, as I have more than suspected, then — but, my good sir, you shall hear from me again. At present leave me, for I am not in a temper of mind to talk rationally with you."

He showed the stranger, with little ceremony, to the door, and bolted it after him. A storm of indignant passion filled his bosom; and it required all his strong sense and habits of self-command to check its force, as he reflected on the gross imposture of which he was nearly becoming the victim. He would admit no one, and he could take no rest, for he had been deeply captivated with the personal charms, as well as the charms and graces of Juliet's mind and manners. In the morning, however, he reproached himself for having so far given way to his momentary feelings, though he felt no less hurt and grieved on recalling the nature of his interview with the stranger.

CHAPTER XV.

With pale looks, and sad, foreboding spirit, Birsher took his way towards the senator's mansion, determined upon putting to the test the truth of the stranger's statement. It was by no means a fashionable, or even a customary hour, he had selected for his visit; the fingers of the senate-house clock having barely reached the position of half past ten. But he found Juliet at home and alone, looking very lovely — more charmingly, perhaps, from being arrayed in an elegant morning dress. The bride elect, from mere surprise, blushed "rosy red," scarcely having time to take a glance at herself in the mirror, and hastily throw a silk kerchief over her bosom. Her tresses flowed unconfined down her fair neck, and the tight-sashed robe displayed exactly, to the practised eye, one of the finest moulded forms in the world. There was at once a sweetness and a glow of beauty in her countenance which was perfectly irresistible, such as might easily have transported the most studious of painters into one of the most passionate of lovers. Birsher's heart beat high and anxiously

as he gazed upon her, and he put up a secret prayer, that she might be found as good and innocent as she was enchanting. A smile of gratified vanity dimpled her cheek as she glanced from Birsher to the hour-glass; she triumphed in the idea, that he had flown thus early to throw himself for forgiveness at her feet. This very consciousness threw a fresh charm round her face and person; and she stammered out only a few indistinct words in mingled pride and confusion, when he addressed her in the sudden enthusiasm of the moment, and in terms at once of irrepressible admiration and deep submission. A delicious smile lit up her features, while she vainly sought for words to reproach the lover, whose eyes hung enchanted upon her looks; and, while she struggled to disguise her joy, she secretly applauded his lofty spirit in her bridal heart. Dresses and jewellery lay in profusion before her; and he, too, smiled in triumph, as he reflected that her thoughts could not be far distant from the subject on which he was about to address her, even did not her looks betray them.

"I had hoped," he observed, "to find you immersed in these matters; and that all was in preparation, though you had the heart to use me in so cruel a manner — you know when. You will be happy, at least, to see I have suffered so much."

"Are you sure you have not deserved it?" replied Juliet, in a joyous tone; "if so, I will repent me of the wrath I shewed on the occasion. Well, I am not quite in so unpropitious a humour, I think, to-day."

Birsher, hardly master of himself, seized her

hands, and literally covered them with his kisses. He forgot the purport of his visit; fear and suspicion fled; and he exclaimed, in the overflowing of his heart, "A reception like this overpays a world of sighs and trouble, and augurs sweetly for the future. Speak, charmer of my soul! — do those magic eyes and smiles but light me to my doom? — could you ever be happy — even for a moment happy — with me?"

"I hope I could," was Juliet's reply, as her eye and her hand again, with the same resistless charm, met his. "We will doubt, and dispute no more; nor will we play the hero and heroine of romance. But really, you are giving yourself airs of another kind; really, now, I must not — I mean, I cannot suffer this. Let me go for a moment only, while you look at these pictures here; for truly," she cried, in a playfully revengeful tone, as she got away, "you shall not so easily again surprise me in my dishabille."

But, quick and sylph-like as she was, he reached the door before her, and his arm now encircled her waist with gentle yet powerful grasp. "My envious, cruel betrothed!" he exclaimed, "would you rob me of the most delicious moment of my existence? No, no — I beseech you! let me dream out my brief dream of bliss, and wake me not! Let my faith be firm as the rock of ages, in the holiness — the truth — the purity — the beauty of thy soul; for nature could not thus have counterfeited them in those heavenly features — could she, my Juliet? Oh, stay with me! confide in me a little while — most delightful, most charming as you are! — when simplest, then most adorned, in

all the sweet natural graces of that matchless form and mind, which encircle you as with a halo of beauty and glory, all ——"

"But it is not — indeed, now, it is not proper!" interrupted the struggling girl; — "don't detain me, pray Mr. Birsher — and I promise you, indeed, I *will* return."

It was in vain she intreated; for, roused to a feeling of desperation, and resolved no longer to bear the agony of suspense, as he recalled the stranger's fearful accusation, her lover besought her, in the most pathetic terms, to stay with him if only for a few moments.

"I have one request to make, sweet Juliet; permit me only to be the first donor — the first to hang this bridal gift round that beauteous neck — to hear you vow to wear it for my love's sake, at least for to-day;" and he took a rich chain of diamonds from its case, beseeching, with so much gentle earnestness and softness of manner — so much fascinating gallantry in his looks and voice — that her woman's heart was no longer able to resist the appeal.

Trembling, and half-gasping for breath, she murmured out, "What a strange, obstinate man, you are;" and, slightly loosening her neck-kerchief, she bent her lovely head to receive the proffered gift, while, with half-closed eyes, and blushing, as his arms still encircled her, she softly breathed — "This is being too revengeful, sir, for yesterday; — if you will be good to me now, I will not offend so again."

Birsher joyfully grasped the glittering chain; and Juliet marked, with a throb of pleasure, how

his hand trembled, as he slowly and cautiously proceeded to fix it in its resting-place, with his arms now thrown around her beautiful head and neck. Her neck-kerchief fell a little aside, and ere he withdrew his arms, an exclamation of pain, of trouble, escaped his lips.

"Heavens!" cried Juliet, "why is that?"

"Why! you have already a keep-sake, I see—and nestling where I envy it!"

"How is that?" returned Juliet.

"It hangs by this black ribbon which just appears from under that envious veil, I will swear!" and he pointed to it as he held it fast. Juliet's cheeks were in a flame. "Only let me see it!—what is it can be worthy of such a casket as where it lies?"

"Oh, heavens! you must not."

"Why so! tell me, Juliet."

"I—I dare not; do not ask."

Birsher frowned darkly upon the fair speaker; she saw his look; but cost what it might, she could not,—dare not, on any grounds, venture to admit that she wore a graven image, a proof of Catholic superstition—of idolatry, in her very bosom. He intreated, he insisted, but in vain. He then more coolly declared that he *would* and *must* have it; and Juliet's face was now flushed with indignation, as she observed: "You are a gentleman, Mr. Birsher; you will act like one;—and believe me, sir, when I tell you, there is not the slightest ground for your suspicions,—that there is nothing wrong in my motives or feelings as regards it."

With these words, she snatched it from her

bosom, and sought to place it in her reticule. The ribbon broke—the locket fell upon the ground. The case sprung open; Birsher seized it; fixed his eye on the portrait, and returning it to the affrighted Juliet: "I congratulate you, lady, on the handsome portrait of your beloved;" and he held her in his eye with fierce, malignant, and triumphant mockery, till she felt as if she could have sunk into the earth. It was the portrait of James White; and the wretched lover, after a long pause, and trembling as he spoke:—"It is all true, then, what I have heard, Miss Müssinger. And I was the puppet, was I? Will you pull the wires again, gentle actress,—pretty traitress,—but no! I pity while I despise you!"

Without another word, he rushed from her presence; the dismayed Juliet gazing after him in a tumult of emotions, which deprived her of the power of utterance. As he hurried forth, he met the very man whose portrait he had just seen, concealed from all other eyes, in the bosom of the faithless girl: "Are you an Englishman?" he exclaimed, at the same time grasping him by the collar;—"your name, sir?"

"James White."

"And you love my betrothed bride, Juliet Müssinger?"

"Good God! what mean you by that? how come you, sir, to know?"

"Your friend has informed me of all. Dare you deny it? I say you love her; you have her picture."

"Alas! my good sir; consider;—what is it you would ask? I——"

"Be quiet; do not attempt to impose upon me;

make me your friend, or you may have reason to repent it. You behaved nobly in refusing to follow us to America; it is for that I will not now run my sword through your body; nay, I will be your friend. Be happy, and farewell!"

He left the astounded and trembling lover; struggled hard with the fierceness of his indignation, and the better to school himself in his fiery mood, he hastened to bury himself in the solitude of his own apartments. On his way he met the senator; but merely touching his hat, he hurried by without exchanging a single word. The latter stopped, and looking after him with astonishment, heaved a deep sigh, and resumed his melancholy way. On reaching home, Müssinger found his wife and daughter seated together; the one engaged, with great solemnity, in combing her favourite lap-dog; the other apparently busied at her work-table. "The demon is loose!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself into a chair; "if I escape the fate which threatens me, I shall never more despair; for all I hold dear is now at stake,—my reputation, my office; nay, my civil existence."

"Heavens! you alarm me!" exclaimed both ladies in a breath, while the wife turned away from him in actual terror, but the daughter taking his hand, looked up affectionately in his face. "The burgomaster," he continued, "has charged me with having speculated in the Hamburgh lottery; and relying on the secresy of my correspondent, I ventured firmly to deny the fact. If unable to clear myself, proceedings will be commenced against me; I must resign my seat in the senate. Nor is this all; Nothaft, and the pastor Lammer,

have made themselves busy with my name; injurious reports with regard to my connection with Mr. Birsher, render it imperative upon the burgomaster to institute inquiries, and the senate can no longer decline to take cognizance of the whispers and insinuations which reflect upon the dignity of their order. Within one month, I am bound to show by what means I became reinstated in my fortunes; it is there the iron enters my soul; for I think of your fate—I dread the idea of your becoming objects of pity or of scorn; but I repose confidence in your prudence; what I before told you, and now tell you, if we value our self-preservation, must be preserved a profound secret."

"That is understood," observed his wife, in a more confidential tone than usual; "but what, in the name of wonder, have people to do with our fortune; and more especially the burgomaster,—to think of giving himself such airs! Poor wretch! every body knows his history; the low situations he has filled, and the family from which he has sprung. The dirty, mean fellow! what right has he to speak?"

"Cease, cease!" cried the senator impatiently; "what avails this idle abuse; think rather of some means to avert the tremendous storm about to burst upon our heads."

"If I were to give you my advice," replied the mortified lady, "I dare say you would not take it: and besides, there is a sort of fatality in these things, and you may as well give yourself no trouble, so I will leave you, and try to take a little rest. Only recollect, that I will never give up the title of lady senatoress, with my own consent; it

was the only thing I got by my marriage with you; and I will sooner die."

"Weak, silly woman!" muttered the senator as she left the room: "unsocial, selfish, vain! Let us not talk of her; but you, dearest Juliet, give me your best advice. Whom shall I consult—in whom confide? I dare not speak to my old book-keeper, he is too single-minded. Then Berndt is gone; Nothaft, who has the guile of the serpent, is become my enemy; and as to your future husband, he might perhaps save me, if he would,—but he is too frank and high-spirited; there is not a single soul in whom I dare confide, but yourself. Now, Juliet—but what is the matter? you are weeping. Speak, dearest, what has happened since I saw you?"

But Juliet only wept, and was silent.

"Ah!" exclaimed the father, "I see it now. Bisher passed me in anger; but it is only a lover's quarrel. Come, dry up your tears; and, now I think of it, I will apply to Doctor Leupold. Write to him for me, Juliet."

"Excuse me, father; I cannot do that."

"Why not? Ah! I recollect; you dislike the man. But I must—"

"Beware, father; if you value your own safety, trust him not."

The senator, sighing deeply, turned his eyes away. Juliet pursued her point—"He walks in a mask—he is a traitor, if ever there were one; and I have reason to think he is laying snares for us. He is not the simple jurist he appears: and if we do not beware, father, he will bring down ruin

upon our family. He a friend! he an adviser! — he is a deep, designing Jes——"

"Hold!" cried the senator; "I will hear no more. I dare not hear it from your lips. You make me unhappy, very unhappy, Juliet, and, for God's sake, do not breathe a syllable of your suspicions to a living soul, or — or — we are lost."

Juliet shuddered as she beheld the strange terror depicted on her father's countenance as he spoke; "Be it as you will, father," she said, "only try to be calm. Not a word have I breathed on the subject to my mother; and Heaven will order it in some way for the best. I will go and write to the doctor."

This, however, she was spared; for the doctor himself was announced, and, accompanied by a stranger, entered the room. Juliet withdrew.

The stranger was introduced as the superior of one of the holy Societies of Jesus, and congratulated the senator on being a living instance of the divine grace, by his happy conversion; to which the senator replied, in a low tone, that though circumstances had arisen which made it almost unavoidable, he trusted that his religious opinions would be suffered in no way to clash with his duties as a private citizen. "But judge of my surprise," he continued, "when this very day a man accosted me in the streets, and had the audacity to ask me to exert my influence in acquitting his brother from a serious charge, upon the grounds of his being a catholic. I expressed my astonishment, my indignation; when the man, in a more confidential tone, observed, 'Why, sir, there is no one who ought to do it more readily. I know your connections well;

you are as good a catholic as I am; and, in fact, I was authorised to require your assistance in this affair.' I was thunderstruck — scarcely had I the power to threaten the wretch as he deserved, and to drive him, muttering words of revenge, from my presence. What am I to think, when scarcely have I given in my adherence to the forms and opinions of the society, I find myself carried away by a torrent — dragged within a gulf of conflicting duties; and secrets which concern my reputation, my very existence as a public man and a citizen, in the keeping of persons who offer no guarantee for my protection?"

The doctor looked astonished; but he assured the senator it was no fault of his, or of his people; while the superior, assuming a high and resolute tone, interfered — "Be calm, Mr. Senator; it was I who suggested this expedient to the unhappy man. He applied to me for spiritual assistance, and I referred him to the protection of your worldly arm. A seasonable word from your lips will do much: he is described to me as a zealous member of our holy body, and I have no reason to question the truth of this statement. Observe, my good son, concord in good works will always achieve the object in view — '*concordiâ parvæ res crescunt.*' We are all bound to assist each other; and in this case you will do as much as is in your power, in order that you may count upon the support of the society in your own hour of need."

"Would, then," exclaimed the senator, quite aghast, and heedless of the scornful, lowering brow of the superior, as of the troubled looks of the doctor — "would I had never embarked in this

dubious and dangerous sea! Have the goodness, my brethren, to explain the purport of your words, and if possible advise me how to proceed in this critical juncture of my life;" and the senator proceeded to relate the unpleasant occurrences which had taken place in the morning. The doctor was evidently affected, and shook his head; but the superior only seemed amused, observing, with a scornful laugh, "And does this trouble you? can the word of a runaway apprentice be put in competition with the sacred oath and office of a noble senator? Out upon it! I say. Are there not means clear as the sun at noonday, by which to account for your splendid accession of fortune. I will bring you witnesses with a vengeance; and our worthy father here, who is doctor of all laws, shall expound them for you; and, with the help of the saints, find you wills in plenty, duly signed and sealed, which shall bear you out, were you as rich as Crœsus himself;" and he laughed outright.

"My good father superior," interposed the doctor; "let me with submission suggest that a forged — I mean a false document."

"Now, now!" interrupted the superior, in a cold, lordly tone: — "what farther? The question is, sir, how to drag a brother out of the pit. Will you mince the means? will you dare to assert that a will, of which the drawer and the witnesses are fictitious personages must necessarily in itself be false? Be your opinion, however, what it may, you will please to consider that you must submit to the superior weight and counsel of the higher functionaries, whose voice, no less than their arms, extend a long way."

The doctor bowed, in token of obedience; but it was evidently a forced obeisance. A slight tremor shook the senator's frame, as he listened to the latitudinarian doctrine of the society; but it was a doctrine which was to snatch him from perdition — from the perdition of all he valued upon earth — loss of station, wealth, and character. Even forged documents were contemplated with far less abhorrence than in other circumstances they would have excited; and his sole anxiety now was how to avoid the exposure consequent upon the discovery of the lottery.

"You perceive, my worthy son," resumed the superior, "the extent of our good will towards you; consequently you will not reject any little petition on our part. The records of our society are, I find, too exposed to observation in Father Muntzner's abode, and I wish you to take them under your protection. He can attend to the arrangement at your house a few hours every day; here no suspicion will be excited — no risk will be run, and we shall be perfectly at ease as to their safety."

"You have treated with me frankly," replied the senator; "you have promised me aid in my emergency; and whatever might be my objections, I do not believe that I could justly urge them here. I will comply with your request in its fullest extent; I will allot my own private cabinet for the registry of your society's documents; and it will always be open, as an office, to the attendance of my invaluable friend, Doctor Leupold."

"Then you shall receive them this evening,"

observed the doctor; "since our worthy father superior no longer thinks them safe in my custody."

"*Quidquid agas, respice finem!*" returned the superior, with dark and threatening aspect; "I thank you for the extreme readiness with which you meet my wishes," he added to the senator; "though I perceive that you gave me credit for the same want of candour which you yourself evinced in regard to your conduct with Father Muntzner."

"How so?" inquired the senator, at the same time fixing his eyes upon the doctor. "Need I remind you," resumed the superior, in a tone of bitter irony, "that I allude to the projected marriage of your daughter. Ah, my good son, have you so little surmounted the tendency to relapse into your old heresies, as to think you could disguise from us your real views;—and so briefly, too, after you had been healed, and felt the saving grace of the Lord Jesus, as it is felt in the hearts of his newly-converted members. Did you not give your solemn promise to break off the alliance with the heretic and the heathen?"

The senator could not reply a word, and the doctor took compassion on him.

"Yes, my good sir, we know all—how it was your intention to wed her in secret with the American; but it is not done; so look up, and do not be dismayed: there is time to retrace your steps. Had you prepared every thing—thought you to complete it?"

"I did—and I do, as it is incumbent upon me,

both in conscience and in honour to do," replied the senator; "and moreover, I dislike all interference in my domestic concerns. If you cannot be satisfied, father, without this, I should wish to dissolve all connection with your society, your church, and all its concerns."

"Oh! what lamentable ignorance—what impetuosity!" exclaimed the superior, raising up his eyes, full of compassion—"*Saule, Saule! cur me persequeris!*"

The superior paused—footsteps were heard approaching—and a clerk entered with a letter. It was Birsher's hand; and the senator grew pale, and trembled as he broke the seal; he read—and falling into a chair, as he handed it to the doctor, exclaimed—"Now am I indeed lost!"

The doctor cast his eye over it, while the superior hastened to support the unhappy man, and read as follows:—

"Unfortunate Müssinger! my hand trembles, and my heart is deeply wounded, to be compelled to assert that which must make us truly unhappy. My father fell by the hand of a murderer—by your hand. My informant was all but a witness to the revolting deed. Aware of the fearful tie that was about to connect our families, he spoke out, to prevent such an unnatural alliance. I feel the heavy duty which falls to the lot of the son—I will not say to avenge him—but to bring the murderer to public justice. At three o'clock I am to see the burgomaster, and I feel bound to acquaint you with the fact:—take *your* measures accordingly.

"Birsher."

CHAPTER XVI.

The senator cast an appealing look to heaven; then fixed his eye upon the doctor, who, hastily folding up the letter, handed it to him:—"Compose yourself, my friend, all is not lost! the villain's accusations cannot reach you. Your own fears are the enemy most to be dreaded; there is every reason to hope you would be acquitted;—but it is better to meet the evil at the outset. Birsher's magnanimity would ensure your flight; but do not stir a foot, and leave us to act for you:—within three hours, I trust that all danger will be over."

"Is that possible!" cried the senator, as he threw himself at the doctor's feet; assure me of that, and do all you can to avert the fearful ruin which must otherwise overwhelm me."

"Here is the man," continued the doctor, pointing to the superior; "and as the father confessor of an unfortunate member, I call upon him, in the name of our holy order, to exert its utmost energy to rescue you from impending destruction."

"I will speak with him," replied the superior in

a careless tone; and having then heard your opinion, will see, in God's name, what can be done. But first, will he take a solemn vow to abandon all idea of his daughter's marriage, and to bequeath the whole of his property to our holy society, for its promotion and benefit after his decease. *Respondeas mi fili;* and you shall receive the aid you require in your extreme necessity."

The senator notified his assent; and the superior, taking him by the hand — "Be you witness, father, of this solemn contract — to be hereafter more formally drawn out; and now let us address ourselves to the business in hand. *Imprimis*, I am of a humane disposition, and always prefer gentle means where I can. But in this case I must propose measures of a different kind — and such as you, father, once considered a little too hard."

The doctor made sign to the superior to be silent, and, after assuring the senator that he should speedily hear from them with good tidings, whispered his companion in the ear, and they took their leave together.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the wretched senator, "thy hand is heavy upon me!" and, covering his face with his hands, he threw himself back in his chair to await his fate in silence. Meantime, the two Jesuits repaired to their secret convent, where they found Madame de Lainetz, and the comedian Litzach, awaiting their arrival.

"Our plan succeeds to a miracle," said the former; — "here is young White's portrait, doctor — its work is done; and my connection with the fair Juliet at an end."

"It is our scheme," replied the superior, with

haughty air, "which carries the day, short-sighted woman; your labour has been thrown away. Let us hear what Litzach has to say for himself;" and he beckoned his agents to follow him into another apartment. After a brief discussion, they were dismissed; and Captain Tormerpick was next admitted, in order to receive his final instructions previous to setting sail for the colonies.

The captain handed him a packet, containing the necessary accounts and documents for the eye of the father provincial.

"There is also another of a *weightier* nature," he observed, with a cunning laugh, "with which we shall have to trouble you, captain — I mean a stout-bodied, bluff, hard-fisted Englishman — one such as will bring a good round sum in Batavia."

The captain rubbed his forehead: "Aye, aye — you are bantering with me, my good father; — you have a mighty good knack that way."

"Not at all, my good Tormerpick. We have an objection to trafficking in souls, it is true, when it may prove injurious to our other wordly prospects. But, where it enters into our accounts ——"

"Oh, oh! I understand you," replied the captain; "and you shall have it all your own way. But *when*, where, and how? — I have two stout fellows, fresh from a pirate-cruise, at your command. Pay them, and they'll stick at nothing on this side h—ll."

"Then about two o'clock, be you upon the pier," continued the superior — "there you will find him alone, unarmed. The man whom you just now saw going hence will bring him to the

spot; a tall, well-built man — that is all right, father?"

"Yes — our neighbour at the swan, captain," replied the doctor; and the captain rubbed his hands, and laughed outright with joy.

"Ho, ho! I know the blade, and I will soon make him part company with this place. Bravo! I owe him one — and I will keep my promise with him — lay him down in the hatches, and give him the taste of a cat's tail, if he will not stop his gab. A plaister for the mouth, a cord for arm and leg, and off we go; in two days we have open sea — and the game's our own. Depend upon it, I will give a good account of him; and so, fare you well, my worships — I will make signal to you ere long."

With these words the felonious and reckless seaman took his way to the Swan, and enjoyed his dinner with as much relish as if he were about to engage in some heroic exploit. He then gave his crew a more than usual allowance of grog, mounted with them a close-covered caravan, prepared to convey them to the pier, and thence to the canal; and, as he moved off, doffed his hat to the American, who sat looking at them out of the inn-windows, and even drank to their next meeting. Birsher drew back in disgust; seated himself at the table in deep thought, and summoned all his courage to go through the trying scene which awaited him. Betrayed, as he conceived, by her he loved; detecting the murderer of his father, in the man whose hospitality he had partaken, to whom he had nearly been allied by the tenderest ties, and compelled to accuse him of one of the

greatest crimes under heaven, he had occasion for all his judgment — all his natural calmness and fortitude; and he resolved, under all circumstances, not to make his appeal to justice, even for the sole consolation of performing a severe and conscientious duty, without discovering some stronger grounds on which to proceed. He turned from the provisions set before him, and, proceeding to a side door, he opened it with a key, and said aloud: "Now, sir, I am at your service." A pale, mean-looking figure, stept forth — it was Nothaft, looking like the guilt-stricken wretch he was. "Come, sir, sit down and eat — and try to look a little less alarmed. Having taken all matters into consideration, I have judged it best to drop the main accusation in this matter."

"Bless you for that, sir! — if you consent to that, I shall breathe once more."

"Learn to understand me, man," continued Mr. Birsher — "there is nothing in common here with accusations of the same horrible kind. You have sworn to the truth of what you have stated; and I believe you — not because of your oath, after the contemptible part you played in regard to the apparition — but on the strength of the very singular conduct evinced by the senator himself. There are many circumstances, however, which lead me to conclude that the inquiry would have a different termination to that which you might expect. If proved, the crime must be expiated by death; and, as I do not conceive the circumstantial evidence nearly so strong as to amount to certainty — instead of having alleviated my affliction, I should

still be haunted with the idea of the senator's innocence; and there are many reasons, upon reflection, which lead me to take that view of the subject. Then I should bring down ruin and disgrace upon a helpless family — and to what end? — my father cannot be restored to me; he would not have wished to be avenged; and I would not willingly return to my own country with the heavy curses of the unfortunate upon my head. You are terrified yourself at the idea of prosecuting this hateful inquiry: swear, then, that you will be silent; — we may lament, but we cannot recall the past; it is best that we retire to our respective homes."

Nothaft listened with undisguised delight, and he would gladly have taken a thousand oaths to be relieved from the dreaded consequences of his own imprudence, into which a sudden desire of revenge had betrayed him. He agreed in the view taken by Birsher, expressed his gratitude once more, and hastily withdrew. On the threshold he was met by the stranger, who had before acted as the agent of the holy Jesuits in the affair of White, and who now represented himself as having come, in the name of the lovers, to express the gratitude due to their benefactor.

"Could not your young protegé have come to speak for himself?" inquired Birsher — "I should like to know him."

"And Juliet is no less desirous of pouring forth her feelings of grateful joy at your feet. She sighs also to think of having offended, and longs for an opportunity to explain ——"

"How it was she mistook treachery for truth! No, I must deny myself this pleasure—I would not overwhelm her with her shame."

"It is on a more pressing question—concerning no less her own happiness than yours, that she wishes to see and consult you."

"There, sir, you struck the right chord; she shall find I am not one to do good by halves; I will act at least, manly, if not nobly. Yes, I will do some good deed to support me under these untoward events. I will make two hearts, at least, happy. Where is James White; where is Juliet?—I follow you, sir; I will not allow myself time to retract. I will then return home; I will resume my old occupations, as if my father were still with me, with unremitting diligence, and an undisturbed heart."

George Birsher then followed the stranger; but he returned to the inn no more. Hour followed hour; night came; and the hostess who had taken a sort of liking to her handsome young guest, not less than to his purse, began to grow uneasy. She at last sent off a messenger to inquire if he were at the senator's, and intended to return to the inn that night? The senator contented himself with coolly replying that he was not at *his* house; and retired to his cabinet to return Heaven thanks, that the storm had passed over his head without touching a single branch of his lofty senatorial and civic honours. He turned with renewed satisfaction to the note of his friend, the doctor, which, dated a quarter after two, contained the following words:

"Take courage, my afflicted friend; we have

not forgotten you. He is gone, and will not return, leaving you nothing to fear in future."

Rendered callous by the exulting feeling of escape from immediate and almost imminent peril, and now fairly involved in all the meshes of jesuitical falsehood, the senator, with feelings of recklessness and levity, peculiar to some stages of strong excitement, joined his wife and daughter in a more joyous mood than they had some time witnessed.

"Well! my little bride,—my pretty little Juliet," he exclaimed; "so I find your intended has just taken his unceremonious leave of us, and set sail home. To-morrow, however, is the Lord's day, and we will go and hear our worthy pastor at St. John's, not forgetting to put up a prayer for the safety of our New York correspondent, and that he may return to us after many days."

Juliet was silent; but the tears were fast chasing each other down her cheeks, and a deep sigh broke from her bosom: "Yes, father," she said, as she withdrew to her own chamber; "we have need to pray, and to-morrow we will offer up our prayers to God, in spirit and in truth, beseeching that we may at least enjoy a little peace, and exercise mutual forbearance among each other."

On that morning, Father Muntzner was stirring early, to prepare for the grand celebration of the secret mass. On going through the garden, he was accosted by White, who taking him with much emotion by the hand: "How fortunate at last to find you alone! The superior's presence would have dismayed me; for I wanted to tell you from my heart, how exceedingly I regret that I ever met with you. I know you wish for my happiness, my

generous benefactor! even when you drive me to distraction, and I feel truly grateful for your kind motives towards me."

How must I understand you, James? you are quite as incomprehensible as usual."

"No, father; you think I walk in darkness—that I am a child; but a light has broken on my path; I know all that regards Birsher,—all his generosity, his magnanimity of soul. I heard it, father, from his own lips."

"Birsher! in the name of Heaven, what know you of him?"

"That you spoke with him; that you woke his compassion in my behalf. He told me that Juliet loved me, that she wore my image next her heart; and that the dreaded bridegroom would soon set sail."

"You are dreaming, man!"

"Seek not to deny it; is it a crime to make others happy? Be not alarmèd, I am prudent; not a word to the father superior shall escape my lips. Only throw aside the mask, and I will tell you my plans. I will never be a priest; never consent to go through the humiliating duties of a novice. The sword alone can cut me a path to honour; to the possession of my adored Juliet. I was yesterday engaged in reading the life of Sweden's heroic king. I sat absorbed, inspired,—and no power on earth shall change my resolution. I am yet young: Europe rings from end to end with the pealing notes of war. I love, I hope! and success will crown the daring of the brave; and if I fall, I fall for Juliet, and in the field where my fathers bled."

"Oh! Christ! Christ!" exclaimed the doctor, quite astounded, and taken aback by the extreme energy and enthusiasm of his pupil: "You will not leave me room to put in a word; and yet I am bounden, though with a bleeding heart, to affirm ——"

But quick footsteps were heard approaching. The superior, with marks of terror in his looks, followed by Madame Lainetz, white as a sheet, and unable to articulate a word, ran hastily towards them: "*Hannibal ante portas!*" was the Jesuit's cry, as he held up a letter in his hands. "Oh! my worthy colleague, the time is arrived for action, not a moment to lose!"

"How now! what is all this?" inquired the doctor and White in a breath.

"Do you speak?" addressing Madame Lainetz; "while I run my eye over this dispatch; it may be of pressing moment to us."

The lady began, in a low, gasping tone of voice: "We are betrayed. Ulrick's wife, one of our persuasion, was taken ill in the night, and one of our prayer-books found under her head. Alarmed at her husband's threats, she confessed all;—her conversion, the existence of our society here, and the whole proceedings in St. John's court."

"God in heaven help us!" was the doctor's reply.

"Information was forthwith given," continued the lady; "the city authorities surrounded the court, broke open the doors, and all our holy vessels and precious relics fell into their sacrilegious hands. I escaped, in the tumult of the scene, and bring tidings of the disaster here."

Litzach next rushed into the garden: "Oh, my dear masters! Oh, my holy fathers!" he exclaimed; "what will become of us! I learn such things as I came along! The guardian is taken, though he refuses stoutly to confess; but the court is completely surrounded—the police are all on the alert; and at nine o'clock public proclamation is to be made. The sigrist who escaped, gave me orders to inform you."

"Now, may the villain be eternally interdicted, excommunicated, and consigned to deepest perdition, without purgatory at all," exclaimed the incensed superior, "who betrayed the Lord! All, I fear, is lost. Shame is our portion; we must fly; we must set forth, Father Muntzner, before the peril toucheth our persons. What is it you would advise? — any port in a storm."

"Our books," observed the doctor, "are fortunately in the senator's custody. No one, however shrewd, will think of seeking them there."

"True," replied the superior; "but now let each take to his heels, and God speed us all! You, Litzach, were a comedian, and know how to throw yourself into the first wagon you meet; I will mount the Friederthore; you, White, will stop and watch over affairs at Father Muntzner's — pack up his campen —; but I have no time to say more.
—Off — *cité! citissimé!*"

White hurried away — Litzach wrung his hands; "Surely," he cried, "I am the unluckiest rogue alive — what will become of me? — of my poor children? — and my sick wife? — and all my —"

"What the Lord pleases, you blockhead!" cried

the superior, turning round as he made off, in a harsh voice ; " but back, and be off, and take care of the wagon. And you, dear Lainetz, can go any where ; so pick up news in every quarter, and whatever is stirring, be sure to let me hear — you know where to find me ; and be speedy in your movements. Away !"

The superior and Father Muntzner conducted their retreat together. — " Unhappy as I am," exclaimed the latter, " that this calamity should have befallen during my government here ! What a reception will be mine at home — and with the father-provincial !"

" Learn to appreciate a friend," replied the superior, while he handed the doctor the letter just received. " I will snatch you as a brand from the burning, as you have been a faithful brother to me. Our provincial is in want of an active member at Assumption, to conduct mercantile affairs. Your mission here is at an and ; you cannot do better than bury your grief and shame at Paraguay, till the General himself shall call on you for your justification. Time gets on — the thing slumbers — and perhaps a reprimand, instead of a severe sentence, will be all that you need have to dread."

The doctor accepted the proposal, without objecting a single word. Both the superior and his hostess entreated him to seek some place of refuge till he sailed. He had hardly time to embrace poor White, to whom he was really much attached. " I am going to Paraguay," said the old man, while the tears trickled down his cheeks ; " it has pleased Providence to bring us to a speedy end. Never,

my young friend, shall we behold each other again! — One blessing — one embrace; and then follow the fortunes of our excellent father-superior! Forgive — and blame me not, my poor James," he said in a lower tone — and he was gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

While the foregoing scene was enacting, one of a no less stirring and trying nature was in full preparation upon a different stage. The senator and his family had proceeded, according to their intention, to join the congregation of the Lutheran minister, within the walls of St. John's. Seated in one of the most conspicuous pews, they had already listened to the lofty, mingled harmony of the organ and the choir: a few scriptural passages were read, and the old pastor, Lammer, proceeded to mount the pulpit, from which so many eloquent discourses had been heard. His countenance shone with a zeal and a severity more than ordinary; his fiery and restless eye seemed to threaten those on whom it rested, but was directed with more fixed and terrific scowl to the spot where sat the senator, upon whom all eyes were now turned. The preacher rose — waved his arm over the dense throng of upturned heads below him — prepared to speak — when, at the instant, a flash of light shot through the vaulted aisle, and a clap of thun-

der, no longer drowned by the pealing of the organ, shook the spacious dome from end to end. Storm and hail rattled against the painted windows, raising a cry of terror, as if the day of judgment were at hand; while the eye and features of the pastor, glowing with all the fervour of supernatural excitement, seemed to dwell upon the dying peals, and the lightning's blaze—till, after an awful pause, during which he threw down the prepared sermon, as if freshly commissioned from on high, and at the full pitch of his voice gave vent to the prophetic terrors which seemed to agitate his whole frame:—"Thou speakest in thy thunders, oh God of Hosts! supreme mover of worlds! Thou, mighty and wrathful in thy terrors! how shall we answer to thy voice? Most merciful and most high, deign to relieve me of the heavy load of duty which this holy day hath fallen to my lot. Can I—dare I explain thy wondrous commandments—thy dread mysterious will? Declare thou thy holy word; let sinners tremble before thee, and, rising in thy wrath, proclaim to the nations, 'I am the one and terrible God!' Yea, let thy thunders roll, and the dark curtain of the heavens be rent in sunder, that nature may clothe her in sackcloth and in ashes, and offer Thee a day of fearful atonement for the multitude of her crying sins. The sinner hath trampled thy first of commandments under foot; he hath worshipped other Gods than Thee. He hath abandoned Thee, the great and the jealous God, for the Dagon of the heathens—for a piece of vile, unconscious clay. But Thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; Thou hast delivered

them over to the devices of their own corrupt hearts. The portals of hell shall open wide to receive them: for the whore of Babylon hath decoyed them into her embraces; she hath knocked at the gates of our city — she hath wagged her wanton tongue in our streets — she hath smiled and beckoned to the comers by: 'Come to me — come, ye who love me in secret, and sweetly shall ye sin with me.' Oh shame! oh horror! oh curse upon our worthless times! Our citizens stopt not their ears to the voice of the charmer — they have entertained her in their houses — they have built her an altar — dedicated a papal temple to her worship. But hear me, my friends: the renegades to their God are discovered — their designs are unmasked — the veil hath been rent which hid the powers of darkness from our view; and their agents are about to expiate their crimes. Visit them, oh Lord! with the terrors of thy hottest wrath and displeasure."

A moment of extreme agitation, amounting to horror, followed the fearful sound of denunciation, thus issuing from the anointed minister of the Most High. The senator could scarcely support himself by clinging to the side of the pew; he felt and dreaded all; his wife stood with wild, unmeaning stare fixed upon the preacher; and Juliet, deeply affected, kept her eye, with an expression of filial tenderness and piety, upon her father.

The preacher, once more girding up his loins to the task, resumed, with redoubled strength, the fury of his Lutheran anathema: — "But if sinners tremble, what must the sinners in high places do? How must they wish that they had never, never been born! Happy those who have repented —

still happier those who have expiated their sin. But cursed, thrice cursed, and consigned to perdition, are the stiff-necked and hardened, and the impious priests of Baal, who have decoyed the sheep from the fold of the Lord. Liars, and liars as ye are, what measure of punishment shall I mete out to you? what prophecy of doom shall I set before your eyes? Ye are drunk with iniquity; ye seek the temple of the Lord with popery, hypocrisy, and all the deadly sins, ripe and rank within your hearts. Yea, the mighty, the lawgivers, the honoured with the senate's robe and dignity, scruple not to forswear the true faith. How shall I designate him! a judge of the people, sworn to maintain the laws, turned traitor to his country, and become the bosom friend of her most hateful adversaries! He hath dishonoured the noble body to which he belongs. The diseased member must be cut away; for he hath violated all its highest privileges, all its patriotic ordinances; hath entered into a compact with Satan — replenished his coffers from the unlawful spoils of the lottery, and renouncing his religion with his country; hath become — I shudder as I announce the fact — hath become a vile papist in the bosom of this virtuous, reformed city, and its Lutheran brethren. Tell me, my friends and brethren, what extremity of punishment can reach the fearful crimes of such a man?" and with eye and hand he marked out the senator for the execration of the whole assembly.

Overwhelmed at once with rage and shame, the victim of his hostility sank back, almost senseless in his seat; while the murmuring and blaspheming throng heaped the bitterest threats and

maledictions upon his head. It was a trying — an awful moment; and an incident added not a little to the revolting and painful character of the scene.

The senator, in the agony of his emotion, seized the arm of his wife, who, terrified by her superstitious fears, uttered a piercing shriek; and springing from him, ran with her prayer-book in her hand through the church, exclaiming— "Take him away! take him away! he is a catholic — he is a catholic — don't let him come near me! the Lord have mercy, mercy! miserable sinners!"

Raving like a maniac, the wretched woman hastened out of the church — now presenting a spectacle, of which no description can convey an adequate idea. The conscience-stricken object of all this tumult was at length borne, in a state of insensibility to his house; it was some time before he was restored to consciousness; and on first opening his eyes, they rested on those of his daughter, who was hanging over his couch.

"Why do you not leave me? Go, go, follow your mother!" exclaimed the suffering man.

"No! I wish to be with you! I have no mother — if she desert you I own her not. But, alas! you see, dearest father, I was right; the doctor! but I say no more; I love you too well; I at least will not desert you, my own dear father!"

"Oh my God! how have I deserved so good a child!" while his tears fell thick and fast upon the hand he held in his.

As he spoke, the door opened, and the figure of White, pale and breathless entered the room.

"Save yourselves! there is not a moment to lose; the city is in an uproar; a council of the senate is summoned, and the police are on the alert. Hasten! Doctor Leupold has taken measures to secure your flight; here are dresses to disguise you!" and, struck with the imminent peril which threatened them, both father and daughter hurried along with him, through the turnings and windings of the least frequented part of the city. For some way they escaped observation, till the pressure of the crowd increasing, they had the utmost difficulty to avoid being separated.

"Whither are you taking us?" exclaimed Müssinger, exhausted and out of breath.

"Hist! not a word!" replied White;" "in a few minutes we shall be safe; but where is your daughter?" and on looking round, both were horror-struck; for Juliet was gone. In vain they attempted to retrace their steps; they were impelled forwards by the throng; and White, marking a party of police upon their track, darted rapidly with his companion into a low, mean-looking house. Again he emerged from it at the back, and threading a number of intricate passages, he at length entered a large dilapidated building, where, mounting up a long dark staircase, he knocked at an old oaken door, which was opened by a stern, weather-beaten trooper, presenting to view a party of horsemen, carousing at a well-furnished table, and dressed in parti-coloured uniform.

"My comrades!" cried White, in a bold confiding voice, "You are catholics; you are friends; you will not refuse to save a brother. I claim a sword, a helm, and steed, in the name of the per-

secuted. Will two of you accompany him till he is safe over the boundaries, and count upon me for life and soul. If peril come I will face it in your place, and not a stiver will I touch of your reward."

"What is all this, my friend?" inquired Müssinger, as he sunk back exhausted on his seat.

One of the horsemen brought him wine. White explained to him, while preparations were making for his departure, the extreme risk he would encounter were he longer to remain in his native city, whether as regarded his person or his fortune.

"Half of it is yours, if you save me!" replied the unhappy man, at the same time presenting a parcel of notes to White, which the other, with moist eye and faltering speech, thrust from him.

"I will ask my reward," he said, "when the time comes, if ever;" and, eager to close an interview fraught with danger to both, he assisted in disguising the senator; threw a horseman's cloak over his shoulders, and recommended him to conceal his shaven chin and his features as much as possible from public view.

As White girded his sword on his side, the wretched man, suddenly recollecting himself, cried out, in a voice of bitterness — "Oh, my Juliet! my beloved daughter! — and must I leave you thus, under misfortunes every way so terrible! Ah, my noble friend, if you have any pity for the most unfortunate of men — if you really wish to crown your good work, and obtain a father's prayers and blessings — you will not reject my petition; you will hasten to my good old book-keeper; you will find my daughter; you will fol-

low us to Amsterdam, and inquire for me at Herr Van den Höcken's."

"It shall be as you wish," said White; — "with God's help I will find your daughter — she shall rejoin you. Farewell! and God protect you!"

"Come — to horse, to horse! we have no time to lose!" observed the commander — "by mid-day my troopers must be back. There's our trumpeter's blast! There, mount and off! and see you don't blemish my noble Gaul; but ride hard — he will fly with a word."

Again the hand of Müssinger met that of White. "I want no gold — I want your esteem, your respect; and the manner in which you speak to me more than half repays me for all the exertions I have made to save you. Your daughter shall speedily be restored to your arms; if not, do not upbraid me, but conclude that James White is no longer in the land of the living."

His last words died away on the ear of the bereaved father; he was already on his way; and tower, and citadel, and town, till they reached the very frontier, freely opened its gates to the travellers, on beholding the uniform and banner of the redoubtable, heroic hussars, who had earned their glorious character upon many a hard-fought field.

Meanwhile Juliet remained wholly in the dark as to passing events. Accidentally and forcibly separated from her unhappy father, in the collision of the throng, she nevertheless did not lose her presence of mind; and, having regained her own home, she shut herself up in her apartment to reflect upon her future conduct, under the strange

and mysterious circumstances which surrounded her. The harsh and almost awful denunciations of the church; the proceedings against her father; the uncertainty of his future fate; — all united to overwhelm her feelings with a force which momentarily deprived her of her judgment and usual self-reliance. Ere she was enabled to decide upon the path she ought to pursue, came tidings of the senatorial edict for her father's arrest — his consequent perpetual banishment — with all the dreaded penalties which such a sentence comprehends. Here, however, were supplied incentives to fresh exertion; she no longer hesitated as to what course she should adopt; — in captivity or in exile, it was equally her duty to rejoin him; she took her money and her jewels, and, arraying herself in the simplest dress she could find, she sallied forth with the eagerness of one bent upon some delightful visit to a ball or theatre; she was animated with the resolution that no difficulties or disappointments should long deprive her of the pure rapture of being once more folded in the arms of a father she still affectionately loved.

The fierce storm of the morning had now assumed the form of one incessant and violent flood of rain. But the undismayed girl braved all its fury without a moment's hesitation. She had not gone far, when, in her extreme haste, she almost ran against a lady hurrying in the opposite direction.

" Oh, joy!" exclaimed Madame de Lainetz, " is it indeed you I see? — Come, oh come *this* way — I will explain every thing; — how even now I was hurrying to rescue you from the fate which threatens

us — unless, indeed, you had made up your mind to remain with your mother."

"I have no intention of the kind — but I must go," she said, struggling to get away. "Leave me — my father is a prisoner — I go to share his fate; — do not be cruel enough to prevent me."

"Your father a prisoner! What, do not you know then?"

"What? — speak quick, madame!"

"Your father has disappeared — he is gone — he is in safety."

"Gone! — safe! — farewell, lady; I must follow him instantly."

"What! with no direction — no traces of him whatever?"

"God will hear his child's prayer! — my anxiety will guide me to the spot! — I am extremely obliged to you, and farewell."

"You make yourself unhappy without reason. The senator has undoubtedly left the city; the gates are closed; you are known; all his connections are watched; — they will take you back to your mother!" These tidings wrought the effect expected from them; Juliet leaned her head upon the bosom of Madame de Lainetz, who bore her unresistingly towards a more retired part of the street. "You see the whole city is in commotion," she said; — "try to compose your spirits, and console yourself with the reflection that, in this terrible persecution, the life of your father is, at all events, safe. Soon you will receive tidings of him; and till then let me try to return some small portion of the hospitality you have shewn me. Come,

no hesitation; you will be both safer and happier than with your mother, who has, perhaps, to answer for bringing down upon our heads the sufferings of this sad and terrible day."

"Yes; I will not live under the controul of a despotic uncle, and the incessant reproaches of my mother. Lead me on: I will wholly confide in your good intentions;—lead me whither you will."

After threading the various intricate mazes of the meaner portion of the city, Madame de Lainetz, at length emerging from an obscure street, hastily approached the site of the old cathedral, and ringing a bell at the small gate of the tower, anxiously awaited an answer to her summons. After a considerable interval, during which they heard the unbarring of several doors, and the clanking of keys, it was opened by Herr Pahlens, a convert of Doctor Leupold, who evinced the utmost surprise upon beholding the fair applicants, who claimed his protection:—"God preserve you, Herr Pahlens," cried Madame de Lainetz; "give us sanctuary—we will follow you as quickly as possible!" and hurrying on, they were led by the warder up the large wooden steps, and through the dark winding staircases and narrow passages leading towards the higher stages of the ancient tower. Still on they went, till they reached the last step of their dizzy ascent, which brought them to a sort of platform, and here they entered the warder's apartment, and for the first time began to take breath.

"You are aware, sir," said Madame de Lainetz, after a long pause; "of what has occurred in the city; without your protection we shall be numbered

among the victims,—we appeal to your gallantry, no less than to your compassion."

"You are entitled to both; and you are most welcome," replied the delighted warder, rubbing his hands with joy; "and I can entertain you, ladies, all the better because my colleague is at this time absent, over this chamber in the cupola, a beautiful retreat, which I may designate Cupid's drawing-room; a prettily decorated chamber, such as might well become the little loves and graces, to say nothing of the goddess Venus herself; that shall be set apart for you: there you may be like a princess, and the only care you need employ is, to avoid being seen by people, who out of curiosity or business, occasionally find their way to the loftier stages of the old tower."

Juliet disagreeably impressed by the absurd manners of the man, requested to be shewn at once to the drawing-room, which certainly bore out the character given of it in point of neatness and elegance. The warder withdrew, as he said,—"to decorate himself in a style befitting the importance of so gratifying an event, as that of a single gentleman receiving as his guests, two ladies of their eminent personal charms and distinction. It was his intention afterwards to rejoin them, and do himself the honour of presiding at a little feast or festival in Cupid's drawing-room, for due celebration of the happy occasion. Madame de Lainetz begged that he would not put himself to any extraordinary exertions, as both his guests were of very simple tastes; and his words were lost on Juliet, who, gazing from the window on the dark clouds flitting over her head, sighed and wept, as

she tried to form some plans for the guidance of her future proceedings. After several gallant but vain attempts to attract the goddess of beauty's attention, who had already, he declared, robbed him of his heart; their gallant host left the ladies to themselves.

"Whither have you brought me, madam?" inquired Juliet, hastily; "and how came you acquainted with this place? Can it be right to rely on the discretion of such a man, whose absurd importunities would revolt me, were not his absurdity too glaring and ridiculous? Would I had not permitted myself to be prevailed upon to come here! I am by no means satisfied!"

"Could I conduct you to a spot less liable to suspicion?" replied her companion; "or where you are less likely to be discovered? I have little knowledge of the warder to be sure; but I can answer for his fidelity and uprightness of intention. You need not alarm yourself; you need to dread neither insult nor importunity. I am as opposed as you can be to anything approaching impropriety or want of good manners. Such language is merely one of the honest warder's characteristics; an odd touch of conceit, and you may retire to repose without a moment's anxiety. By to-morrow, perhaps, this terrific weather will have subsided; you will be able to learn something respecting your father, and thus know how to proceed; so pray compose yourself."

It was in vain to murmur, and Juliet sought to lose the recollection of her sorrows in sleep, partaking the same couch with her mysterious and now more than suspected companion.

It was to no purpose, however, she closed her eyes, while Madame de Lainetz, from her perfect stillness concluding that she was at length wrapped in a profound slumber, began to offer up her prayers to the Virgin, with extreme earnestness, although in a subdued tone. She besought the holy mother to grant her grace and protection in this her extreme hour of need, and that of her dear friends and fellow communicants of the blessed Society of her divine Son, aggrieved and persecuted, as they were, by the secular arm of heretic power. She beseeched with sighs and tears, that a miracle might be wrought, and that they might soon find themselves in peace and safety, in the bosom of the holy church, and especially that she would vouchsafe to pour her healing influence into the soul of her unhappy companion; that she might be converted from her errors, and brought within the happy community of those who embraced the true faith. That when her conversion should indeed be made sure, she should then unite with her in offering up her vows, and those fasts and penances to the glory of our holy mother, which should crown the good work of her conversion; and present with her own hands a votive tablet at the sacred shrine of Montserrat, with her own virgin hands."

Having uttered her prayers, and counted her beads in the deepest humiliation and enthusiasm of spirit, Madame de Lainetz closed her eyes, and appeared to enjoy so sweet and profound a slumber, as to excite at once the envy and admiration of the astonished listener.

Although it was clear that her companion was,

in secret, a confirmed Catholic, Juliet could not help feeling touched with the sincere pathetic expressions of sympathy uttered in her own behalf. Here too, was ample evidence, that her conversion was a long premeditated plan, and while she felt grateful for the deep interest—more intense than that which the Catholic lady expressed for herself, and which seemed to inspire her appeals to the holy mother—she also felt her pride wounded at the secret conspiracy to work upon her weakness, and impose upon her judgment.

With feelings highly excited, it was impossible for her to sleep, and she listened to the measured step of the warder going his rounds, and the mournful sound of the ancient tower tolling the hour, while the fitful flashes from the watch-lights broke upon the dark shadows of the night. As the pealing notes were hourly repeated by the various towers and steeples of the city, resounding far through the chill and gloomy sky, mingled only with the shrill fierce voices of the storm; the soul of Juliet, though little prone to superstitious fears, lay brooding in the pauses of the night-wind, over many a strange tale and ill-omened adventure, recklessly encountered by the hapless maiden who had deserted the security of the parental roof. With bleeding heart she dwelt upon the disastrous occurrences of the past day; the ruin of her family, her father's infatuated blindness, his strange flight, and the disappearance of her lover. A dark and fearful future opened before her; she could not reflect upon the desertion of him who had first taught her heart to throb, without shedding many bitter tears; and in the agony of suspense, she sighed for

the return of day, that her fate might, at least, assume a more determined character, whether for good or evil.

It came, as bright and beautiful in its aspect as the previous day had been wild and terrific; and as she opened her lattice to breathe the free, pure air, which came fresh from the surrounding hills, she seemed to inhale new life and hope. She saw the bittern as it went soaring by, tribes of wild birds seeking the lonely shore, and haunting the skirts of the marshes below, while the low plaintive notes of the ringdove came borne at intervals upon her entranced ear. Far beyond, half lost in the distant horizon, rose towers and hamlets, with their glittering spires rising above the intermingled scenery of woods, and streams, and meadows — offering a variety and magnificence, which enchanted the eye. She looked down, too, on the heart of that city of the sea, with its restless tide of busy, moiling creatures, no bigger than emmets, and passing away, generation after generation, as wave succeeds to wave. How poor! how vain and empty appeared to her, even from that little elevation, the incessant struggles for a few grains, more or less, of the vile dust — the shadows and the breath of fancied honours, by which they were surrounded! What specks upon the fair bright planet — sweeping along its eternal orbit of the sister spheres — seemed now the stately mansions she had gazed upon in the city. But while indulging her sad reveries, a new source of anxiety recalled her thoughts; and with soft, noiseless step, she hastened towards the door. Low, whispered voices, in which she distinguished those of the war-

der and Madame de Lainetz, were in close and earnest communication; and she more than once heard her own name.

"You may well think how I was alarmed to hear it. It really is a pity—so fine, so magnificent a young beauty as she is. 'Pon honour, madame, there will be a pretty inquiry set on foot! we shall have half the city upon our heads; it will be concluded she has become a zealous catholic, like her father, and we must try to steer clear of the results."

"You need fear nothing of that kind," was the lady's reply; "and you must help us through with the affair. The superior has bound me hand and foot—I *must* reclaim the soul of the fair girl—I must keep my word, in order that word may be kept with me. *Il va de ma vie.*"

"Well! and who says I will not be your trusty help-mate?" cried Pahlens, in his usual manner; "but am I to receive no reward for my pains? Must the blind god continue to rule me with such despotic sway that, as you know, I actually salt all my meat with my tears, and have taken my formal leave of that more gentle god called Morpheus, who no longer visits my pillow. If the holy fathers of your society choose to take pity on an amorous knight, and give me her love, while they take her money—if they will guarantee this, in Cupid's name! so let it be. Let them take her trashy dollars, and we will make us a little Arcadia in the wild; the pretty ringdoves shall teach us how to love; and if I can only succeed in getting promoted to the place of organist to some grand cathedral, who so happy as the good Herr Pahlens and

his pretty little wife Juliet, daughter of the catholic senator!"

"I see you have an eye to business, Herr Pahlens," was the lady's eloquent reply; "but the girl will have her own way."

"Right, madame, and when she learns the extent of my devotion, my adoration—her way, I flatter myself, will be also mine. Only promise to give me a helping hand, and before many days are over, I will pledge you my place that I will succeed. Besides, think how respectable! to become the wife of a head organist of a cathedral — I mean, who is to be!"

"Rely upon me, Herr Pahlens! only place us safely in the hands of the good father-superior. Then, doubtless, your gallant exertions will be crowned with success. We women, you know of old, are frail; we yield to the charm of flattery, especially from a tongue like yours, and in the absence of a father's support."

"Aye, let her only be mine!" but the bold warder's eloquence was unequal farther to express the warmth of his attachment.

Juliet started back in terror at this dread confirmation of her worst fears. A fugitive — a captive — bound hand and foot, at the mercy of a horrible power, a fearful and unrelenting system, whose victim she was about to become — to whom should she look for help? She felt she was in the toils of her pursuers — that the sole chance of escaping sufferings worse than death was, to yield — to propitiate them; in short, to join them, embrace their faith, and become their agent and their slave. For alas!

what hope of rescue?—where was her lover?—where now the good and generous White? She was alone—alone she must abide her fate; "Yet I will die," she exclaimed, in the bitterness of her spirit, "sooner than become the tame victim they think to make me. Death! death! but slavery and dishonour never!" and she resumed all the noble confidence which was so remarkable a feature in her woman's character.

Scarcely had she roused herself to this energetic frame of mind, when she heard heavy resounding steps approaching along the gallery, and she looked with eagerness and alarm through the window called the Belvidere. Two men in uniform were ascending the platform, the foremost of them dressed as an officer, with his epaulettes, scarf, and a large feather in his hat. He seemed struck with the noble prospect, stretching its far and wide domain around him, and addressing Herr Pahlens, who approached with low obeisance, cap in hand, inquired into the names and peculiarities of numerous picturesque objects, which gave an additional charm to the lovely landscape before them. The officer listened to the information he received with apparent pleasure; while his companion took no share in the conversation; but pursuing his way round the gallery, he approached the spot nearest to Juliet's apartment; and leaning over the balustrade, appeared to be lost in thought. Juliet had followed him with her eye; there was something in his air and demeanour, which, spite of his dress, was not strange to her; and when he took off his

casque to wipe his brow, and for a moment raised his face, Juliet was at once surprised and delighted to behold, in his features, a mingled dignity and melancholy, combined with a manly beauty, which rivetted her attention. Somewhere; but where and when had she seen him? — it was James White — and his whole expression and appearance at once convinced her that he could not be in league with her secret enemies. His military costume and demeanour, set off by the marked sensibility, gravity, and firmness of his manner, shewed that he had assumed a new profession; and Juliet felt towards him only the kindlier sentiments by which she was once inspired. Her father and Birsher were both torn from her side—and to whom could she appeal for succour, with the same confidence, as to the gentle, noble-minded White? Could even he snatch her from the terrific doom which she had heard pronounced against her — could he save her from the cruel, merciless hands into which she had fallen, before its final consummation had overwhelmed her. An instinctive impulse urged her to the trial; she opened the window, and gazed through it; nor was the lovely vision lost upon the young soldier. His face was instantly lighted up with an expression of extasy he could not disguise; while Juliet, with looks of tenderness and confidence he had seldom seen, beckoned to him to be upon his guard. It seemed the realization of the waking vision he had once beheld. He pressed his hand upon his breast, fixed on her a look of devoted love, and awaited her commands.

"I am a captive," said Juliet in a low tone; "if you are not a sworn creature of Madame de Lainetz, save me! but be cautious."

White, at the name of Lainetz, gave expression to a feeling of abhorrence so decided, as to calm all Juliet's fears.

"With God's blessing, lady," was his reply, "I will assist you."

"Of my father?" inquired Juliet eagerly; "of the future? speak! may I confide in you?"

But the officer drew nigh, and the voice of the warder was heard; so that White could only make sign to the anxious girl, and draw back. Still she hung at the window, keeping the Englishman in her eye, who, on his part, lingering near, hummed aloud the stanzas of an old national song, which told the maiden, as clearly as in the exactest prose, what it concerned them both that she should know —that her father had escaped to Amsterdam, and that he himself, losing all traces of her, had been despairingly occupied in her pursuit. That now he would restore her to her father, or perish in the attempt; that the gates of the city were once more open; and that she should receive farther intelligence from him before the close of the day."

Juliet's bosom beat high with hope; and the officer, who joined White, closed the song with a "Bravo! my good fellow; I am delighted to see you have some soul in you yet; sing away, and away with melancholy! a good song does the heart good; and I shall really begin to like you, if you stick to that tune."

White only bowed his thanks; and at the same

time contrived effectually to conceal his features from the warder's view, as, preceded by Herr Pahlens, they both descended to the lower stories of the edifice; while the delighted Juliet could find no means to give expression to the joy she felt in the mere anticipation of her approaching freedom! Yes, she would once more clasp her father to her arms; she would live to thank her noble deliverer, and to disappoint the vile-hearted Lainetz and her base coadjutor.

Both these dreaded gaolers appeared before her in due time, and laid siege to their supposed victim in their peculiar line, with the view of anticipating the period when she should fall an easier sacrifice to their diabolical attempts. But their flattering and seductive efforts, however artfully employed, were alike vain; and Juliet, relying with religious faith on the fidelity of White, affected to be too indisposed to listen longer to their kindly-meant exertions to assist her.

In the course of the afternoon, a messenger, who had been waiting on the warder, in passing the gallery, threw a slip of paper into Juliet's apartment. It contained the following words:—

"At ten to-night fail not to be ready at the gate of the tower. My captain is in the secret—his vehicle will attend you. He is a brave and honourable man; rely on him as on me—for my duty holds me from you;—but more when we see each other."

This was read, and destroyed in a moment; and Juliet sat down to watch the approaching hour of her deliverance. It came; Juliet softly left the

side of the slumbering traitress; unclosed the door, and descended the steep-winding stairs. With cautious and stealthy tread, she successively reached the different stages of the lofty edifice, till each she imagined must be the last in her descent. At length the sound of approaching footsteps caused her heart to throb with intense emotion; — were they those of her gaolers or her deliverers? Voices were heard — loud threats, mingled with obstreperous laughter; and a summons, "in the name of the magistracy!" was frequently repeated. Lights were brought — preparations threatened for bursting in the doors — and all told Juliet that, if they were enemies, she had little time to lose. In an agony of terror she retraced her steps. Scarcely had she reached the great belfry, when the voices burst with redoubled din upon her ears. A loud crash was heard; shots were exchanged, followed by deep and direful imprecations, amidst which the hoarse voice of the warder was frequently heard. There was a short, fierce struggle, and then all was still.

"Have we got you?" at length exclaimed a voice, "you vile, hypocritical catholic! But come along, we will find other sport for you than fomenting these dark plots against the state!"

She next heard the troop dragging him from the place; and another party entering — one whom she conjectured to be the new warder, hastily ascending the different stairs, and, at the same moment, the outer gates were closed with a tremendous din. With that sound all hope of escape vanished. Half dead with terror, her limbs refused to support her;

her head swam; all at once the enormous bells close to her ear began to peal the eternal course of time with an overwhelming clang, which made the edifice tremble to its foundations; and it seemed as if, under each reverberation, her spirit died within her; and she at last fell, stunned with the reiterated thunder — seeking refuge only in complete and long continued insensibility.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The scene of our story re-opens in another land; amidst the catholic colony of Dominica, under the spiritual direction of its pastor, Father Luis.

"Hasten, Father Xavier," exclaimed the latter, "and give us a helping hand. I hear the tramp of our hunters upon their home-bound track, and, to judge by the cheer they make, they must have a good quarry along with them; we shall have to take correct note of the hides, as they are deposited in the magazine."

The invitation was by no means unwelcome to the troubled guest to whom it was addressed; he was glad of any occupation to withdraw his thoughts from dwelling upon past events. The gates of the storehouse, the magazine for the whole establishment, were thrown open, and the father-superintendant proceeded to business. The Indians, returning home from their labours, threw down their burdens upon the ground, and, in the joy of their day's release, ran, in mingled throng, to shelter themselves from the approaching storm. Father Xavier entered readily upon his task

noting down different articles — the fruits of the various expeditions into the surrounding savannahs; and, while thus busied, there arrived a troop of horsemen in the rear, their beasts heavily laden, and with two men, in some instances, mounted upon a single horse.

Hastily throwing themselves from their horses, while the rain poured down in torrents, they claimed a temporary shelter; and, on one of the double riders entering the store-house, he threw his arms round Father Xavier with loud exclamations of joy.

The doctor did not at first recognize him, till throwing off his cloak, and raising his helm, the features of James White burst upon his view:— "James, James!" cried the delighted old man; "has Providence indeed heard my prayer, and sent you to cheer the solitude of your father?"

Tears and congratulations were the only answer the young soldier could give; while Father Luis, taking the hands of both, gently led them into the interior of the house: "You are no longer able," he said, addressing the doctor; "to do business to-night: here is a room to yourselves, and you can relieve your hearts, and talk over old times as long as you please."

It is impossible to describe the joy of the father and his adopted son; the thunder rolled, the rain fell in torrents, and the storm raged over their heads, but they were insensible to everything but the delight of beholding each other's features, and listening to the well-remembered tones of each other's voices.

"But is it you?—is it really yourself, my good

James?" was the doctor's repeated exclamation; "and now then for tidings of your absent friends."

White related the manner in which he had succeeded in rescuing the senator, and conducting him to a place of safety.

"The deed was a brave and worthy one!" cried the doctor, with more than his wonted enthusiasm; "but you have made a terrible sacrifice, my son, in giving up for the hero, the glorious career of the saint."

"It is all in the hands of God!" replied White; "nor could I by any other means have rescued the lovely Juliet."

"What! you have done it!" exclaimed the father in the greatest astonishment,—"that is more than I dared to hope; I concluded that she was lost eternally,—a condemned Protestant."

"Not lost! not lost!" replied White, eagerly; and he then proceeded to relate how she had been made captive; had almost fallen a victim to the intrigues of the warder and Madame de Lainetz, and how she had been restored, after extreme peril, to liberty; "and without," he added, "falling into the toils of the father-superior, I bore her in safety to Amsterdam; but her father was no longer there, and the only information we obtained was from the following direction written at the port from which he sailed:—"In Assumption, at Paraguay, the father awaits his daughter."

Juliet hesitated not a moment in the course she should adopt; and we set sail in the first vessel which pursued the same destination:—"But I loved,—I loved in vain, and nothing could relieve the deep-seated passion,—the fixed wretchedness of

my soul. Juliet loved me not! I had dreamed she bore my image in her heart; even my generous rival, Birsher, had sworn she loved me. He had also yielded up his claims; and now I was plunged into another abyss of despair. Yet, indeed, how had I deserved her; had I not played her false?—had I not been the agent of an evil power over her destiny? and how could I dare to hope I should be forgiven, much less loved? Oh, God! how I then suffered; often, at the dead hour of night, would I pace the lonely watch, invoking Heaven's vengeance upon my folly, and the waters of the deep to swallow me in their eternal grave. I gazed up upon the heavens—I sent the eye of my spirit across the watery deep; and on many a night of storm, and dread, and darkness, I pictured to myself the spectre-ship flitting around and before us, as the superstitious terrors of the sailors pointed towards this earthless visitant; and while religious awe, and the terrors of approaching death, passed over their rough weather-beaten features, I caught the strange infection, and felt as if my impious prayer to perish had been accepted and registered on high. But it was destined to be otherwise, and we arrived in safety at Buenos Ayres, and becoming acquainted with some excellent religious people who joined us, we were informed by the rector, that both the senator and yourself had proceeded to St. Dominica. This gave wings to Juliet's anxiety to rejoin her father; and I rode forward into the interior, to apprize him of his beloved daughter's approach. I am now on my way; to-morrow I am followed by my sweet companion and her attendant, and venture to bespeak for

them, the hospitality I have myself received upon this spot."

"You have no need; it dwells in the bosom of my excellent host. There is only one thing," continued the doctor, "to be regretted, that the good senator should not be here to partake of our common joy."

"No! my good father! and where is he?"

"He has made an excursion inland, chiefly on the score of his health; but we expect him among us again ere very long."

"Ill! and making an expedition! how adventured he upon it?"

"He's gone in search of a certain herb called Anguay, a very precious balsam, which has been found to work miracles of health. It is only to be met with at certain seasons, and must be made use of, to secure its virtue, upon the spot. Such is the object of his journey."

"What! and you accompanied him not? There is surely some mystery here."

"No, no!" replied the doctor, turning impatiently away; then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he took the young man by the hand, and in a soothing tone, observed: "But let us speak of something else,—of your future prospects, such as will make me happy in looking forward to. Yes, you will be happy here; the blood flows more free and kindly, even in the veins of old age; we breathe, we live, we love in the bright land of the south. Here your religious vows will not oppress you; you can pursue the objects of the society, and its good works, such as you see before you?"

"What!" exclaimed White gently, but evidently

displeased, "must the first hour of re-union lead to a proposal like this?"

"I am silent," replied Muntzner with a sigh: "but woe be to you if other lips than mine press the inquiry in another tone. The sky, indeed, is clear, and the air becomes only purer and more inspiring after the raging of the storm. The evening is still and lovely; the flowers teem with beauty and fragrance; and the plants and trees spread and glow with a luxuriance not seen in other lands. Be you too calm in spirit, and like nature, with serene eye and stiller breath, shrink not from the gathering storm. But I must inform my kind host of your arrival, and will soon rejoin you here."

He had not long left, when the far-resounding tramp of horses was heard in the distance; and Father Luis, accompanied by the Alcade, entered the place where he stood. "Our field-watch has marked a cloud of dust," said the latter; "and we now hear the tramp of steed; it may haply be some Spanish adventurers, or the bandits themselves; shall I toll our bells for the colony?"

"They are only my friends, I dare venture," cried White, as he hastened in the direction of the sound; but as he went, he encountered old men, women, children, and groups of the abler colonists, all swarming to the centre of this little country; and eager to assist in repelling the apprehended danger. But White soon re-appeared, accompanied by two figures of no hostile character; they were women, and their white garments fluttering in the wind, re-assured the spirits of all, who eagerly gathered round them, so as to give them the appearance, amidst the throng of black-heads,

of two fair bright lilies, surrounded by the dark waters and the shadows of night.

The father of the order advanced, amidst loud cries of welcome, to receive them; people of all colours and all ranks gave expression to their national feelings, by various signs and sounds, with games and dances, and jubilee of the wildest and strangest kind. It was a novel and interesting moment; Juliet gazed around her with astonishment, not unmixed with pleasure, but her features soon re-assumed their mournful expression.

"But where is my father, Mr. White? surely he is not too ill to be among these good people, who all seem friends of ours. Oh! in pity, let me see him—let me go to him, dear Mr. White!—now, now." He could not answer, and Father Muntzner made his appearance, on beholding whom, Juliet changed countenance and drew back.

"You are welcome, honoured daughter of my friend," said the doctor, who marked her expression of dislike; "and I deeply regret that our first interview is not more pleasant to your feelings."

"That could not be expected; the sight of you reminds me of too painful events," replied Juliet; "but why keep me from my father? If you have any pity in your breasts — if there be fathers and children among those to whom I appeal," looking round on the colonists and the Indians, who surrounded her in a circle, "you will not deprive a wretched child of her only hope."

Father Luis here stept forward, and in as gentle terms as he could employ, explained to her the cause of her father's absence. "Prepare yourself," he continued, "to hear the truth; it ought always

to be spoken; and I will not consent to deceive you. He set out, accompanied by a single Indian, who has not since been heard of. But the remnants of dress, known to have been worn by your father, all torn and stained with blood, have been found in the woods, and render it but too probable that one or both have fallen a prey to wild beasts."

Juliet heard no more; totally deprived of consciousness, she would have fallen, had not White caught her in his arms, and, preceded by Father Luis and the female colonists, borne her into the nearest hut, where, placing her upon a lowly couch, they had recourse to the usual restoratives.

"Alas!" cried the doctor, "this is my work — all my fault — my fault! but where is Madame de Lainetz? — let her instantly attend the poor suffering lady. Where is Inez? she has a soul of pity — let her hasten to console her."

But she refused to be comforted. "Away!" she cried — "away! out of my sight, ye hypocrites — — traitors! — murderers, as ye are! What is the use of your affected sympathy?—tell me, what have ye done with my father?"

When the aged pastor, Father Luis, sought to afford her religious consolation, she only shrunk from him in disgust and horror. — "Take him away! his garments are stained with my father's blood; his white hairs belie him; his smooth face hides the dagger. Have I not encountered every peril? — have I not come thousands of miles to embrace him before he died? and instead of taking care of him till I came, you were all his enemies; he had not a single friend — you were all bent on destroying him."

In such a frame of mind, it was idle to attempt to reconcile her to her destiny; but after giving time for the agony of her sorrow to vent itself, Father Luis and the doctor held council together, discussing the means of proceeding to put in force the ulterior views of the society. When more subdued, if not resigned in spirit, they again addressed themselves to the unhappy Juliet, in order gradually to prepare her mind for the change which awaited her.

"Consider, young lady, said Father Luis, "the criminality of giving way to passion, and reproaching the ministers of Jesus, in a season like this. Remember that if the Lord hath given, the Lord hath a right to take away. Your father is in heaven; he died a zealous catholic, in the true faith; you have his example before you, and you will best evince your love and duty by entering into the bosom of our holy church."

"Sir!" cried Juliet, in a tone of surprise, as she measured him with a scornful eye. But the director did not allow himself for a moment to lose the 'vantage ground thus given him.—"Happy for us, indeed," he continued, "had your father survived, to lead you himself into the paths of pleasantness and peace. But let us hope that the grace of our Lord may fall upon you, as it did upon him. I stand, however, in the place of his executor—it is for me to see the due execution of his will, which he placed in my hands previous to his departure from Assumption. It is my part to see his duties towards you and the holy church fully discharged. You will, like a good daughter, submit yourself to his will, as if he were here in person; and my excellent

friend, Father Jose Aculcho, one of the worthy privy counsellors of our provincial father, at Cordova, will charitably take you under his protection, till you can nestle under the wings of our holy mother, and assist in charming others to embrace her doctrines, and extending the sway of the worthy father provincial and his adherents. For the present you will receive most edification in the convent of our Carmelite nuns; there, sympathy and a care for your eternal welfare will more than repay you for these your temporary sufferings; you will find a situation adapted to your present wants, and enjoy the additional satisfaction of fulfilling the intentions of your father."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Juliet, who now for the first time opened her eyes to her real situation: "What is it you dare to say? Dare you flatter yourself that a free-born maiden, educated in the religion and the duties of her ancestors, and having not a single tie in common with the doctrine or the practices of your secret sect, will be compelled to embrace a course of life which her soul abhors?"

"Your entire fortune, as your father's sole heiress," was the reply, "is safe in our hands; besides the proceeds of his European transactions in money and landed estates."

Juliet cast an enquiring and upbraiding look at the doctor, but he only nodded assent, adding, after a pause, "It is even so, dear young lady; your father made over the whole of his earthly property to the holy society, at the same time directing that you should embrace the catholic faith, and retiring to a convent, become the bride of heaven, and pursue the life of a chaste and virtuous nun."

"I do not believe you — I despise you," cried the indignant girl; "and the vile arts which took advantage of a father's misfortunes to plunge him and his only daughter into an abyss of wretchedness and despair. Avarice is the soul of all your movements; and you may take the perishable trash to which you lay claim. But never shall you control the thoughts and feelings of my immortal soul — never deprive me of my native liberty and glorious free will. The gift of reason and of thought came spontaneous from the pure, holy fount of mercy and of love; I felt it with the first dawnings of intellect; and I felt that it was given to be employed. Think not I will submit it to the servile doctrine of your schools. I would prefer to beg my bread from door to door; but I scorn to commune with you; my sole object is to abandon a land where not even the grave of my beloved father invites the affections of the child to rest and linger upon the spot. Seize and prey upon the despicable remnants of my fortune; here is my purse, here are my jewels — all the little I possess! but my faith, my reason, my God — the God of my father — ere you seduced him, and laid him low by your satanic arts, are with me, and mine own; and I will die for them to escape your hateful fangs."

"Poor thing! poor thing!" exclaimed the doctor, half aloud; "no footmarks are ever seen returning from the lion's lair!"

The director laughed aloud at the extreme excitation of the unhappy girl, and spoke aside in Spanish to the general consultador, a plenipotentiary of the holy brotherhood. He nodded with mysterious gravity, as the director closed his ob-

servations; and said, in a low voice: "You will answer to me that the young person shall inflict no injury upon herself, and that I shall find her here upon my return."

But Juliet heard him not; with her face buried in her hands, she gave vent to the anguish of her heart. She was no longer conscious of what was passing around her; and it was in vain Madame de Lainetz, and a number of the Indian women endeavoured to rouse or excite her attention; they might as well have tried to breathe life into a marble statue.

Father Muntzner paced the apartment, wringing his hands, and secretly invoking Heaven's vengeance on his own head. White, with dark, indignant looks, kept his eye fixed upon the persecutors of her he loved — but could not save; — and the director busied himself in dispersing the people, both natives and colonists, whose curiosity and sympathy it was his desire to restrain. Then, turning towards the pater consultador — "My good father!" he exclaimed, "this is proceeding to too great extremities; my soul is moved; "I would you would remember that my pastoral house is no prison; still less, in my opinion, does this lovely young creature appear to be a sinner."

"You will please to obey!" was the other's laconic reply, or I shall report you to the father provençal. Make your choice, sir!"

"But, consider!" replied Father Luis, "it does not rest there; we have the grand master — there is the captain-general of us all."

"What of that! what of that!" cried the consultador and the rector in a breath; "here, sir,

our holy Ignacius is captain-general. Have we not all our duties and our rights! Where the society reigns and pays tribute, both monarch and stadholder must hold his tongue. Tell us no more of your *ultima ratio* — it is a shadow."

"Be it so, or be it not — I will protest! I will not see it!" cried Father Luis.

"Yes! and I! Miss Müssinger is a stranger!" exclaimed White; "she stands upon her own right and freedom; and recollect, my fathers, that we will not sanction any stretch of your authority."

"Who speaks here!" retorted the rector, in a threatening tone; "by the death of her father the young lady is become my ward."

"And if so," cried White, "can that authorize you to employ force?"

"My dear sir! remember where you are," cried the doctor, laying his hand on White's shoulder; "and you, my good father and superiors, deign not to think of the inconsiderate expressions of a young man, whose judgment is yet unripe."

"It shall fall on his own pate! like the fool in scripture;" cried the enraged rector, "we have heard something of the stiff-necked Englishman, who would fain give us the slip; we knew him of old in Germany; and the provincial court shall here take cognizance, and pronounce judgment upon his hardihood!"

"Unhappy youth!" cried the doctor, seizing White's hand, "you are lost; could you not be warned? it was this I most feared."

"Judgment!" exclaimed White, "what have I done; how have I injured you or your order by act of mine?"

"You have cost us something for your educa-

tion, and you have deceived our hopes. You have deserved heavy penalties; and only the most sincere repentance and self-infliction can entitle you to the lowest grade in our holy order."

"Never!" retorted White; "and never shall this gentle lamb fall a victim to your blood-thirsty vows. Make me your slave, if you please; but condemn me not to the dishonour of ranking me as your brother."

"Madman! what daring, blasphemous discourse is this you utter?"

"Heed him not; our penance-master of Cordova will teach him another language," interposed the consultador. "We will tame your pride, villain; you shall hold another doctrine soon. As to this girl, both governor and pastor shall answer for her safety."

White cast defiance in their teeth. The doctor wept and prayed by turns, beseeching for peace on all sides. "Spare him! spare—for ye know not the trouble of his heart. He will obey you in all—a moment's time—and I pledge my life for him he shall be dutiful as a child."

"And who gives pledge for the Father Muntzner?" was the cool reply.

"I have got your sentence, doctor, in my pocket," continued the consultador; "Your provincial father recalls you, and you must hasten to Europe to answer before him for the proceedings of your late mission; grave charges are preferred; have you enough?"

The doctor stood like one spell-bound; at length, raising his eyes towards heaven,—"Your will, not mine, Oh Lord, be done!—But to leave you here, my James, cuts me to the heart."

"Better as it is, sir," replied the rector; "your example does us no good: your pupil well illustrates his master's doctrine;—but call in the alcade! Bind me that heretic and blasphemer, and off with him!"

White laid his hand upon his weapon. Father Luis threw himself between:—"Hear me, father superiors!" he cried in a resolute tone: "Proceedings like these are wholly at variance with my mission. We have neither bonds nor stripes, nor dungeons here. These unfortunate people are my guests; and hospitality will not permit that they should be subjected to ill usage and persecution."

"Obedience, sir! obedience!" cried the consultador.

"I know my station, worthy sirs!" replied the noble old man; "I am seventy years of age. I have been guilty of no crime; nor will I now, even at the command of our most gracious master, Don Philip himself, be accessary to any evil deed. We are here among simple, harmless men; we are brethren; nor is it opposed to the law of our holy community that we act as brethren. I am the father, not the oppressor of my subjects; the friend of the stranger, and not his gaoler."

"I will hear no more!" exclaimed the rector, addressing the corregidor; "you will secure these young people, and guard them separately until my return—or answer for it at your own peril!"

Vainly did the rest of the party interfere, to mitigate the harshness of this sentence.

"Refuse to obey me!" cried the rector, "and I will pass sentence of excommunication—I will have it done; the youth is a scion of our holy so-

ciety; the maiden is a heretic, but she is our ward. They are responsible to my tribunal, nor can the captain-general himself mitigate the severity of their destiny."

The word heretic acted like magic upon the silent throng who had surrounded the party; and they drew back with signs of horror. White, with a bitter smile, and a gesture of indignation and contempt, followed the alcade; and the rector motioned to Juliet that she was to accompany them.

"Whither, whither!" exclaimed the wretched girl, "would you lead me?"— but none dared to reply; and the rector merely repeating the signal, disdained to give any answer.

"It is of no consequence," observed Juliet; "if I can only avoid the presence of those whose looks are poison to my soul;" and casting one appealing look to heaven, she attended the corregidor, as a victim prepared for the altar."

CHAPTER XIX.

There was one being who had witnessed the scene described in the previous chapter with feelings very different to the rest of the spectators; who did not confine her sympathy to the mere expression of sorrow for the fate of the bereaved daughter. When, obeying the mandate of her persecutors, Juliet hastened to take possession of the prison-house assigned to her, the gentle Inez, the only one that had not started from her side on the priestly denunciation of her heresy, supported her on her way; and besought, with so much touching sensibility to be permitted to share her captivity, while she offered ample pledges for her fidelity, that the rector, harsh and stubborn as he was, could not refuse her pressing intreaties, seconded too by the united wishes of the colonists and their pastor. A portion of the depôt or store-house was converted into a temporary dungeon, and so divided as to accommodate White in one, and the unhappy girl in the other of its ample rooms. Here they were destined to spend the first hours of their captivity; a strict watch was ap-

pointed, but at night the guards withdrew from the interior; lamps were lighted on the outside; the huge wooden bolts were drawn; deep silence reigned around as night cast its broader shadow over the plains; not a sound was heard without, except the sound of the curfew hour, for extinguishing all the lights; and the streets of the village were only enlivened for a few moments by the torches borne by the Indians, attending upon the pastor who was accompanying his guests from Cordova and Assumption to embark in their respective ships.

He had just returned from seeing them safe on board, with every convenience that could be supplied for a European voyage, and taken his farewell with a sorrow he had only too often felt, when a low, distant sound, gradually increasing in the distance, stole on the dead silence of the night, and arrested his attention. As he listened, the watch-dogs began to bay; — it now appeared like the tramp of approaching horse; the watch on the next station came running in; shadows were seen reflected from a distance, and as quickly disappeared — but still gathering thicker and faster in the glimpses of the moon, till fuller and bolder came the hurrying sound; and almost ere a cry was raised, a formidable troop of armed horsemen drew up in the centre of the village. The huge dogs crouched down at their side; the bristling spears shone in their hands, and torches here and there cast a fearful glare upon the strange, dread vision — as such it seemed. All for a moment was again still; till, roused from general slumber, and aware of the sudden inroad — a wild mingled sound of horror, of astonishment, and threat, and

war, rose from the inhabitants. One of the approaching tribes, bent on plunder, caught up the sound, and re-echoed it, with their war-cry, over hill, and plain, and wood; and the clatter of arms, and the rush of spears, sent forth a strange, flickering light, adding to the night's alarm, far across the Savannah, till they fell upon the eye and ear of the invaders.

"It is their war-cry! the Abiponer are at hand!" exclaimed the women, in an extasy of terror; while the men, muttering deadly vengeance, grasped their arms. The great bell sounded the alarm; but the torch of the enemy already glared over a scene of slaughter. They cut down all who opposed them, with unpitying rage; and the forms of the wild horsemen, as they swept the streets, seemed to dilate in stature; their long spears were died in blood, and, as the flames arose more fiercely on every side, they rushed forward to complete their work of destruction.

The horde of wild warriors now attempted to carry the storehouse, and seize the arms. But the guards and superintendents having had time to prepare, were resolved to sell their lives dearly; a number of the boors and owners had retreated to the same spot, and, putting themselves at their head, they attacked the horsemen who had encircled them; and, opening themselves a way, were followed by all who had escaped the spears and knives of the marauders. Those who lay nearest the shore, hurried to take refuge in the vessels, the commanders of which, terrified at the cries they heard, prepared to hoist sail in case of emergency. People of every rank rushed down towards the

strand; old men and children borne on the shoulders of their sons, and many throwing themselves into the waves, appealing loudly to the sailors for help. Numbers of others took to their boats and canoes, which were so overloaded as to be frequently swamped; and the crews of the vessels, instead of affording relief, drove the poor wretches back with loud cries and even blows. But the Abiponer were at their backs; the gigantic Payaquas, defending, inch by inch, the passage to the ships, fell, one by one, in the unequal conflict; the fiery horses already breasted the waves of the Parana; and there the combat was renewed with extreme ferocity till the waters were red with blood.

The Alcade was already a prisoner in their hands; and Father Muntzner, on his way to the vessel, was seized and bound by the Abiponer, in the supposition that they had secured the father director of the place. From the windows of the storehouse and the surrounding houses, came the agonizing shrieks of women, who could not be seen through the clouds of smoke which enveloped them. Two of the most powerful warriors, perceiving the progress of the flames, rushed towards the spot, and, beating in the doors with their huge clubs, there appeared a man with long beard and haggard features, followed by two women, whose wild looks and dishevelled tresses, along with their incessant shrieks, startled even the dark warriors of the forest. After a brief struggle they were all three seized and carried away far into the plains, where their captors rejoined the tribe, laden with

prisoners and booty, and singing their triumphal song as they marched along.

At length, reining in their steeds, the caciques and their chief men first drew breath, and began to apportion the spoils of war. The captors, being called upon to give up their women, a sudden and bitter quarrel was about to ensue, when the youngest of the women, throwing herself at the chief's feet — "Don't you know me? won't you own me as one of your tribe. I claim hospitality and protection, as one of you, for myself and my companion, who is now become my sister."

The chief gazed upon her with astonishment; and delighted to hear the sweet sounds of their native tongue, the others clapped their hands, exclaiming — "True, true! she is a child of our father's father; and let her and her sister live among us unharmed and free."

Exulting in their success, and catching the generous sentiment uttered in their favour, the Indians unanimously applauded the proposition; and placing Inez and Juliet upon two gaily caparisoned horses, they again resumed their march in the chief's train.

White, also, in company with his old benefactor, Father Muntzner, was a prisoner. It was not for his own captivity, or the wounds he had received, in his efforts to rescue Juliet, that he raged and wept; — it was beholding her a prisoner in the hands of a savage, lawless tribe; and seeing his venerable friend borne away with fettered arms, and hurried along, at a pace beyond his declining powers. But the Jesuit spoke nobly and unappalled.

"Weep not," he cried, "for me, my young

friend; it is for yourself and your Juliet, you ought to weep. Why cast away a thought on a destiny like mine? By this sudden infliction, were it fourfold increased, will my stricken, doubting, and sinful heart be made whole. Through the healing power of sorrow and of suffering, hope springs afresh in my bosom; the hope of atonement to my Saviour. Oh! that the cross were mine! that the martyr-crown were already prepared for my head!"

White replied not a word, for he saw that the good father was praying silently in the spirit. On they went, and as the morning broke, the wretched captives gazed back for a moment, upon the scene of desolation they had left behind. But soon the mountains, the woods, and green spreading savannas, hid their beloved home for ever from their eyes. The aspect of the scenery became wilder and grander as they advanced; and at length the woods and plains which stretch far around Santa Dominica began themselves to disappear.

As they now approached the region of their native hills, and the sun burst forth with a wider splendour, the bold Abiponer gave free vent to the tumultuous joy which swelled their breasts. The swift, light-bitted steed flew across the plain with the speed of light; and the clang of war seemed suddenly to have ceased, as the warriors thought of the hunt; and the hunting spear, and the bow, and the net took place of the sterner implements of the human chase. The dogs bounded round their masters on all sides; the horses tossed their heads and neighed; and "the old savanna, the savanna!" cried out the victors and the vanquished

in a breath. Here a magnificent prospect, far as the eye could reach, opened before them; and herds of wild horses, deer, and the fierce buffalo, darted by, or wheeling round for a moment, gazed upon the passing show, and again bounded over the well-known wilds.

Juliet, whose horse was led by one of the Abiponer of higher grade, forgot all her perils and sufferings in the wondrous prospect spread before her eyes. Nor, when she contrasted the language and the conduct of the wild tenants of the woods, with the treatment she had experienced from the Catholic mission, did she find reason to regret the singular revolution which had just occurred in her fortunes. Their leader, an aged cacique, with a piercing eye but engaging features, rode near the captive maiden, and never for a moment lost sight of her. The noble expression of her pallid countenance, with the grace and dignity of her whole demeanour, excited both his curiosity and admiration, while it produced a sentiment of respect, and almost awe on the part of the people. His demeanour towards Inez was of a more confiding and national character, for though he scarcely addressed a word to Juliet, he talked to her companion with ease and freedom: "Thou, poor child, without a father," he observed in a compassionating tone, "You are weary; but see, there are the roofs of our dwellings. Forget your sorrows; for you shall find many mothers and sisters; each and all are your friends, and the friends of the stranger so long as you will love them."

"Then you will not harm any other of the prisoners?" inquired the anxious Inez.

"Upon that," replied the chief, "my brother the captain will have to decide, along with the wise Pilagoterigenat; but the more I behold you, my child, the more does my heart yearn towards you. I never had a daughter, and you must become the daughter of the childless cacique."

Their reed houses, supported upon light wooden stakes, now appeared in view. The sound of a bell was heard, and the women and children of the tribe flocked forth, uttering loud cries of welcome Among them were several fine and beautiful figures; their sparkling eyes, dark features, and coal-black tresses, producing a singular effect on the eye, as they rushed suddenly forth, and then stood as suddenly still, gazing with wonder and delight upon the approaching cavalcade and train of prisoners. All at once their joy burst forth in a thousand wild and novel forms; it was one grand chorus of song and dance; as they escorted the victors and the vanquished towards the residence of the aged cacique. They seized the spears and bows of the warriors, caressed their steeds, and with shouts and jubilees, threw up their children in the air, placed them on the backs of the wearied steeds, and after indulging in a variety of yet stranger ebullitions, gathered silently and gravely round the spot where Juliet and Inez stood.

The wife of the chief cacique then advanced, and addressed the former in a long and animated speech; to which Inez, as the interpreter, made a suitable reply. The whole of the sable audience then clapped their hands and cried out: "Surely, by our fathers' fathers! this is the daughter of our

mother!" and uttering an exclamation of joy, the chief's wife threw her arms round Inez.

"What, what!" she exclaimed, "are you then the poor lost Missinga,—the little one, who in my flight from the wicked wood-riders slipped out of my arms. Hath not the beast of prey destroyed thee,—the vile Spaniard misused thee? Is it really thyself, and no enchantment of evil, which perverts my sight!" Then, amidst the applause of the assembled people, she was borne to the chief's tent, and being received as a daughter, this fortunate recognition produced the happiest effect upon the treatment of the prisoners, who would otherwise have fallen victims to the barbarous usages of war. But the scene soon changed; other captives were brought forth,—the victim was selected and prepared for sacrifice, while an old hag, at once revered and dreaded among the people as a sorceress, ran forward with hideous cries, followed by young and old, to perform her strange incantations within the circle where the wretched man was doomed to suffer.

"Oh Lord Christ! what work is this!" exclaimed the terrified curate of Dominica to Father Munizner, the poor Jesuit. "Hath not mine eye beheld enough of mighty wickedness, and the triumph of evil in this bad world?"

Our old friend, the doctor, could only reply with a deep sigh. White, also a prisoner, with true nobility of soul as well as pride of birth, severely chastened by misfortune, gazed on both the speakers, and on the surrounding group, with that high, courageous spirit, of adventure, which finds its reward in the school of experience and truth,—a

desire impressed on the disposition of the true gentleman, under the extremest severity of fortune.

Juliet gazed unconsciously in the direction where the wild cries of the sorceress, seconded by the lowest dregs of the tribe, proclaimed death to the victim of their idolatrous cruelty—(the great Diana of the Ephesians in all lands); and a poor broken-down wretch in the likeness of human form, was dragged forward, tied down on a wild beast's skin. Two young warriors, flourishing their scalping knives with strange wild gestures, led the van. All eyes were directed towards the object of their savage rites, who was now taken off his horrible sledge, bound hand and foot, and laid at the feet of the chief. The hateful old hag-witch, eager to signalize her prowess by drawing the first blood, grinned and howled over him with frightful gestures: "Here he is! here he is! down with his grey hairs! out with his heart, and then to the feast,—to the feast!" The women joined the infernal chorus; and the men sang their death-song to inspire the unhappy man with courage to meet his fate. The sacrificers, headed by the hag, approached him with strange pathetic movements; the Fathers Luis and Xavier kneeled with closed eyes, praying at a distance from the people. Inez hung trembling and weeping round her friend, but Juliet's eye was fixed as if by enchantment upon the victim; and suddenly, ere they dealt their fatal blows, a loud piercing shriek smote the ear, arresting even the hand of the sacrificers, and at the same instant Juliet rushed forward:—"In the name of the merciful God! hold your sacrilegious hands! he is mine,—my dear, dear father!"

It is impossible to describe the scene which ensued; the consternation depicted on the features of the prisoners; the astonishment and confusion of the people. The priests rose, they recognized the senator, who, utterly bewildered with terror and despair, was at a loss to comprehend what was passing, and sank powerless into his daughter's arms. White saw the sacrificial knife sweeping over the head of Juliet, and at the same instant rushing into the circle, it was dashed to the earth, together with the blood-thirsty sacrificer. But the infuriate sorceress foaming at the mouth, and trembling with rage in every limb, flew upon the intruder: "Off, off with the mad stranger! the evil one hath him! and help me all who care for their own lives, or are beloved by the great spirit."

The superstitious crowd seizing White, threw him upon the ground and bound him. Inez clung round her beloved friend, resolved to save her, or to perish; the women at this sight drew back without ceasing their cries, while Father Xavier, at the sight of his friend and convert, the senator, seemed endued with a lion's strength, and a power of voice and action which seemed to electrify the rude spectators. He stood with the look and attitude of a hero; the living shield of the father and the daughter; twenty years appeared to vanish from his age, and there was something at once holy and terrible in the expression of his whole form and features, which struck the beholder with awe:—"You live!" he cried; "my good and noble Müssinger, and you shall live, though I shed my blood for you again and again."

"Yes;" he continued, "with grateful and de-

lighted heart, I appeal to Heaven; I implore that in its mighty and mysterious wisdom, it will be pleased to re-unite the father and the daughter, and to place the crown of martyrdom upon my humble and unworthy head. Oh, my Clara!" he added, with ecstatic enthusiasm, "we come,—we are yours once more; hover near us, and guide us to the throne of grace!"

White, meantime struggled with gigantic force to break his bonds; Juliet shrieking, called to the chiefs for help, while the astonished people stood mute and motionless, their eyes fixed upon Father Xavier. The chiefs, perplexed and doubtful how to act, listened with marked attention to the eloquent address of the good Father Luis, who, by dextrously turning their own gross superstitions into arguments against themselves, succeeded, amidst the loudest plaudits, in restoring both the senator and White to liberty. The old hag slunk away disappointed; and the very people who had just before been most eager for the shedding of blood, were now as eagerly bent upon evincing every kind of respect towards the unfortunate prisoner, vieing with each other in setting before him the choicest fruits and viands of the season, as he sat—his Juliet's arms the only bonds now twined around him,—in the midst of a circle of his friends, of the chiefs and the applauding people; but he was insensible to everything but the joyous throbbing of his heart, as he gazed upon the face of his only child.

CHAPTER XX.

After mutual congratulations upon their escape, Father Muntzer, surrounded by the chiefs and his fellow-captives, addressed a fervent prayer to heaven; and then, turning towards White — "Do not these fearful realities appear to you like some mysterious dream? How strangely bright and deep the blue serene of yon majestic sky; these wondrous objects, scattered with Nature's lavish hand all around us; — the sunny clime — the air; the mighty hills and savannas, stretching far into the clear horizon; — the very sensations we experience proclaim the existence of a new and a younger world. Before us rise the tents — the cane-roofed dwellings of the Abiponer; afar off the monarch of the forest asserts his sway; the tiger springs howling from his lair, and the cruel hyena lies in wait for its prey. Yet all is real — great and terrible in its reality; but not so great, so real, as the power of the Supreme Ruler of all in heaven's sanctuary!"

These reflections of the good father, and the prayer offered up for their captors, were interpreted to the surrounding chiefs, who, one by one,

advanced with the most reverential air; and, placing one knee upon the ground, took the speaker's hands, put them upon their heads, and spoke a few words in token of their approbation and respect. The people looked on in silence till, impelled by the same unanimous impulse, they all gathered round White, and, following the chief's example, bowed their heads; and, by signs and exclamations, expressed their sorrow at having attacked and threatened to take his life.

Peace and harmony were fully restored; the feast was spread, when White, directing the attention of one of the chiefs to a sudden glare of light, illuminating the hills in the distance, exclaimed: "Strange indeed! well may we call it a mysterious land! to judge from the eye, there waves a mass of moving flame — a wood of fire; or is it a fierce lava-stream pouring down the heights upon the savanna?"

The Indians were already aware of the phenomenon, and stood contemplating it in silence. At times it broke into fuller splendour, again grew fainter, and at length almost disappeared. Next it seemed to advance; and, instead of illuminating only the hills, threw an unnatural brilliancy over the plains, and tinged with lurid glow the clear horizon.

"That is no wood, nor ground-fire!" cried one of the Abiponer, whose eye, keen as the hawk, was not to be deceived even by night. "It is a forest of torches; — it is the enemy — who bring us those lights to shew us to our graves!"

The people were instantly in motion. The men whistled for their horses; the women and children

ran calling the dogs; and a scene of singular preparation to meet the threatening danger followed. The young were driving the herds and flocks to the rear; the aged, and even the sick, assisted in bringing forth weapons of defence, removing household implements; and, when all was in readiness, the lights were every where extinguished, the chief watchmen threw themselves down with their ear close to the earth, and a deep silence ensued. These children of nature, acute in every sense, could catch, from a distance, the snorting of the horses, the tramp and tumult, the shouts of the enemy, or the lowing of cattle as they approached.

"Be not alarmed," said Father Luis, addressing the doctor and James — "I know the meaning of all this. The colonial Indian of whom I spoke, and who was bound with me on the same horse, contrived to make his escape on that dreadful night. Ere he slipped off, he whispered me to take heart, for, if he escaped the eye of the Abiponer, he would hasten to the good people of Jesus beyond the mountains, swift as an arrow, and rouse them to our rescue. Yon moving fires prove how he has kept his word. Yes, our deliverers are at hand — let us await the result with calmness."

The Abiponer continued to watch with eager eye and ear,—their weapons grasped in their hands. The chiefs had consulted also with the curate, and been assured by him that, if it should prove to be any party of the European colonies, he would undertake that no personal injury, and no destruction of their property, should be inflicted upon them. With the approach of day the mystery was cleared up; — a large body of men were seen

marching across the plain; and the warlike Abiponer now burned to rush upon the supposed enemy. It was with difficulty they were restrained for a few moments by the eloquent appeals of the doctor and Father Luis; and the strange invaders now halted within bow-shot of the first ambuscade. A glittering banner was borne in front, on which was marked a golden cross; and the Abiponer, starting up, cast an inquiring look at Father Luis, who, selecting the chief leaders from among them, and accompanied by Father Xavier and White, went as in a solemn procession, and hailed the arrival of the strangers.

A singular scene presented itself; — men of all colours — white, red, brown, and jet black, appeared mounted in a motley, but not unimposing mass — their carabines ready charged, and their long spears at their saddle-bow. Nearmost to the standard-bearer stood several of superior rank, and, in the front of them, one of noble and commanding figure, with dark hair and beard; very handsome features; brown, but glowing complexion; booted and spurred, a large straw-hat with variegated feather, and a dark riding-coat, being the only uniform to distinguish him from his companions. A broad sword, and a pair of pistols, and a double-barrelled musket over his shoulder, completed his equipment.

Scarcely had the chief become aware of the approach of Father Luis, when he sprang from his horse, and rushed towards the good man, exclaiming — "By the holy Jacob! uncle! do you not remember your nephew Fereira? Is it here we meet? and am I not come as quick as lightning? The

messenger told me your name — that was enough; I was spurring on my way; and here I am — a little vexed to be sure, that we don't find you in chains, just to show you that we really were in earnest."

"And I thank heaven," was the father's reply; "I bring you a whole troop of fellow-captives, natives and all; for, instead of finding you any thing to do as an enemy, we are, to a man, your friends, and ready to own you as our godfather like good Christians."

The Abiponer, on their side, eager to shew their good faith, gathered round Father Luis, overwhelming him with expressions of their gratitude. One and all submitted with the best grace to the rites of baptism, which were performed with as much pomp and ceremony as the circumstances would admit. Further, to make manifest their veneration for the nephew of the prince of priests of the good Jesus in the deserts, they christened all their male children after the family of Fernandez; and the females Missinga, after the excellent daughter of the old cacique; while the women and maidens assumed the names of Inez. The chiefs of the people also expressed themselves full of remorse for laying waste the possessions of the colony; swore that they would return, and help to repair the devastation, and become the faithful people of the good Christian Luis.

"We will no longer," they added, "pursue the stranger among the mountains; we will go home with you; for we know that you have there plenty of game and provisions, and grass and water, enough for us all; and while you take care of

Missinga (the gentle Inez) we are sure you won't cease to love and entertain her friends."

The reply of the good curate was favourable to their wishes, and his bosom beat high with gratitude and delight, as he reflected, that so afflicting and irreparable an evil, as it appeared, had been rendered conducive, by the mercy of Providence, towards the improvement, both in a worldly and spiritual sense, of a whole people. Nothing could dissuade him from putting himself at the head of the Abiponer on their return home; and he only entreated that his nephew would continue to command the strangers, who were unwilling to venture so far as Saint Dominica. All parties now prepared for the approaching separation; and in the confusion which ensued, Juliet, having met the eye of the doctor, each stood for a moment, gazing at the other; till the former, with an air of deep humility, made signs that she wished to converse with him alone.

He approached; and taking him aside, "My good sir," she began, "I have a small petition to prefer. With a nobleness and magnanimity exceeding all praise, you perilled your life for my father. I am informed of all, for weakness and terror deprived me of consciousness; and I knew not what really passed during those horrid moments. I am come to entreat, that you will see my father, who has been asking for you more than once. Do not deny us the gratification of expressing to you, together with the feelings we ought to entertain, our sense of the inestimable obligations you have conferred upon us."

The doctor was much affected.

"Dear young lady!" he began, "if you knew how much your words touched my heart — how happy I am to think you are now at least my friend" — and the old man burst into tears. But when he saw his friend languishing on a wretched mat, deprived of all comfort and medical aid, the sight overpowered him; and bending down, he laid his hand on the burning forehead of the sick man — "Is it thus we meet again, my friend?"

"We meet again, indeed," said the senator; "but I have been weary of life. My illness increased; I despaired of seeing my daughter again; I slowly dragged on the time. At length I ventured to seek the anguay-tree, of whose healing powers the Quarania had said so much. Its balsam, I thought would restore me, or the fatigues of the journey relieve me from all my sufferings. To prevent trouble, I departed unknown to you; the second day of our journey was the last of my poor guide. He was preceding me with my valise, when a puma suddenly sprung on him, threw him down, and carried him off into the bushes. An Abiponer found me at night on the ground, fainting with hunger, and carried me to the camp of his tribe. They humanely supplied my wants, but the name of St. Dominica, which I uttered, was perhaps, one cause of your misfortune, and of my good luck; for I now see you again, my friend! and I hope to die in your arms and my daughter's."

"I return to Dominica!" replied Muntzner, embarrassed; "my duty calls me home to Europe."

"Is it so?" said the senator, "you will then forsake me, while I cling to you, like a child to its

mother." Muntzner pointed to Juliet, who sate pale and silent opposite to them.

"You possess an excellent daughter," said the doctor.

"Yes; thank God!" answered Müssinger, pressing Juliet's hand; "she is truly pious; but her tender care is not alone sufficient for the wretched and the dying. You must not quit me, Muntzner."

Muntzner remained silent; Juliet rose, and walking up to him, said in a moving tone:—"Yes; it is your sacred duty. My dear father will despair if you leave us; you have bound his heart to you with a chain of affection. Oh! do not then so soon rend it asunder?"

"How, young lady," said he relenting; "you, you too, detain me? You, who have treated me so contemptuously? You, who despise me?"

"I am not unrelenting," said Juliet, mildly; I have never despised you; heaven is my witness, though I have feared you, and trembled in your presence: yet, believe me, I can freely forgive you the ruin of my house, when your presence can prolong my father's life for a single hour. Remain, then, and accept my gratitude, and share with me my cares with my father."

Muntzner could not withstand the entreaties of the senator, and the simple eloquence of his daughter "You heap coals of fire on my head," he replied: "I remain with you, my friends."

"Rightly resolved," said Father Luis, who had heard the last words, and entered with Fereira and James into the tent. Forget not the youth, who cannot go back to Dominica, without assum-

ing the habit he dislikes; and who, from the interest he takes in your fate, deserves your affection."

"Dare I?" said James abashed, scarcely daring to look on Juliet.

"My preserver!" said the senator, embracing him; "how can I reward you for all you have done for me? I am now a beggar, my good James; I have nothing left but this weak and scarcely throbbing heart!—I must perish if these wild tribes did not feed me, or compassionate Christians support me."

"Here is your support," answered Luis, pointing to Fereira: "you may rely on his uncle for your recovery. Your testament shall be restored to you. I will apply to the provincial."

"Do not hope for that," whispered Muntzner; "the certificate was a prey to the flames, when the parsonage-house was burnt."

Inez here entered, accompanied by her parents; ran up to Juliet, and embracing her in the warmest manner, bade her adieu, and turning to Luis, said: "All is ready, father; lead us forth, that the Virgin may bless our new home—We will follow you."

Luis cast a parting look on his friends; his eyes were moist. He gave Müssinger his blessing, and left the tent in silence. They all rose, even Juliet, to bid him adieu."

"For God's sake," he said to the men who shook him by the hand; "do not make an old seaman womanish,—no tender adieus; I have need of all my strength in my seventy-first year, to re-commence what I began at forty. New huts will spring up in Dominica, and many of my chil-

dren will return to them; and God will befriend me in restoring my converted enemies to happiness. But the task is hazardous for an infirm old man; let me depart hence in peace; we shall meet again in heaven!—my blessing be with you!"

He turned suddenly away, and directed his steps to the spot, where the Abiponers sate on their horses. Fereira followed, dashing a tear from his eyes, and joined his people.

"Adieu, Father Luis!" cried James.

"A mass for poor Lainetz' soul," cried Muntzner, calling after him.

Inez here came hastily up to James,—disquiet in her countenance:—"Come, sir," she said; "a steed stands ready bridled for you, yonder. Why do you loiter? come on!"

"No; my good child," replied James; "I cannot, I must not go with you."

The colour forsook the girl's cheek. "No! not go with us, Jago?" she stammered.

"That would be an unhappy step for me; I must shun it."

"You cannot be unhappy, sir, when Inez is happy; nor die while Inez lives. But Inez will be wretched, and die, if you forsake her!"

James was sensibly affected. Struggling with her tears, Inez exclaimed:—"Tell me, then, whither you are going;—over the blue hills to the land beyond the great waters?

James nodded assent.

"I will go with you there, Jago."

James was startled; "What will you do there?" said he, "what a thought!"

"Listen, Jago; my father, the captain, sprung

from the tribes of the Ruhaker, and chose my mother out the tribe of Gaaukaniga, and she forsook her friends and her home and followed him."

The astonishment of the young man increased.

"I will be your wife," she said, "Jago, if you will let me love you."

"But your parents, Inez!"

"My parents and brothers will consent: it is an honour to them. Come with us, then; or let me stay with you!"

"'Tis impossible, dear Inez; forget me,—follow some happier man. I dare not accept thine innocent offer."

Inez wept bitterly:—"Confess," she said, sobbing, "the Senora is handsomer than me. But remember, Jago, she is a heretic!"

James involuntarily smiled. This smile went to the heart of the young Indian girl. She turned to fly; he detained her, and looking earnestly at her:—"Believe me, I shall not marry the Senora; I must remain without a wife, like Father Luis and Xavier."

Inez smiled more contented:—"Take me with you to your cure, Father Jago," she began; "I will be devout, and serve you, as I have done our good Father Luis; indefatigable and cheerful, as we serve our holy mother."

"And you will leave the good father," said James, with a reproving smile, "at a time when he stands most in need of your help? And leave your parents too, so soon after finding them again, to follow me to the mountains."

Inez looked down, repressed her rising grief, and answered: "I thank you, Father Jago, you have

reminded me of my duties to my parents, and Father Luis; I will obey you without repining. Our good mother in heaven, will restore my peace of mind.' But remember me, and pray for me."

Still lingering, she gave him her hand, which he warmly pressed; she then hastily withdrew it, and said in broken accents:—"And then you will learn, Jago, that no one in the world loves you like me;" and tore herself away from him, and fled swift as a bird to her own people.

James followed her with his eyes, and felt as if the innocent Indian girl had carried away his heart with her. The Abiponer tribe were soon in motion. Inez sat weeping on horseback without turning her head. Her parents rode near her, and endeavoured to comfort her; and Luis once more looking back and making a last signal with his handkerchief, was soon lost in the crowd of his noviciates. The troop now became more indistinct. The distant grass grew higher, covering the horses of the departing tribe; and now the tops of their spears were alone seen in the far horizon. James stood with folded arms, tracing their departing forms. The horse of the servant of Jesus called him back to his recollection. The senator was placed on a bed of soft boughs, and mules were prepared for him.

James rejoined Juliet in silence. She gave the needful directions, and followed her father. The young man observed tears in her eyes, and inquired the cause.

"I am in tears for the loss of Inez," answered Müssinger's daughter; "the poor girl, though unable to speak to me, loved me better than all in the world. I almost regret that she has found her

parents, for I am now left alone, since poor Lainetz is lost to us."

"But dearest maiden," asked James, tenderly reproaching her; "Will you reject my friendship? Have you not yet learnt to confide in me?"

"Ah! my good sir," replied Juliet, "in your heart and the doctor's, both my father and I confide,—but not in your principles. Misfortune has united us. Forgive me if I suspect that a lighter cause of relationship might estrange us in sentiment and feeling."

"That is sufficient!" said James, evidently afflicted, and he withdrew behind Juliet: the train set itself in motion, and proceeded at a slow pace in the cool of the evening. It was dark ere the travellers reached the foot of the mountain. Here the sick man was placed on the shoulders of some stout natives, and by the light of torches they began to ascend the mountain; the horses galloped back to the savannah; only the mules for Fereira, Juliet, and Father Luis remained. The morning found them pursuing their journey through romantic forest paths, till they emerged into a barren stony plain, bordered by a wood, and broken by a ravine, through which was obtained a beautiful glimpse of the distant country.

"*He acqui el nuestro paraiso del buen Jesu en los bosques!*" cried Fereira, pointing to the distant view, and threw himself under the shade of a neighbouring tree; the rest joyfully followed his example, and the march was suspended till the burning heat of the day had subsided.

"The promised land!" exclaimed Müssinger to

his disciple, pointing to the valley which was spread out at their feet. It seemed made for repose — a still, retired corner of the earth! The declivities ever clad with green turf, only here and there broken by the rocks and gushing streams. The valley itself formed an amphitheatre, watered by a fertile river, and was adorned with lofty trees and fruitful fields, surrounding the neat cabins and huts covered with turf or reeds. At one bend of the valley were seen a group of houses, light and elegantly built, with ornamental roofs, in the shade of a small clustering grove. The sun shed his quiet beams over the valley — no person was seen at work in the fields, no herds in the pastures, nor passengers in the roads.

"It is a holiday," said Fereira, "and all our old men and the women, with their children, are at church. Our able-bodied men are all with me here under arms, I have let my uncle, with the sick and infirm, keep the house. We have neither bells nor singing. The sound of them, carried to a distance, might betray us to our enemies, for every Portuguese and Spaniard here is our foe. The Portuguese seem resolved to possess themselves of all the interior of the country, and their last outport, La Guasta, is scarcely six miles distant from the 'Good Jesus.' But the stony desert that extends itself to that Guasta, prevents them from indulging their spirit of discovery further. If they did, woe to them! Never should they depart alive out of the valley."

"But, sir," said James, surprised, "you praise your uncle's patriarchal and benign government.

How do you reconcile that with your warlike declarations?"

"I do not belong to the church," said Fereira, smiling; "and if I wear a dress that resembles that of St. Francis, it is to conform to my uncle's uniform.

"My uncle, who was once a valiant soldier in the carabineers of Arragon, thinks that peace is but maintained by a courageous attitude. The followers of Loyola, and the viceroy of King John are alike objects of our suspicion. In truth, my good father, had you not been a sober German, with more honesty in your face than either a Portuguese or a Frenchman, I should not have taken you with us. We do not give ourselves so much trouble with a Portuguese — we shoot him through the head, and leave him to shift for himself."

"You ought to command an army," said Muntzner, jocosely.

"By St. James!" continued the brave Fernandez, "a campaign against the Portuguese would be my delight. You will be surprised when I tell you that our house is of Portuguese extraction; and that one of our ancestors, eighty years ago, took from the rascally Dutch the territory on the coast of Brazil. But the neglect with which his services were rewarded, induced one branch, which had already been transplanted into Spain, to remain in the Spanish service, till at length it became so poor, that my uncle entered the church, and some time after I too asked for my discharge. I was lieutenant of the lancers in the militia regiment at Lima. Since then we have endeavoured

to maintain our station in the land which was the scene of the glorious deeds of our ancestors, in spite of King John and his Jesuits. And indeed, Father Xavier, you will yourself do me a favour by abandoning your cloth."

"How!" said Muntzner, astonished—"do I understand you rightly, senor Fereira?"

"Nothing more easy," continued the young man, jeeringly. "You will oblige me, and make yourself more acceptable to my uncle, who has an insurmountable antipathy to a black frock."

"I am sorry for that," said the doctor, coldly, "but I cannot discard my frock."

"What! do you deny me this small favour?" said Fereira. "Do you not know how unnecessary it is. Father Luis, too, has let some words fall, which prove to me that you are not yourself passionately attached to your profession; and why then hesitate?"

"But even if I did not love my order," replied Muntzner, "yet I still honour it, and cannot discard its insignia without the command or permission of my superior. I cannot lay down my frock."

"You excite my laughter," said Fereira, somewhat contemptuously. "You speak of your superiors, while you are fifty leagues from any mission, and still farther distant from any religious house. Do as your superiors do with their fools—grant yourself a dispensation."

"With protestants I could take this upon myself," said Muntzner with imperturbable coolness; "but amongst my brethren I will not belie my profession. The Pope has himself sanctified and appointed our dress; and it is my pride to display it in all catholic countries."

"But not in our jurisdiction," continued the young Fernandez — "I forbid it."

"Then I must return," replied Muntzner, rising.

Fereira held him back. "If I should allow you to depart now," he said, "what would become of you? — without a companion, without shelter, without sustenance — for God's sake, consider! Would you, for the honour of your order, perish in the savannah? If, however, you persist, go, in God's name; but I will detain your disciple and friend."

James, who had attentively watched Fereira's countenance, held back the friar, and Fernandez, embracing him, said — "Well, you have shewn yourself a man — your order is to be received. Confide in me; — I will engage that my uncle shall overlook the frock in the man. Were I a legitimate prince, instead of a chief of the desert, I would, in spite of all prejudice, promote you to be my confessor and court chaplain; and your first business should be to marry me to yonder engaging German girl."

James saw, with uneasiness, the glance that Fernandez cast on Juliet, who sate at a distance, an image of filial piety, in attendance on her father. A painful foreboding shot through the heart of the young Englishman, and a weight fell from his heart when he saw Fernandez rise and mount his mule. He gave orders for the troops to put themselves in motion and follow him. He then departed, accompanied by his dogs and some attendants, and struck into the wood that led down into the valley.

He had not ridden far, when his dogs gave an

alarm, and one of the huntsmen called to his companions. At the same time a rustling in the bushes was heard, and, in the next moment, a man was seen, who made his way through bush and briar, and sank exhausted on a stone as the captain approached. Fernandez started and sprang from his saddle, with his sabre drawn, as the man wore a Portuguese uniform.

"Whence come you?" he cried, raising his sword.

The stranger fixed a stedfast glance on Fernandez, and closed his eyes as if to await the stroke.

Fernandez dropt his sword. "Who are you, and what brings you here?" he said, in a milder tone.

"I am a soldier, and a deserter," said the stranger, in bad Portuguese — "but will die, rather than return."

"What have you to complain of, and whence come you?"

"From la Guasta; our detachment yesterday received its discharge; and, on our return near the guard-house, a scoundrel of an ensign abused me. I knocked him down and fled; and here I am; — shoot me, but do not send me back."

"You speak like a man," said Fernandez — "you cannot be a Portuguese as I took you to be."

"I am a foreigner; we were captured by a Portuguese privateer, and the captain delivered me to the governor at Pernambuco, who sent me up the country; and I never found, till to-day, an opportunity of escape."

"Whither would you go?"

"Any where, but return. — I will die first."

"You know not then, who I am, and who these people are that follow me?"

The soldier looked up towards the hill, where he saw the spears glancing in the trees. "I know not," he said, "on my honour, neither yourself nor your people, and ask nothing from you but death on the spot, or my freedom and a morsel of bread; I have been travelling the whole day, and am nearly dead of hunger and fatigue."

A soldier handed him some fruit, and Fernandez continued: "You shall have every thing but your liberty, which I must withhold from you for a couple of days till we investigate your case. You may be a spy!"

"A spy! captain — I am an Englishman!"

"Indeed, I might have guessed that from your accent. Your name?"

The stranger was spared an answer: a cry of surprise was heard in the midst of the company. It was Juliet's voice.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "here is Mr. Birsher — George Birsher!"

"Who calls me?" said the soldier, looking around; and stood petrified when he saw Juliet, her sick father, James, and the doctor. He rubbed his eyes and his forehead, and attempted to approach Juliet, but drew back in horror from the senator. Müssinger, overpowered and stupified, could not utter a word. A convulsion seized him; and he fell back, as if in the agonies of death. His daughter shrieked, and ran to him. Fereira commanded the suspicious stranger to be secured.

"My friends," cried George, to the soldiers,

"rescue me from this sight!—it has crushed my heart!—I am not collected at this moment—I cannot look a murderer in the face!"

At the signal of Fernandez, Birsher was carried off; and, soon after, the troops were on their march, in order that the seemingly dying man might, as soon as possible, be placed under the care of the experienced prince of the priests. The conduct of the doctor formed an instructive contrast to the disturbance which had taken place among the Europeans. In a transport of joy he prayed in silence, and prayed aloud, stretched his hands to heaven, and exclaimed—"How can I sufficiently thank thee, merciful God, that thou hast spared me to this day? In truth, James," he said to him, as he entered, "what I could not have hoped for is come to pass. I see the man again, whom I contributed to make unhappy—I see him a free man among free men! O God, if the decree of death has gone forth against my poor friend, yet preserve his senses a little while that I may free him from his sorrows—for now is the moment, and I will thank thee."

James was seen in the attitude of prayer, and in tears. "Now, alas!" he said, "is every earthly hope fled! Even the desart now unites me no more with the maid I love. The innocent love that clung to me, I basely cast from me. I must remain alone, rewarded for my perfidy. Return with me, Father Muntzner, to Dominica and Assumption. I now belong to you and your brotherhood, for hope has for ever forsaken me!"

"You distress me, my son," replied Muntzner: "where is your boasted strength of mind? where the

philanthropic views that distinguished you? And you assume this habit whilst you despise it! Withdraw from such a crime; — a frail child of dust may be deceived; but he that wilfully commits evil is alone despicable. Let me remain on the spot destined for my trials; —true to my vow, I will not flee from the contest, though it destroy me. But for you — I forbid you to think further of our profession — give it up — I will take your resignation on myself."

James threw himself, weeping, on the breast of his guardian. Both recovering themselves, looked around. They stood in a valley, at the door of a cheerful house. A company of young married women and children came towards them in their best dresses, carrying fruit, and offering it with a friendly air to the new comers. Under a light penthouse, shaded by lofty palms, stood the prince of the "good Jesus," in the simple and coarse habit of St. Francis, with sandalled feet, and girded with a cord. The only ornaments of the old man were his grey hairs, and the snow-white beard that descended to his girdle, and the clear benignant eyes and sun-burnt face. He bestowed a blessing on all, and directed a word of comfort to Juliet, as well as the senator, who seemed slowly recovering from his late attack.

"Behold your new abode, my friends," he said; "I bid a welcome to the stranger and to the sick man; and may God restore him to health. A welcome to all; and especially to the good Father Luis; for he has given us an opportunity of shewing our hospitality."

The senator was brought into the house; and in

a moment a restoring draught was administered to him, from which Father Francis expected the happiest result. The villagers had now returned to their homes. A Sabbath stillness reigned around, with nothing to attract the eye, save an occasional sentinel on the hills that overhung the valley. Father Francis, the chief of this wilderness, sate by the sick man, whose fever was now at its crisis. The priest felt his pulse, while the eyes of Juliet were fixed on the features of her father. Fernandez stood by, attracted by the beauty of Juliet. James, at a distance, struggled with his feelings. Father Xavier stood, with folded hands, at the large open window which occupied nearly one side of the room, and was ornamented with a veranda, that commanded a prospect of a wide lawn, surrounded by plantains. A simple altar was raised in the centre, and, on a lofty pedestal, a beautiful figure, a master-piece of art appeared, of the Saviour seated, pronouncing the sentence—"Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not:"—and the eyes of the figure seemed to be directed with benignant aspect towards the chamber of the sick man.

The senator's health was now improving daily; when one morning the door opened, and a stranger presented himself. Francisco motioned him to approach softly. "The sick man has expressed a longing wish to see you," said he; "but remember his infirm state."

Birsher approached the feeble senator, and thus addressed him:—"I anticipate," he said, in a mild tone, "the object of your wishes in this interview: you believe yourself to be at the point of

death, and desire to make your confession to me. Spare yourself the melancholy task; reconcile yourself with heaven. I have already forgiven you, and so has my departed father, who now looks down on us from heaven. He will implore pardon for his murderer at the throne of God." A tremor seized the senator; Juliet's bosom heaved violently — Müntzner came nearer. "Oh! how was it possible?" said Birsher lost in contemplation of the sick man — "how was it possible that this man, whose countenance is the seat of humanity, should have been guilty of murder? Alas! what is man!"

"An erring being," answered Müntzner; "and you too, Birsher, are in error. Here we have no dreadful tribunal, no torture to fear. Speak to the young man, Müssinger, that this horrible suspicion may be removed from his mind."

The senator now raising himself up, thus addressed the young Birsher: — "You have discovered a generous feeling, sir," he said, "in granting me your pardon: believing me, as you do, guilty of the most appalling crime. And yet, however I may be blamed for your father's death, may my hand perish, if it was ever raised against him."

"How!" said Birsher?—Juliet breathed more freely.

"I was a ruined man: I was expostulating with a creditor, whose name was unknown to me," continued the senator. "I declared my intention to die before I would submit to be bankrupt. I took the pistols out of a drawer, with an intent to use them against myself, when your father, in alarm, exclaimed — 'Good God! you will not murder me!'

and, as I suppose, from the fatigue of his journey, a sleepless night, the anxiety of business, and sudden fright, he fell to the ground in a fit of apoplexy. Who can describe my terror? I attempted to unloose the neckcloth of the dying man. I was agitated, and so he expired the sooner under my hands; making it appear that I had been the immediate cause of his death. I threw myself down on the ground in despair."

George seemed to reflect, as the sick man concluded; and then asked—"If, then, I may believe the vows of a dying man, and falsehood seems a stranger to your countenance—whence arose your sudden seizure and contrition, and that mysterious silence towards me, which a candid explanation might have so soon dissipated."

The senator's strength was exhausted, and Muntzner here took up the discourse with all the earnestness of truth.—"I give you my most sacred word, in the presence of the Saviour, who beholds us, that the senator speaks the truth. But his remorse was so great, that his mind gave way under a host of terrors, and he imagined that he had violated the laws of his country, and that by the prosecution of a harsh and prejudiced tribunal he might perish in a dungeon, or perhaps on a scaffold. This may account for his mysterious silence. The pangs of his conscience I must myself bear; and this confession is but a small atonement for the injury I have done to all. Clara, my friend, recommended me to your love. With a sincere regard to your happiness, I had no greater blessing to offer you than my church, and the reunion with Clara beyond the grave. I wanted a

tie to bind you. I availed myself of the terrible conviction of your having caused the death of this young man's father, and made use of it to alarm you. I endeavoured to prove to you that forgiveness was alone to be found in the bosom of our catholic faith. The work was at length accomplished, and you were ours, and I endeavoured to blot out your dread of the imagined crime by absolution. It was in vain — your remorse remained, more terrible than before. Your conversion became known to my order. I saw the unhappy consequences of my action with inquietude and sincere affection. I shuddered at my own work; and oh! let me be silent;—and do you, George, forgive me, that you too were doomed to be the sacrifice of our safety." We sailed in the same ship — you were in confinement in the hold, and were not seen by the senator. When we arrived at Buenos Ayres we were compelled to leave you to your wretched fate, for our own preservation. What a singular dispensation of Providence, that instead of being carried to Batavia, you should have arrived here! Here is now an end of all concealment. You here see the wretch before you, that would have unfeelingly prevented your marriage, and destroyed your whole earthly happiness. God be praised that I have at length made known my feelings!"

George and James turned away in amazement. Juliet beheld the intrepid but sorrowing man with a sentiment of joy at the undaunted strength of his mind, for he had acquitted her father from crime.

The senator motioned to Father Xavier, and whispered — "For Clara's sake I pardon every thing. I bear you no ill-will."

"Nor I," said James, weeping and embracing Muntzner.

"Nor I," added George Birsher, with noble resolution, and pressed his hand: "All is the work of God. He has tried us severely; but is it not his providence that has brought us together again? I forgive—I forget every thing. As to what relates to your order——"

"Oh sir!" implored Father Muntzner, "on me alone exhaust your anger. It is I that must myself atone for what is past."

George approached the senator, and gave him his right hand, and modestly offered his left to Juliet, who blushing, willingly accepted it.

"I here swear, my friends," said he, "never to forsake you in this life. Let misfortune and reconciliation unite us for ever. We have left behind us the wretchedness of the old world, and let us hope that a better future may smile on us."

He looked at Juliet, and saw joy and confidence in her eyes. "Bestow your daughter on me ere you depart, father," he said to the senator; and the latter clasped together the hands of the young pair. James embraced his countryman, and Muntzner shared the reconciliation with the priest Francisco, and his nephew.

"This is a happy valley," said Muntzner. "Will you take us under your protection, my father?"

"Jesus is the good Shepherd," answered Francisco. "The virtuous may dwell in peace in this valley, and the man who has escaped from the Portuguese, will be safe as long as he keeps within our rocky boundaries."

"By St. Jago!" said Fernandez, striking his sword, "I will answer for him myself. He must be brave, for that beautiful German girl loves him, for whose favour I would pledge my old Spanish knighthood."

They now found themselves settled in the dominion of the good Jesus in the desert. The dwellers, a harmless people, of all colours, driven here by misfortune, partly brought up in the peaceful valley, attached themselves to their foreign brethren. A dwelling of reeds was built for them. Father Francis supplied them with the means of life from the common store-house, until their fields and gardens should become productive; and by his care the senator was soon restored to health, tranquillity of mind contributing greatly to his recovery. The attachment, too, of the young pair revived his spirits; and one day he cheerfully said to them, "You are tenderly attached — you cannot conceal it; why, then, may I not have the happiness to see you united? Why has not Francisco yet blessed your union?"

Juliet and George, looking earnestly on each other, pressed her father's hand. — "Not here, father, said Juliet. Here our faith prevails not; and having so long withstood the allurements of another church, this solitude shall not gain the victory over me."

"Fate," said George, "will not for ever confine us to this spot. We shall some time or other reach our own home, and then shall our union be sealed before the invisible God."

The senator looked embarrassed, and Juliet, to

dispel his uneasiness, said, "You would not wish me married here, while there is one with us to whom our union would be a source of unhappiness."

And she pointed to James, who was seated at a distance, disconsolate and silent.

"You are kind to him, best of women," said George, looking after him. "Unhappy is he, that this moment of happiness was not reserved for himself!"

"To my joy!" answered Juliet. "Courted by him, I may thank the intrigues in which he was brought up for my happiness and his rejection. I hate false love, and nothing but real sincerity can win my heart. Therefore, let us think upon our speedy release, and turn our hopes homewards. For we must allow that even this still and peaceful abode is but as a prison adorned with flowers."

Juliet spoke the truth, for Father Francis here exercised a despotic power. The valley was guarded by sentinels; none were allowed to quit it; a vigilant eye was kept on strangers, particularly on the Jesuit, whose habit excited a stronger suspicion than the Portuguese uniform which George had thrown off. And yet it was Muntzner who first escaped, though unintentionally, from the well-guarded prison. Notwithstanding the sincere forgiveness of his friends, remorse still preyed in Muntzner's bosom. He could not feel sincerely at ease. His conscience carried him back, now that the senator was convalescent, to the bar of his provincial. The anguish which James suffered made his heart bleed — it grieved him to see his misery. To dispel his uneasiness of mind, he resumed his botany, the pursuit of his early years. He absented

himself from society, and employed himself day after day in climbing the neighbouring mountains. The sentinels were accustomed to his excursions; none mistrusted the simple, quiet naturalist. They relaxed in their duty; and it so happened that one day the father had extended his research further than usual, and found himself on the hills beyond the outpost. Attracted by the beautiful flowers, he wandered on, and had even penetrated into the depths of the forest. The furrow of the lonely snake through the high grass was his only path, and the shades of night surprised him. He now endeavoured to retrace his path, but the sun had set, and nothing was now to be seen but the growing shades of the forest. In his perplexity a distant light attracted his eye. He directed his steps towards it, and at length distinguished a blazing fire, and men reclining around it. His approach was betrayed by the rustling of the boughs, and attracted the notice of the party.

"Who goes there?" cried a soldier in Portuguese, and presented his musket.

"One that has lost his way," answered Muntzner; and in a moment he was surrounded by a dozen men clad in brown thick coats, with slouched hats, sabres at their sides, and muskets in their hands. One of them, whom a glimpse of the uniform under his cloak discovered to be an officer, inquired composedly, lest he should displace the cigar between his teeth, whence the reverend father came, and whither he was going. On Muntzner replying, that he had lost his way, the officer shook his head incredulously, kissed the father's hand, and replied—"Your explanation is not satisfactory,

my good father. I must send you forward to head-quarters, unless you inform me where you reside."

"To head-quarters!" said Muntzner.

"Yes — to La Guastà — some miles from hence. You will be treated with every civility, father."

"But on what authority is this done?"

"I am a soldier, reverend sir, and must perform my duty. Miguel and Olao, take each of you a torch, and conduct his reverence to his excellency the brigadier."

"What treatment is this!" said Muntzner — "I seek shelter only for the night."

"We must obey our superior's commands, reverend sir. Give me your blessing ere you depart."

The whole troop fell on their knees; Muntzner conferred his blessing, and after they had devoutly kissed his hand and garment, he prepared for his journey. The officer ordered him a cigar and some wine for refreshment, but Muntzner, dispirited and anxious, refused both, and followed the soldiers, who shewed him every respect and attention, but at the same time held a strict eye over him. They travelled all night through rough and dangerous roads. The morning found them on the elevated and desert table-land of La Guastà, where extensive forests bounded the horizon, and a wretched guard-house afforded them shelter; here they found a company of militia in worn cloaks and torn shoes, more resembling banditti than regular soldiers. Their slouched hats bore the marks of musket shots, and shaded their long black hair, while their dark dim faces, and large dark eyes harmonised well with their fierce mustachios. Their drums and arms were heaped in a pyramid, round

which they reposed, some sleeping, others gambling or talking. As soon as they saw the priest approach, their hats flew off, they fell on their knees, and asked his benediction. At the same moment appeared two men from the door of the guard-house. The first, a superior officer, as appeared from the quick salute of the soldiers, the other a father of the company of Jesus, who seemed greatly surprised to behold a brother of his order standing before him. Muntzner, too, was astonished at the encounter, which in the midst of such a strong band, seemed to intimate some ulterior object. The serjeant, Miguel, informed the commander of the circumstances attending Muntzner's apprehension. The brigadier approached Father Muntzner respectfully, and said :—" I trust, father, you will be more communicative with us than you were with our out-post. You are, to all appearance, unknown in these pathless wilds, and it will be in vain to endeavour to deceive us. You were, perhaps, better known in the country towards which we are directing our steps, the settlement of "the good Jesus in the desert?"

Muntzner was perplexed; the possibility of inflicting an injury on his friends, struck his mind. Resolved not to betray them, he denied any knowledge of the settlement, without at the same time finding a pretext to account for his appearance in this quarter.

" I must repeat to you, holy father," said the brigadier politely, but earnestly; " that you make your position worse; you cannot deceive us,—you will have to thank yourself for any disagreeable consequences. Whence came you? the neighbour-

ing mission lies not far from hence, and your person seems wholly unknown to the very revered father assistant, of the missionary at St. Sebastian. Confess; for we suspect you to belong to the colony that, in opposition to the king, and our holy faith, have established themselves in these wilds."

Muntzner persisted in his denial. The father assistant silently regarded him with a searching eye; the brigadier continued in an angry tone:—"It is possible that the Spanish government favours the rebellious establishment in Don John's dominion, and the fathers of the company of Jesus may have sent you from Paraguay to that government; it is also possible that you may be a spy, and may have assumed this dress and tonsure as a mask to cover some treasonable purpose. If, as you represent, you were sent as vicar to Santa Catalina, how happens it that you are brought here a prisoner? A botanist does not extend his researches to the distance of fifty leagues. These considerations will induce me to send you to St. Sebastian, where all will be explained."

Muntzner bowed, and submitted himself to his fate. The father assistant silently beckoned to the brigadier, took the doctor by the hand, led him into a lonely room of the guard-house, and said to him. "My erring brother, I see your motives, and forbear to censure you,—your name and business?"

Muntzner gave him his name, his family, his religious house, and his mission to America. The assistant smiled, and seemed satisfied, and said:—"Your name is not unknown to me; the house of Minhão at St. Sebastian, mentions it in its correspondence. I offer you my protection, as my order

requires,—but you do not explain yourself clearly. Since your removal from the savannah near Dominica, there is a chasm that you have not filled up. I cannot blame you for declining to inform the military, but I must tell you, that I am not sent here by the father-general in Rome. We have for a long time past had intelligence from 'the good Jesus in the desert,' and from the usurping government there. But partly in order to leave the Spanish government in ignorance, and partly for want of the energetic support of our rulers, we have hitherto left that establishment in the heart of a mission, which of right belongs to us unmolested. But at length the hour is arrived, and a sufficient force under the command of a brigadier, accompanies me here. Two emissaries of the wretched Franciscans have fallen into our hands; their approach is yet a secret; we are in possession of all the requisite intelligence. From your mouth I now wish to obtain a further disclosure. You will not, I trust, hesitate, and stamp yourself a participator in this usurpation,—a traitor to your order."

"My father!" said Muntzner, interrupting him with lively indignation; "the welfare of our holy order is paramount with me, though I am one of her most unworthy sons!"

"You are too diffident," replied the other in a flattering tone; "you have now an opportunity of proving yourself a most deserving member, by complying with my wishes."

"Oh! my father!" cried Muntzner, affected; "spare me this painful duty; I cannot trample on friendship and gratitude,—I am a lonely feeble

being; my assistance can add little to your undertaking."

"What! do you profess yourself a brother of that high-minded sect, from which sprung Jacob Lainetz, and the noble Xavier?" said the father assistant, in a tone of reproach: "Will you allow private feelings to interfere? If you are inaccessible to the voice of reason and brotherly love, yet listen to the call of duty. I stand here the representative of our worthy general, and command you, by your own father Xavier, to communicate to me all you know, without prevarication."

These words alarmed Father Xavier; a deep feeling of disgust against his unfeeling superior, was his first impulse; honour, and a dread of violating the statutes of his order, the next. In a bitter strife between the claims of friendship, and the duties of his order, he turned pale, as the last seemed to prevail. What upheld him was, the reflection that the colony was already in the hands of the oppressors, and that his deposition might rather tend to reconcile, than to exasperate.

"The informants of whom you spoke, father," he said, "have discovered, I suppose, every thing?"

The father nodded assent.

"I am, therefore, ready in conformity with my order, to testify my obedience, and to withhold no longer the little that I know."

The examinant began his inquiries; the situation of the settlement, the number of inhabitants, the forms and tenets of their religion, their military strength, and the products of the colony of "the good Jesus."

Muntzner was allured from one answer to another,

by the subtile ingenuity of the assistant. The Jesuit noted names and numbers in his tablets, and then requested to know the way to the secluded settlement.

Muntzner persisted in his inability to inform him, and the assistant, becoming more pressing: "How is it," said Muntzner, "my father, that the emissaries of Father Francis, who are natives of the valley, cannot furnish you with the requisite information."

The father assistant made no answer, but the brigadier here entering the apartment in a rage, exclaimed: "You see the consequence of your forbearance, father! you should have allowed my soldiers to have brought those rascally Indians, those hounds of Topinambou to confession with burning matches. We shall now not gather another word from these accursed spies of Francisco. They have hanged themselves in their dungeon, and now laugh at us, dead and stiff as they are."

"True, your excellency," said the assistant, coolly smiling; "they are well rewarded, and as they are silent, we must collect our information from our good father here."

He here exhibited his tablets exultingly to the brigadier. The latter then opened the door, and called out; "Fall into your ranks, soldiers."

Muntzner now saw how he had been overreached, sank on the bank in despair, and covered his face: "You have shamefully deceived me," said he; "I am now the only traitor. Those poor Indians, who have died for their friends, are holy martyrs."

"You blaspheme," said the father assistant; "I only met your dark subterfuges with corresponding dissimulation on my part; such as Samson used against the Philistines. You have offended your order and your God, by your conduct; you have associated yourself with these Francisco rebels in the valley. I suspect you of deep designs; I shall therefore order you immediately to St. Sebastian, there to await your sentence. At all events it is our duty to send back all such ill wares to the place whence they came—to Europe."

He then left Father Muntzner to his unhappy fate, and ordered a small party to convey him to St. Sebastian. Muntzer now made a last effort for the preservation of his friends and the protection of his pupil. The assistant closed his ears on him, and he was placed in solitary confinement. After the lapse of some hours, information was brought that, from a remote and hitherto invisible spot on the hills, the valley and houses might be discovered in the distance, and the troops were put in motion. At the same time Muntzner was placed on a wretched mule, and his march directed to the road for "the good Jesus," and, with a heavy heart he commenced his journey.

The soldiers under the brigadier marched forward, elated with the prospect of plunder. The sun was just setting, as the troop, after indescribable fatigue, arrived at the extremity of the high land, and beheld the silent colony at their feet. The sentinels were, however, aware of their approach, and immediately gave the signal. The alarm spread from post to post, and soon reached the valley. The men ran to arms in all parts of

the village, and a valiant band were soon mustered. The Portuguese stood hesitating, endeavouring to discover the secret paths that led into the valley. At this moment it unluckily happened that Montchol, an active soldier from Tras-os-Montes, pursuing a deer down a deep ravine, suddenly came upon an advanced post. The young man, surprised, but not alarmed, called out to his comrades. A sudden shot from the guard-house brought him down, but, though reeking in his blood, he called out as long as he could speak, "Here is the road—here is the road! Soldiers!—Portugal and our king for ever!"

The call was cheerfully responded to; the troops threw themselves down the steep ravine, undismayed by the murderous fire directed against them from the guard-house.

"In the name of the Virgin and all the saints!" cried the soldiers; while the pioneers, in advance with axes and picks, rushed against the redoubt, and the rear ranks fired the roof with grenades. The ravine was filled with the assailants, and the barricades soon gave way before the violence of the assault. The sentinels of Francisco were driven back; but a well-armed band now made their appearance from the valley, armed with heavy arquebusses, but, though their fire was well directed under the conduct of Fernandez, they were ultimately compelled to retreat. The brigadier then commanded his rear to fix their bayonets, while his first ranks continued a destructive fire. The bayonet was a weapon hitherto unknown to Francisco's soldiers, and struck them with a panic. Their colours, with the crucifix, fell into the hands

of the victors, who, forcing their way over the slain, furiously attacked the village. Every one saved himself as he could from the bayonet and the shots of the sharp-shooters. The valley was a flame of fire. Not a soldier of Francisco was to be seen. The helpless women and children threw themselves on the ground at the feet of the brigadier and the Jesuit, imploring mercy.

Whilst this scene of horror was passing, Francisco, with a troop of aged of both sexes, and some faithful dependents, had taken refuge in a ravine which was approached by a winding path amidst mountain-streams and morasses in the direction of the Spanish settlements. Amongst them was Müssinger, his daughter, and James, whom George had intreated not to depart from the side of his fair friend. He himself remained to share in the action, and to wait the result. Under the protection of some overhanging rocks, the fugitives awaited, with the relics of their property, intelligence from the settlement, while the shots redoubled, and the echo came thick upon their ears. At length George appeared, struck by a distant shot in the shoulder, and brought no hopes. Fernandez followed, severely wounded, with the rest of his troop, and brought the whole tale of their defeat.

"All is lost!" he exclaimed to his uncle — "save yourself, Francisco! The villanous Portuguese have won the day through their cowardly bayonets. But they come no farther; — this pass we will defend with our lives. But what most exasperates me is, that the Jesuit, the base perfidious German, has betrayed us. He has been missing since yesterday, and the keen eyes of some

of my men detected him standing near the Portuguese brigade!"

"Muntzner!" all exclaimed—"is it possible?"

George assented in silence; but James sprang hastily forward. "What calumny is this?" he said; —"my foster-father a traitor! — no, he lies who asserts it!"

"Young man," said Fernandez, in a threatening tone, "you forget I wear a sword which ——"

"Which ought to be devoted to the service of the community," said Francisco, stepping forward. "I shall not allow you to shed each other's blood, my friends, in an idle dispute about a word!"

The disputants were silenced by the reproof of the good old man. At the same moment a cry of alarm was heard through the camp of the fugitives.

"Our foes!" said Francisco, while the ancient valour of youth sparkled in his eyes; and he reached his hand to snatch a sword.

"Not yet, uncle," said Fernandez, "the brave negro, Pablo, has posted himself with the black troops at the entrance of the valley, and swears to die in defence of the pass. I have learnt too, from a prisoner who has escaped, that the Portuguese will not venture farther till they receive a reinforcement."

A soldier here brought intelligence that the outposts on the hills to the east had arrested some strangers in European dress.

"Have the villains surrounded us?" said Fernandez, and ordered the strangers to be brought forward. Four men appeared with sunburnt faces and in working dresses, with small copper cruci-

fixes in their hats, and a string of beads on the neck, unarmed except with knives and flints, and sticks bound with iron. They produced a pass from the viceroy at St. Sebastian, in which they were described as Irish miners engaged by the governor of Brazil to search the interior of the country for copper and diamonds. They stated that they had lost themselves on the mountains, and had wandered on till chance and the shots they had heard drew them to the spot.

Francisco enquired whether they had seen any Portuguese troops; and, on their denying it, ordered them to be placed under arrest. As they withdrew from the unfortunate chief of the wilderness, they met George, who seemed to regard one of the men with an enquiring eye. The latter also viewed the American with earnestness, and suddenly exclaimed — "George Birsher!"

"Harry! Harry Haverly!" replied the other, not less elated; and they cordially joined hands.

"You here?" asked Harry, hastily, in English— "we thought a shark had swallowed you!"

"Ah, friend!" replied George — "how are all at New York?"

"Well and hearty," he replied — "I left it a few months ago. Your partner is devoted to business in the hopes of your return, and fortune has repaid his exertions a thousand-fold."

"But you, my friend? ——"

"Do not betray me to these people; — say that you first knew me in Ireland. Be silent — more another time."

The soldiers bade the Irishmen proceed, and conducted them to a distant part of the ground.

Fernandez had observed the interview with George, and said to his uncle — "Strangers have always brought ill luck to our settlement. They are all objects of suspicion to me as spies of Spain or Portugal. It is a critical moment — let us hold a court-martial over them."

"Young man, whither would your passion carry you?" said the old man, reproving him. — "Shall I sully the last hours of my government here with a crime? Let us rather employ our time in escaping to the Spanish territory. We can enter Santa Dominica under assumed names, and there we may hope for repose."

The old man gave secret orders for their departure in the night. George meanwhile returned to the ravine, where Müssinger and his daughter waited for him with impatience. James passed by him. In the twilight George remarked that the young man had put on his Portuguese uniform.

"Whither do you go in this uniform?" said Birsher, in surprise — "do you wish to be shot by our people?"

"Pardon me that I have taken your dress," replied James, with some warmth; "but it cuts me to the soul to think that Dr. Muntzner should be suspected of treachery! I will peril my life to ascertain whether or not Fernandez spoke the truth."

"What! Mr. White, under the enemy's fire?"

"This uniform and the night will protect me. And, even if it cost me my life, I am resolved to know whether or not my foster-father is the villain that some would suspect him to be. I shall return with good tidings — or never. Remember me to Juliet — the happy ——"

"James, what madness possesses you?"

George called after him in vain — he had already disappeared. By a secret path James climbed to the opening of the ravine, and crept in silence to the rear of the negro-party. Not far from hence, near a mountain-stream, stood the sentinels of the evening, who did not dare, without an additional force, to advance further in the ravine. The fires of the sentinels blazed on all the heights. In the middle of the valley Francisco's modest mansion was seen a prey to the flames. Most of the picket were assembled round the fire, and James passed through the grass and bushes unobserved till he came to the tent. He stopped near the stream, and, concealed by the darkness, approached the huts. Before the doors stood the few inhabitants who had remained behind, lamenting their miserable fate. The greatest part of them were assembled in the chapel, and the soldiers stood around or reposed on the ground. The father assistant, accompanied by the brigadier and the pioneers, had rendered themselves conspicuous.

"Down with this monument of a frantic idolatry!" cried the father assistant — "the wretched Franciscans have cheated you into a belief, ye poor misguided people, that this gigantic image is a representation of your Saviour; — it is but a devilish invention like the Huitulopochtuli of the Mexicans! I offer absolution to all who shall assist me in demolishing it. Down with the magical idols of the accursed mendicant friars!"

He himself gave the first blow, and all hands were instantly raised against the sacred figure. It fell in fragments on the green turf. Its remains

fed the flames of the consuming house, while the infuriated soldiery in vain searched amidst the ruins for the hidden treasures on which they had fed their hopes. The peaceful valley was indeed rich in the virtues of domestic life, but in gold and diamonds poorer than the grave. James, though he was struck with horror at the mad shouts and fury of the soldiers, experienced, at the same time, inexpressible happiness from his conviction of his foster-father's innocence. " 'Tis possible," he said, " he might err, but he could never act the part of a traitor!"

With a more peaceful mind he rose to return, disgusted with the brutality of the soldiers. His haste created suspicion.

" Whither is our comrade running?" cried out two soldiers, and pursued him. " Halt!" said a patrole, and presented his musket; — " where are your quarters and your post?"

" Yonder with the picket," replied James.

" What! are you unarmed and a foreigner? — give us the pass-word."

" The Virgin and Saints," replied James.

" You are wrong — you are under false colours — a spy — detain him!"

They seized him, and, in the heat of the moment, an imprecation in English betrayed him.

" Holloh!" cried an old soldier, who had formerly been prisoner on board an English ship — " he speaks English; — secure the protestant dog!"

" But, brother —" said James.

" The devil is your brother!" exclaimed the corporal - n a coward if you are not the de-

serter named in the hue and cry which has been forwarded to us on our march ——"

"But, Mr. Corporal ——"

"Aha! now he begins to be civil! By the holy baptist! comrades, he is the very man! — Tall and thin, black hair, sharp eyes, no mustachios, and an Englishman! 'Tis he — we have won the eight thousand rees reward for his apprehension."

"How?" asked James, alarmed at George's position, after the rejoicing of the avaricious soldiers had subsided, "you seek the Englishman? And a reward is offered for his head?"

"Yes, by St. James!" they replied; "we have not left a stone unturned to apprehend you, that we may make an example of you."

"My God!" sighed James to himself: "George in this neighbourhood, and in such jeopardy! and Juliet's despair!"

"Friends," said he, in a calm and manly tone, "fortune has delivered me into your hands — what will you do with me?"

"His excellency will send you back to your regiment, so prepare yourself for the worst. Had you only deserted your colours, and broken your oath to the king, you might have escaped with a flogging; but you have struck your ensign, and that will cost you your life." — James shuddered.

"Then be quick," said he, "and carry me to your captain — I am the man you look for."

The soldiers exultingly carried him off to the brigadier's quarters. In the course of the night came one of the remaining negroes to Francisco's camp, with the intelligence of his fate.

"Good luck to the deserter!" Fernandez

drily, and he troubled himself no farther, being busily occupied. But the event made a deeper impression on George and the senator, and an indescribable one on Juliet. — "Rely upon it," she exclaimed, with all her peculiar penetration, that James has devoted himself for us. Oh! how much this noble action raises him from his former dubious position! How powerfully it appeals to the heart!"

"Can it be possible?" said the senator, whilst George sate meditating in silence; "was he called on to sacrifice himself for those who contributed to his unhappiness? who have stood in the way of his dearest hopes? Could this induce him to save George from imminent peril?"

"Certainly, certainly!" replied Juliet; "doubt it not, my father—else honour dwells not in the heart of man. Our friend has devoted himself to prison."

"To death rather!" said George, with deep emotion, "Imprisonment will not atone for my crime — it is death."

Juliet nearly fainted; she seized George's and her father's hand in agony. "Death!" she stammered — "horrible! more horrible than I had imagined! Death! George. And for us? No, that must not be. From imprisonment his own petition, or our gold, or time at last, might have liberated him — but death! No, no; we must not delay a second. Come, father! come, Birsher!"

"Whither?" asked both, in surprise.

"To the Portuguese camp," replied the courageous maiden; "to throw ourselves at the feet of the commander — to discover all to him, and to petition him for James' liberation. — But no," added [illegible] you are void of courage — your

affliction overwhelms you. Remain; I will go alone, unprotected and unguarded. God will protect me, and carry me in safety to the commander. I cannot lament, and weep, and intreat. I have never learnt that; but the commander must yield to truth; and the Portuguese will not belie the gallantry of their nation."

"My daughter!" exclaimed Müssinger, detaining her.

"Your project is impracticable," said George. "Consider the darkness of the night, and that the road is unknown to you, and that you may fall into the enemy's outposts. Inevitable destruction must attend you."

Juliet eyed him earnestly, and said: "Sir, I do not understand you — I have mistaken your heart. Have you forgotten that James was the preserver of my father? and that he has protected me by sea and land — me, your betrothed: he who once loved me — of whose good opinion I was so proud. To all this I may add that I was very dear to him. And yet you, a man of noble feelings, whom I have preferred on conviction — you to prevent me!"

"I see," said George, in grief, "that you doubt my heart."

"Juliet!" said the senator, with all the animation with which he was used to give his commands, "if you heed not the advice of a friend, yet listen to the remonstrances of a father. What George Birsher does not choose to say, I must say. This obstinacy will prove fatal to us all. Would you, by your inconsiderate conduct, betray your dearest friend, and your intended husband — doom him to death, while he remains with you, [illegible] of escap-

ing from his enemies? James's innocence must eventually be known. The humanity of the viceroy will inflict only a slight punishment. All will then be well, and the young man's conscience will atone for his imprisonment a thousand fold. You will reverse all this. To save a friend from a trifling danger, you subject George to inevitable death — the man you honour and esteem — the man whose wife you must become — the man you love so passionately, though you cover your feelings with the mask of indifference."

Juliet stood motionless. George entreated him to speak less harshly; but Müssinger continued: "I know I wound your heart; but it is called for, it must be struck with a strong hand to make it respond. See, Juliet, what calamity you prepare for me! I have lost every thing — commercial credit, and my own peace of mind. You are my only consolation. Banished from my home, estranged from my wife, and my property lost, my only hope rests on your marriage; and will you by this rash, untimely step, cast all away — yourself a prey to the soldiers — him," pointing to George, "a sacrifice — and me a disconsolate and wretched father."

This earnest appeal shook Juliet's purpose. She burst into tears, and threw herself into the senator's arms, sobbing. — "Restrain your anger, my father," she said; "I did not contemplate such consequences. I am not so unfeeling, I trust in God — I shudder at the thought — to risk the life of one so dear to me. — Do you bel[illegible]ve I love you?" she said, turning to Birsher, while a radiant smile appeared [illegible]dst of her grief, which restored

George to himself; and he seized her hand, and exclaimed, "So help me God! I do. This hour has afforded a new proof of the excellence of your heart, and I feel no further apprehension for James, for God has seen your grief from above. May the memory of good young White follow you unenvied to your home! Far be it from me to blot out the remembrance of my protector; and when we reach home, if gold can obtain his release, my whole fortune will not be too great to loosen the bars of his prison, nor my house too small to give him a constant welcome."

"Not so," said Juliet, reflecting; "let it be an object to secure his happiness at a distance, but not in our own house. I should do injustice to my own feelings and yours, should I have wished this act of weakness. My affections are unalterable, but James would be unhappy; and believe me, I mistake his character, if he would not instantly reject such a proposal."

"It seems idle," said Müssinger, smiling, "to be conversing here on another's happiness, whilst we are in this desert, with scarcely a hope left of reaching New York in safety. We are in imminent danger, exposed to the fury of an incensed and bigoted soldiery. Our dear Muntzner is probably on his way to heaven, and we have ourselves no shelter."

"Alas! happy England!" said George, in his native dialect.

"Happy England!" echoed a man's voice at the same moment, and George recognised, by the light of a lantern, his countryman and schoolfellow, Harry Haverly, accompanied by several companions. "God be thanked that [illegible] you here,"

continued Harry; "this is an earnest of good fortune we did not reckon on."

"What do you allude to?" said George.

"Do you not know," said Harry, "that more than half an hour ago, the Franciscan is gone off with all his people. A few minutes ago a negro brought us the intelligence, and set us free. We wandered at hazard, not knowing what to do, wher a voice in English saluted our ears. How happen it that you too have not made your escape?"

"We have been purposely left behind," replied George, after some consideration. "We must trust in God. He who has protected us thus far will still preserve us."

"So, misfortune is not yet weary of persecuting us," said the senator mournfully. Juliet endeavoured to soothe him. — "My dearest father," said she, "have we been fortunate, then, to this time? What was our lot in the train of the old priest? —what but persecution? We are now left to ourselves — we could not be better off. God will protect us. Father, and Birsher, forget that I am a feeble woman. I can undergo any trials to support an infirm father."

"We must immediately depart," said Harry Haverly, "unless you mean to go to the Portuguese camp, or await the approach of the troops at day-break, for we have seen rockets in the neighbouring valley, which are a signal of a fresh force advancing."

"No, not to the Portuguese camp," said Juliet, and the senator anxiously looked at George.

"Then follow us," said Harry Haverly. "We have our reasons for avoiding the Portuguese. Our papers [illegible] ess are not the most correct. We

are employed by a trading company to search the Spanish and Portuguese settlements, and ascertain the value of their metals and diamonds. We are all from New York, and are now on our return, as this region is the limit of our enquiries. If it is your pleasure to join us, we will promise you a safe journey to the sea. Numbers give courage, and it is our duty to help our fellow-countrymen."

"You are unprincipled people," said Birsher; "we wish to have no connection with spies and forgers of passports. I must speak my mind. But as Providence has so strangely brought us together, it shall be as you propose."

"A great honour! noble George," answered Harry Haverly, laughing. "You were always a punctilious man; but you see that your straightforward dealing has not brought you a hairbreadth farther than us."

"If we resolve to depart, it must be done instantly," said Müssinger. "Arise my young friends, my heart longs for liberty. Stir yourselves!"

All now prepared to depart. — "Will you not be too feeble to walk alone, father?" said Juliet. "Support yourself on my arm; I shall not faint under such a burden."

"No," answered Müssinger; "I feel myself strong, limbs, and heart, and soul — all light and free; and if I should feel fatigued, a look from my spirited daughter would soon revive me."

Directed by the first beams of morning, the travellers entered on the path by which the diamond-seekers had come. Haverly recognised the road with tolerable certainty. They met with many hardships, but resolution and g[illegible] sur-

mounted them all. A steep, stony declivity would sometimes harass their feet, and try their patience; but suddenly a broad meadow spread a carpet before them, to make amends. A hot, glowing sun would now pour its beams on them, but the shade of a neighbouring forest soon after afforded them a cool retreat. Every bush offered fruits to satisfy their hunger, and the running stream quenched their thirst. They met with no interruption from the Indian tribes: and George gradually recovered from his wound under the healing hand of Juliet. At length they began to descend from the mountain land into the plains, and soon reached the precincts of civilised life. Cultivated fields appeared, and it was with feelings of delight that they drew near to a church that presented itself. The protestants stood uncovered, with devotional mien, in the temple of a different persuasion, adoring the same God whom they worshipped in their own church. The senator entered alone the small chapel, and threw himself before the humble altar, which, as well as the chapel, was dedicated to St. Clara. Here he prayed to the Eternal — here his thoughts and meditations were directed to the Clara he had known on earth, and whom he honoured in heaven. Here he put fresh trust in a superintending Providence. Here he bade adieu to that belief to which he had a short time before submitted in secret. For it seemed as if his Clara thus addressed him from above: "Your misfortunes commenced when you became untrue to me. You have made atonement, and the faith that you thoughtlessly abandoned has made your punishment severe. Call up your courage, ar [illegible] nt of the circle in which the magi-

cian had chained you. Believe me, we shall meet again."

When he returned from the church, Müssinger embraced his daughter and his son-in-law, and said, much affected, "Take me to you, my children. I am again wholly your own. Take the unfortunate, and make him rich in the possession of your love."

They now hastened forward, for they saw Harry and his comrades harnessing the horses to the waggons in the court of a neat farm-house. They now began to approach the sea-coast, and rejoiced at the prospect of the termination of their journey. No insolent alcalde presented himself, nor were any soldiers from George's militia regiment seen in the way. And now they approached the haven, and saw the foaming billows of the sea in the distance. They recognised the American flag, and no time was lost. The agents briskly executed their orders, and the sailors put on board their luggage. Birshel led his bride to her father, exulting, on board the long-wished-for ship. "We have now reached our home," he gaily exclaimed; and they all thanked God for their preservation, as the last passenger came on board. The anchor was weighed, the flag displayed, and the vessel took her cheerful departure to the wide ocean. The voyage was prosperous, and on a lively morning, just as the sun broke through the clouds, the spires of the friendly city appeared to the delighted voyagers, — the road, the lighthouse, forts, with their cannon and colours, and the crowded strand, with a forest of masts, flags streaming, and sails hoisting. The cannon thundered from the ships and batte[illegible] "Hurrah!"

shouted the impatient sailors — "New York!" exclaimed George Birsher; and in his joy, forgetful of all ceremony, he strained the loved and loving Juliet to his heart. City, fort, harbour, and its inhabitants, the still anchored ships, and the dashing waves of the sea — all did George call to witness the fulfilment of his vow to make his betrothed happy — and George had never broken his word.

Many years had passed away, when one evening, as the last bright beams of the sun declined, four horsemen approached the village of St. Dominica. Three of them (armed followers it seemed) remained respectfully behind their leader, a young man of martial aspect, whose face was scarred, and whose rich uniform appeared underneath a soldier's cloak. He at first advanced at a quiet rate, looking round with an inquisitive eye; then suddenly slackened his pace. His attendants were still, and all was solitary around.

"Yonder," said the stranger, checking his horse, stand the now happy homes, the peaceful spot, which my heart has so long sighed to revisit. Alas! shall I quit it with the same joy with which I enter it? Yonder is the well-known road, and the church, and there the house of the venerable Luis, but where art thou, my friend and comforter?"

The good old man had departed. The tamarind tree that he so much loved in life, now threw its light foliage over his grave. Another inhabitant stood at the threshold of his former dwelling — a priest [illegible] ble but uninteresting aspect, who

was smoking his cigar. He courteously greeted the stranger, and despatched a female servant to invite him to alight. The maiden betrayed the Abiponer features. The officer addressed himself to her. "Where is Father Luis?" he said.

"Yonder," said the female, pointing first to heaven, and then to the church-yard.

The tears stood in the young man's eyes. "I have no business with your present pastor," said he, in a polite tone. "Thank him in my name, and tell me where I may find the beautiful Inez. She is of your tribe as I think."

"Inez, sir? we are all called Inez; — you perhaps ask for the cacique's daughter, the once lost Misinga?"

The female directed him to a neighbouring elegant house shaded by palms. "You will find Misinga there, sir," she said, and took her departure. The rider spurred his horse, and in another moment was at the court gate. A man of friendly mien approached, and touched his straw hat.—"Fernandez Fereira!" exclaimed the stranger dismounting.

"Senor White!" answered the other, offering his hand.—"You here!" exclaimed each alternately, while the host invited his guest to some rich wine in the shade of the veranda.

"Our flight from Egypt was attended with a prosperous issue," said Fernandez to his visiter. "We hid ourselves here under the wings of our brave Luis. The good man at length obtained his pardon; and his lamp was soon after extinguished. I have myself remained here, a contented husbandman, and nothing would be wanting to the happiness of my life, were my dear fath[illegible] the priest

Luis yet living, both of whom departed to their last home at nearly the same time."

"Yours is, indeed, an enviable destiny," said James, sorrowfully pressing his hand: "For me, you see me still unhappy, though advanced in rank. I surrendered myself in the place of my friend. At St. Sebastian the deception was detected; the commander was touched with compassion, and gave me my liberty; and the viceroy, in admiration of my conduct, promoted me. Deprived of my guardian, and disappointed in my hopes in the new as in the old world, I continued in the service of a king, a stranger to me. But it has ever been my lot in life to act in opposition to my inclinations, and I sought for a liberation from the weariness of life in the chances of war. But even here my hopes were fruitless. In our contests with the rebellious natives, I looked for death; but found rank and honour, and am now in possession of all the blessings of life; yet reject them, and seek for happiness here, a hundred miles distant from St. Sebastian, attracted by the memory of past sweet and bitter days; but here I find only the graves of the departed."

"Yes; the grass is now waving over them, as one day it must over ours," replied Fernandez: "in the mean while, let me implore your pardon for the suspicion and ill-will which I once unjustly entertained towards you and your friends; I have since learnt to do justice to your motives. What is become of those friends, my dear sir?"

"My foster-father returned to Germany," answered James sighing; "I did not learn this till I had enter[illegible] military duties, or I would have

accompanied him. The senator still lives with his children in New York, as I am informed, and in happy circumstances. Ah! I wish them happiness! Let heaven frown on me, so it smile on Juliet. They are blest in each other's virtues; there lie their true riches; not in Birsher's wealth,—not in Müssinger's bank notes" ——

"Which he lost," said Fernandez: "Luis's intercession was of no avail. The heads of the college at Assumption, spread a report of the death of the senator, and seized his will, and to obtain their ends, compelled the senora Müssinger to take the veil in a convent at Cordova."

"Juliet?" exclaimed James in amazement; "that is inexplicable."

"A very possible villany," said Fernandez, shrugging his shoulders, "if it be true what Father Luis represented, that the provincial at Cordova had compelled a young French girl, who had accompanied you here, and who had escaped from the massacre of the Jesuits, to take the veil, under the name of Senora Müssinger."

"Incredible!"

"Most true! for Luis was incapable of misrepresentation, and had himself visited Cordova. The conviction, that neither Müssinger nor his daughter would ever return to assert their claims, and the large bequests in the will, were the temptation, and the severe rules of the order for ever prevented the unhappy victim from making known the imposition."

"Oh! then she has been caught in the toils she was weaving for others," said James abstractedly: "But now, let me turn to ano[illegible]t of my

inquiry,—the fair Inez, the daughter of the Abiponer chief."

"Inez, the cacique's daughter!—What motive have you in that question?"

"To tell you the truth, I am weary of my solitary life at St. Sebastian; I find no one to share with me the gifts of fortune. In Paraguay, happiness once offered itself to me, but I churlishly flung it from me. My friend, I will be candid with you in regard to my views. Misinga Inez once loved me; it was her own confession; the recollection of her innocent affection has of late grown upon me; as formerly I was attracted by a strange fate to the love of her I forsook, so now the image of this simple Indian girl has led my steps over mountains, valleys, and savannahs. I shall here find her. In your dwelling I shall learn her abode. Oh! tell it me! By Inez alone can the wounds of my heart be healed. I will lay down the goods of life at her feet, and entreat her to share my fortune, to be my partner in life, and to close my eyes in death."

He had in the earnestness of his discourse seized Fernandez's hand, whose brow seemed clouded, while his fine open eyes still presented a friendly regard. The Spaniard for some time held his friend's hand, and after a moment's reflection, while James's hopes seemed to hang on his compliance, he said, in a manly but touching tone: "Come with me, ere I answer your question."

James started at these words: "What do your words forebode?" said he sorrowfully; "must I follow you to a grave? Ah! soldier as I am, my courage w[illegible]ne there."

Instead of replying, Fernandez beckoned him to follow in silence. The soldier followed reluctantly and with conflicting feelings. They crossed the house and proceeded towards a beautiful plantation that inclosed a court. After passing through a grove of algarves and moonflowers, they came upon a silent shaded arbour. On the turf seat within, reposed a female in all the fulness of womanly beauty. Sleep seemed to have surprised her, and a lovely infant lay smiling in her lap.

"Inez!" exclaimed the soldier in a gentle whisper.

"My wife!" said Fernandez, endeavouring to spare his feelings, and turning to awake her. But James, with an iron grasp drew him away. "For God's sake, forbear," he exclaimed deliriously; "destroy not your own peace, nor add to my affliction; I could not bear the gaze of this lost angel,—do not name me to her,—let her remain happy; my hopes on earth are blighted—farewell!"

Regardless of Fernandez's reply, he flung himself on his horse, and giving him the spur, instantly disappeared, his attendants following him. Some of the Abiponer tribe standing before the house, and remembering with pleasure the days of their wild adventures, praised the bold horseman as he passed by, but he heard not their words, he saw not the graves of his friends, nor the smiling fields, but swifter than the roe of the desert that fled before him, he pursued his course as a whirlwind of dust; while the bitter sorrows of his wayward fate still accompanied him.

"The friar Xavier Muntzner, to Sir James White, Baronet, Major in the 2nd Militia Regiment at St. Sebastian.

"From the Convent, in the year 1733.

"Your title I leave to the superscription of my letter. Believe me, no promotion could give you a nearer place in my heart, It is impossible to express to you the delight your letter gave me in my lonely retreat. Ascribe it not to my negligence or my indifference, that my answer has been so long delayed. Till now I have had no opportunity of writing to you; but more of this hereafter. In the first place let me tell you, my beloved son, how rejoiced I am to see you in the service of a monarch who is an ornament to our holy religion, and who, to make him perfect, needs only a more intimate correspondence with our holy father at Rome. You are elevated from an humble to a distinguished rank, and your work has met with its reward. You have found favour in the sight of God. Why then is your mind disturbed? The love of woman is, as the poets of old have observed, a blind passion. Thank heaven that it separated you from the protestant — she might have brought destruction on your soul; and that it tore you away from the Indian girl, for she profaned the Saviour and the Virgin like an idolatress. It is possible that your heart yet bleeds in secret for these imaginary wounds. But you are too rational long to indulge such grief. I doubt not it is a penitence laid on you by our heavenly Father, for neglect of his worship and the breach of your vow. Your sorrows lead me to the consideration of the v[illegible]l fates which we have all expe-

perienced, and the inscrutable ways of Providence. Even the inconstancy of Lainetz has met its reward. As heaven brings salvation out of the most severe affliction, so you need not despair in your holy state of celibacy. My own peace of mind has been restored by the endeavours of a worthy brother and confessor. Doubt and error were my crimes and the source of all my misfortunes. I was, my dear James, obedient and docile till the hour that God and my honoured superiors destined me to a mission that my strength was not equal to; but I have never lent myself to persecution. A pure feeling for the happiness of my fellow men has ever animated me. To fulfil the last wishes of a sister I undertook to make the senator and his daughter happy. They were deserving of it; but my pride was the cause of their ruin and my own. What I did for them was for my own satisfaction; and this was my breach of duty, instead of exerting myself for the good of the community and the holy brotherhood I belonged to. Thence all the misfortunes with which God has afflicted us. Whilst I was acting for myself, I left the path of rectitude, and followed, like a lost star, my own erring path. Ah! that new world had nearly torn me from the bosom of the church. Man is there taught to believe that God has bestowed his bountiful gifts with an indifferent hand on Christians and heathens; and the blindest idolater dies in peace like the most pious servant of God. But when one begins to doubt, the whirlpool of destruction carries us on; and, had not a feeling of duty remained with me, I too should have been lost. Think how mortifying it mu[illegible] been to

see him relapse for whose happiness I had risked my own. I wished to have been the instrument of his salvation, and now it is more than probable that my earnest endeavours must fall to the ground. Juliet, too, whose happiness I thought almost perfected, seems to be lost. Her obstinacy might, perhaps, have given way before the mild admonitions of our church; but her marriage with the American Birsher leaves no hope of her conversion. Yet who can see into the future. God has subjected Juliet, and the senator, and Birsher to fresh trials. They have experienced privations in the wilderness; they have shewn resolution and patience; they have seen the blessings which a holy religion has shed, in those desart regions, by means of our society. By the aid of their good angel, this seed may, in time, bear fruit. I often feel as if a voice called me across the sea to visit once more the people that I love; and I feel warmed by the holy flame of religion to talk to you to convince you — but God, in punishment to my early pride, will not allow it. I submit, therefore, to his righteous decrees, and, had I the wings of a bird to escape, should not forsake my humble cell. I ought, indeed, to feel grateful, and thank, from my heart, my fathers and brothers for their mild Christian punishment. They might have stript the offender of his dress, and have not done so. They might have consigned me to a cold dark dungeon, and they have cherished me. I am seated in a comfortable cell. The good Litzach, who is now a widower and childless, brings me my food. My worthy confessor gives me ghostly comfort. I scarcely [illegible] person, and hear only the distant

murmur of the world. Whilst war is raging in Poland, Saxony and France, I dwell in peace, read my religious books and the lives of the holy martyrs of our order; and sometimes my thoughts wander across the sea to you and to Müssinger, — then to my good parents and poor Clara in heaven, and then to the time when I shall once more join them. I find my limbs begin to fail me; but my heart is yet sound, and my memory strong enough to bring your image before me. The letter you sent me by the merchant, by means of the good Litzach, found its way into my cell, in secret; for at that time my old superior was living, who, for my own good, held me under the strictest discipline. That letter was my solace and my daily refreshment morning and evening. You are the only being whose love attaches me to the outward world! Accept, therefore, this letter as a pledge of my affection, which my new superior, a quiet man of many sorrows, permits me to write, and has promised to forward for me. These are probably the last lines my feeble hand may trace, and pray forgive the perhaps weary length of it — while I have yet a thousand things to say to you. Be happy, and accept my love and my prayers!"

This letter, from a once beloved and unfortunate man, who had submitted to his lot with resignation, deeply affected James. He obtained a release from his military engagements, and listening only to the call of filial piety, he left Brazil and came to Lisbon; and, furnished by the patriarch with the necessary recommendations, proceeded to Rome. He there obtained, by his entreaties, from the general

of the Jesuits and the Pope, his foster-father's pardon, and brought it to the convent where the unfortunate man had languished; but he had departed;—weary of life, and reposing in his faith, he had laid himself down in the grave! James found a legacy for himself—the breviary of the deceased, much worn, by the devotion of his latter years. To the senator, Xavier had bequeathed the portrait of the beloved Clara, which had hung at his bed's head!

This memorial was received by the one to whom it was directed with a flood of tears; the name of the baronet, Major James White, was some time afterwards found in the list of officers who had fallen at Culloden, in the service of the Scottish Pretender.

THE END.

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